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REALISM ON THE STAGE

BY GEORGE ARLISS

I

THERE are few subjects, perhaps, on which one can write, that expose the writer to more varied criticism than 'The Stage.' An actor, particularly, takes his life in his hands if he venture into print on the subject of acting, or play-writing, or producing. Other actors of different convictions, who have always regarded him as an intelligent individual, are amazed to find that he 'knows nothing about it.' And so, in giving my opinions, I give them merely as a result of my own experience, without any considerable hope that they will be acceptable to other men and women in my own profession or to other students of the theatre.

It is this difference of outlook that makes the stage so fascinating. The lock that opens the door to public approval has a very tricky combination, which is frequently stumbled upon only by chance. But that does not, and should not, prevent the more expert craftsman from endeavoring to discover, by gentle taps, the secret of the combination, so that he may be able to open at will. The chances are dead against him, but it is a very good thing to keep on trying.

In discussing realism from an actor's point of view, it is necessary to take into consideration the audience, the

play, the scenery, and the theatre. Let us for a moment consider the audience. Why is it that, in the seclusion of his own study, a man's response to humor or sentiment is likely to be entirely different from what it is in a theatre, when he is surrounded by other men, although he cares nothing for their opinion, and has had no previous communication with them? Why is it that the thing that goes so well in the library is likely to fall so flat in the theatre?

It is well known by the profession that any scene which, during the preparation of a play, makes the actor scream with laughter at rehearsal, frequently brings but a very mild response 'at night.' This is not to say that the actor is stupid, but that the crowd can never be depended upon to respond in the same way as the individual. The experienced manager as a rule refuses to have a play read to him; he prefers to read it himself, because he feels that he can, in a measure, place himself in the mental attitude of an audience — the crowd; whereas, being a lone auditor, he would be played upon as an individual.

We are perpetually hearing that the latest phenomenal Broadway success

was hawked around for years and declined by nearly every New York manager; of course, the author of that play will naturally regard all managers except the one who produced it as a parcel of idiots — every author feels like that toward the person who declines his play. But the onlooker, who knows the game, is aware that the men who declined it are probably much better judges than the manager who actually produced it. Its success was what is known as a fluke. It is the audience again that is acting strangely. The audience has no right to like it, but it does. And the experienced manager often becomes bewildered, and feels like rushing back to his office, standing in the midst of those bunches of plays which have been thrown by the authors like bouquets at his feet, — all varieties, from the wild exotic to the simple domestic, — and making his selection by that process of elimination which we associate with the lines, ‘she loves me — she loves me not.’

The novelist writes to be read by one oblivious of all things but the printed page; he can play upon the emotions by descriptive words; he knows that the individual reader will be patient while the author creates the atmosphere and leads that reader into the frame of mind necessary to make the story effective. He does not have to give instructions such as, ‘The reader will kindly turn the lights down before he reads this chapter’; or, ‘The following pages should be read, if possible, in a thunder-storm.’ He knows that he has all the time he needs to create the impression of the half-dark or the wild night. And he knows how to do it, because he has got his reader in a corner by himself.

But the dramatist has to write for that elusive crowd — an audience. And it has to be for an audience that has got up and made its way to the theatre and paid its money for its seat.

It is as if the power that regulates the verdict of the theatrical public were an officer of some sort of psychological trades-union. It is of no use to attempt to test your play by inviting a large number of people to come free of charge, because they will not behave a bit like the crowd that has paid. They may try to, but they can’t do it. That psychological trades-unionist won’t let them. So the only way to try a play effectively is to produce it in the regular way of business. That is the difficulty.

I do not wish to create the impression that I believe everything connected with dramatic representation to be a matter of chance. Obviously, those people who live by and for the theatre have learned something of the requirements of the public — although they may constantly be receiving rude shocks. It is, for instance, generally admitted that no play can be a success which does not act upon the emotions. It must seem obvious to the ordinary theatre-goer that it is the duty of the actor and the dramatist to be true to nature. But, if we are going to examine the stage at all intimately, we should stop to consider just how far this reality, or realism, may be carried. I entirely agree with what my friend, Professor Brander Matthews, has so often insisted, that the writer of a play should remember that his work is to be presented in a theatre, before an audience, by actors. (He puts it better, but that conveys his meaning.)

If we consider the limitations of a theatre, and the restricted time allowed for the telling of the story, it would seem plain that the author cannot permit himself to be absolutely true to nature. Writers of great distinction often resent these limitations, and frequently disregard them, with failure as the inevitable result. There are few novelists — even the most dramatic writers — who succeed as dramatists,

because they cannot curb their pens; and a large percentage of those novelists who have produced good plays owe their success to the 'ruthless cutting' and valuable suggestions of the experienced producer. I wonder how many authors realize how much of their success is due to the advice of the man who is putting on the play?

Some plays lend themselves more easily to natural dialogue than others, by reason of their plot. If the story of the play begins with the rise of the curtain, and develops before our very eyes, without any need of a knowledge of the life or adventures of the characters before their introduction to us, then it is possible to write dialogue that may be fairly close to the way people would speak in ordinary life; but there are comparatively few plays of this kind, and they are generally very slender. Most of the best plays demand that their characters shall construct the past life and important events that lead up to the play itself. The soliloquy has passed away during my own time on the stage; I should say, roughly, within the last twenty-five to thirty years. That is generally regarded as a step forward in construction; whether it is, or is not, seems to me open to question. It is true that the soliloquy was artificial; but was it any more so than the thing that has taken its place? In the old days, the returned hero could come on and say, all by himself, 'There is my old home, just as when I left it twenty years ago, poor father and mother both waving good-bye to me. I little thought then that I should never see either of them again. Of what use is all my wealth? And Laura — little Laura!' And it is over. You know that he lived there in his boyhood; that he has been away twenty years; that his mother and father have both died during that period; that he is rich and lonely; and that there is going to be

something doing between him and Laura. After that, one could write some really natural dialogue when Laura came on. But without the soliloquy we probably start with an old servant and an aged countryman, for whom we have no earthly use afterward; and we consume several minutes of valuable time with dialogue such as: — 'Marnin', missus.' 'Oh, good morning, George.' 'It be a fine day,' and so forth; leading up to, 'I suppose you never hear nothin' of Master John,' and so forth; leading still further to, 'It must be nigh on twenty years since I see him leave this house, as smart a young feller,' and so forth. Or, if you are writing a high-brow play, after Laura comes on and they both give a startled cry, you have to get to work on: —

Laura. — The same — but older.

John. — How much older, Laura?

Laura. — Your eyes are young as ever.

John. — No, no; Laura. I am old — old.

Laura (smiling). — Old? Why, you were a mere child when you left here.

John. — I was seventeen, Laura.

Laura. — And now —

John. — I'm thirty-seven!

Laura. — Twenty years!

John. — Twenty years.

And now we have only established the fact that he has been away for twenty years. We have still to deal with the loss of his mother and father and the acquisition of his wealth. Of course, some authors are cleverer than others in giving such information to an audience; but at best the dialogue supplying a knowledge of earlier times is likely to be of the machine-made order.

It would not surprise me at all if, in time, we came back to the soliloquy and the 'incidental music.' Both very useful. Who can remember the old days

without recalling the feeling of exhilaration that we experienced when we heard the entrance-music of the dashing young leading man, or the thrill that we got in anticipation of the entrance of the villain? That music served a very distinct purpose: it got the audience into the atmosphere; it stirred their emotions. He who had once seen *The Corsican Brothers* in days gone by could never bear to see it to-day without its palpitating incidental music. The value of this method of stirring the emotions is realized and taken full advantage of by the directors of moving pictures. Most screen artists cry to music. It is a perfectly legitimate device. It has been taken away from the audience and given to the actors of the screen.

II

If realism mean truth to nature, then I am bound to admit that I have never met it throughout any play or any performance in my experience as an actor. Dealing for the moment with the playwright's share in the theatrical production, let us see how far Ibsen was able to be true to life. He is, I believe, acknowledged to be the master of construction. We will take *Hedda Gabler*, which is frequently spoken of as his best play. It contains no end of tricks and artificiality. The repeated allusions to General Gabler's pistols — mostly dragged in by the hair — are merely to lead up to the tragedy of Lovborg and the final shooting of Hedda, which I firmly believe Ibsen himself must have regarded as an artificial device for bringing the play to an end. Hedda Gabler in real life, with her fear of scandal, would never have dared to commit suicide at that moment, and leave her character behind her, to the mercy of Brack and the others.

But Ibsen was a great playwright,

and he chose the best and most dramatic way of bringing his play to an end. The only reason that I can find for Brack calling at the house at seven o'clock in the morning (Act III) is that the author wanted to show Hedda at that hour, and also needed a scene between her and Brack. And there surely can be no relation to real life in the action of Mrs. Elvsted, in the last act, when she hears that Lovborg, the man with whom she is in love, has shot himself and is at that moment lying at the point of death in the hospital. She does n't fall into a dead faint — she does n't rush out of the house with the determination of seeing him once more. Either of these things she might conceivably have done; but in both cases she would have been unavailable for the rounding out of the story a few minutes later. Ibsen needed her on the stage. So he makes Tesman refer to the immortal book that Lovborg is supposed to have destroyed before his suicide, and Mrs. Elvsted says: 'Oh, if only it could be put together again!' and Tesman says, 'Yes, if it only could!' And then Mrs. Elvsted produces from her pocket the notes from which the book was written, and she and Tesman sit down at a table and commence to piece them together.

I do not offer this as a criticism of Ibsen's work. I am merely trying to point out that it is next to impossible to maintain reality while writing a good play. It is quite possible, if you are content to write a bad play. But I should say that the art of the dramatist is to appear as natural as possible while continuing to hold the suspense of the drama. If you cannot get drama and realism both at the same time, then there is nothing to do but to discard the realism and hang on to the drama. But you must so cunningly contrive it that you deceive your audience while they are in the theatre. It must seem

real at the time — just as real as *Hedda Gabler*. I am all in favor of truth to nature—so far as it is possible to pursue it.

There is a certain public, especially in New York, who decides that anything different is bound to be better. It is for the most part unthinking and unintelligent — I mean in things appertaining to the theatre; but it serves a good purpose, inasmuch as it is a sufficiently large and noisy public to call attention to, and create discussion of, the plays which it supports. And, therefore, plays that are different are not immediately condemned to death because they do not conform to accepted principles, but are given some chance to live their own life and to become leaders.

This public is terribly up-to-date; very 'New Art.' It looks with scorn upon all the old stuff, or at any rate with a feeling of superiority; much as a youth getting on in his teens may regard his living grandmother as a dead one, and his father as a back number — and himself as the real thing. I heard one of this up-to-date set say recently: 'Thank God we are getting away from all that Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero stuff.' Those are the people I mean. And they have made, and are making, such a clatter, that even some of the good authors have become uneasy and have decided that they ought to try to write something different — something fresh and away from the old lines.

And some of them have done it, with the result that we have had a number of plays that seem to be the outcome of collaboration between an able dramatist and an up-to-date yearner after something higher. These plays suggest to me, as I watch them, that the dramatist has settled down and done some solid work, and then the yearner has come in, and after glancing at the MS., has said: 'But, my dear fellow, why all

this crude dialogue? What we want is symbolism. What we are craving is opportunity for the expansion of our imagination. We do not need to be told things. We want stimulus for our imagination and no more. Something like this:—'

He dashes off a symbolical scene in pencil. The dramatist reads it and says: 'But will they know what it means? Of course, it's symbolical; but will the public understand what it is symbolical of?'

And the yearner replies: 'Our public will understand.'

And apparently it does. Not all understand it in the same way, but it stimulates them and makes them feel much cleverer than before they took it. And the dramatist becomes immensely popular with the yearners; but, strange to say, he loses ground with the less noisy public, the people who are really the backbone of the theatre.

As one of those who love to go to the theatre and to enjoy and study plays, I would suggest to these authors that they be not led away by idle clamor. If they set out to write a play of life, let it be as much like real life as possible. If it is to be a symbolical play, let them acquaint us with the fact before we have had time to misunderstand them. Surely it cannot be good art to mix up the real and the symbolical: to introduce us to human beings, who behave for all the world like real men and women, and then bring on more human beings, who proceed to behave as no living creature has ever behaved on earth, with the excuse that that is symbolism. It is cheap. It is worse than the soliloquy and the incidental music and the transparency on the back flat, all rolled into one. It is not necessary for an author to feel himself bound by the conventions; but to fight against them is futile, and such antagonism is doomed to defeat.

III

Two or three weeks ago, the author of an exceptionally successful comedy (who is also an actor of long experience), which is acknowledged by most critics to be one of the best plays that have been written in America for a generation, and by some to be unquestionably the best, was asked to give a short address to some students on how to write a play. He said he could n't, because he did n't know. He was urged to tell them how he wrote his great success. He said: 'Well, I got the idea and I just wrote it.' Being further pressed, he at last consented to give the address, which he did most successfully. I have it on unimpeachable authority that, immediately upon fixing the date for the lecture, he went to the bookseller's and bought William Archer's book, *How to Write a Play*. He found that in all essentials he had written it just that way, and he told the students so.

His success as a playwright was not a matter of chance. He had absorbed during his long association with the stage the knowledge of form necessary to present his story to an audience in the theatre. He was not bound by Dame Convention, but he was, nevertheless, in her gentle embrace, which answered just as well. His method proved to be the same fundamentally that was used in the successful plays of Ibsen, Pinero, Augustus Thomas, Henry Arthur Jones, and Bronson Howard.

An audience in the theatre should be carried away by the play; it should not be unduly puzzled, or otherwise distracted, by tricks or fads of author or actor or scene-painter. In my opinion, it is the duty of the author to construct his scenes so that they are vividly remembered until the curtain is down; and it is the business of the

scenic artist to build his so that they are forgotten as soon as the curtain is up.

There was recently a somewhat amusing editorial in one of the London newspapers, apropos of an objection raised, or reported to have been raised, by the English actors against the employment of real Chinamen as atmosphere in Mr. Somerset Maugham's play, *East of Suez*. It was contended by the manager that the illusion could not have been created by Englishmen made up as Chinese. The writer of the editorial asks how far this realism is to go. He recalls the actor who played Othello, and was so devoted to realism that he painted himself black all over. He asks whether the part of a prominent English politician will not demand the exclusive services of Mr. Lloyd George. He asserts that this realistic movement is bound to spread.

I believe that there is not the slightest cause for alarm. In this particular instance the manager was right. The imported Chinamen were better than the domestic variety, because their contribution to the play merely required them to look Chinese. They did n't have to speak. They were just a crowd in a picturesque setting, put through a series of actions intended to transport the audience direct to China before the opening of the actual play. A device of debatable value, but of great beauty in itself.

But it is my opinion that, when there is a foreign part in a play, which is required to be spoken in broken English, it is a mistake to entrust it to a foreigner. In my own experience, I may say that I believe I have never known a broken-English part to be played as effectively by a foreigner as by an American or an Englishman. Even Scotch parts are far better done, speaking generally, by a good English 'dialect' actor than by a Scotsman.

Scotch actors will, I know, hotly dispute this assertion; they will probably insist that nobody but a Scotsman can speak real Scotch. I believe that to be true. But can they speak stage Scotch? That's the point.

When I revived *The Professor's Love Story*, in New York, I made a desperate effort to be realistic and have real Scotsmen. One after another, I tried them in those amusing Scotch parts; but they were all so delighted to have an opportunity of speaking their own native dialect, so imbued with the fact that no one could do it unless born and bred in Bonnie Scotland, that all the point, all the humor of the scenes was drowned in a veritable deluge of Scotch. And when, at last, I conferred with my stage-manager and decided that we should have to get American or English actors for the parts, I heard an old actor murmur in the wings, 'I could have told him that at the start.' The difficulty was that their Scotch was so good that no audience could understand it, except with an effort. Every scene became a sort of stunt, and refused to conform to the balance of the play.

Frenchmen for French parts are generally far less effective than the English or American actor who speaks a good stage-French dialect. We can easily find brilliant exceptions, but that is the rule, so far as my experience goes, and it applies to all broken-English parts.

The fact is that the actor cannot be real on the stage: he is artificial almost every moment. The very fact that he has to speak a great deal louder than in ordinary life compels him to depart from the purely natural way of making effects. That natural acting that 'gets across' and impresses an audience is the result of training, experience, and study. I have met a good many youthful reformers in my time, who insist

upon being really natural; but their acting never gets beyond the footlights. These, too, belong to the school that will not be bound by conventions. If we could find some way of freeing the audience from the conventions of the theatre, we might, perhaps, hope to escape from them ourselves. But one of the conventions is that they have to pay for their seats, and another, that they have to sit where they are put. Now, if an actor is going to turn his back to an audience just whenever he feels it's natural, because (as I have heard so many of the reformers say) 'we do not always sit down and face one way in a room,' then the audience should be allowed to stroll around after him, if they feel that they would like to hear what he is saying.

We hear of great actors and actresses being so carried away by their parts that they lose themselves entirely. I like to read of that, because I know what it means. I know those wonderful moments of exaltation, which an actor has occasionally, when he ceases to be himself and is entered by the very soul of his character. That happens now and then. But, of course, he does n't really lose himself. If he did, there is no reason why his emotions should not get into his legs and carry him clear off the stage and into some remote corridor of the theatre. Obviously, he is all the time aware of the limitations imposed upon him by the architecture of the theatre. He not only is aware that he must remain within the frame of the stage, but he also knows that, at a certain and prearranged moment, he has to cross right or left or centre or up-stage, and that if he does n't do so, he probably mars the performance of some other character equally necessary for the presentation of the play. There are instances when leading actors, in giving full play to their emotions, disregard these care-

fully rehearsed arrangements, to the confusion of the other actors performing with them; but that is not so much because they forget that they are acting, as it is that they remember they are stars.

In pointing out that good actors do not, or should not, forget the presence and the right to consideration of their audiences, and that they do not find it necessary to live their parts during

the whole of their waking hours, I trust it will not be assumed that I am attempting to belittle the calling of the actor. I wish only to insist that the best acting is an art which can be attained only by years of study and active work on the stage, combined with a great respect for the conventions. The art of the actor is to learn how not to be real on the stage, without being found out by the audience.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ANGLO-SAXON MIND

BY WILLIAM R. INGE

I

THE opinion is freely expressed that Protestantism is a spent force, and that the Christianity of the future, whether it is to count for much or little in civilization, will be Catholic Christianity. My object in this article is to examine this opinion. I shall confine myself to the English-speaking nations, which are the backbone of Protestantism, and I shall deal chiefly with my own country, because I know it best.

The easiest, but not the most satisfactory, way of determining whether Catholicism is increasing at the expense of Protestantism is to count heads, comparing one census with another. But we have no religious census, and statistics are not available. There is a very thin trickle of conversions to the Church of Rome; and, though it is generally true that from Catholicism, as from Epicureanism in antiquity, there is no return, an appreciable number of converts come back. I have

myself known five clergymen who have done so.

In the United States there has been a flood of immigrants from South Ireland, Italy, and Poland, increasing the Catholic population. Such information as I have received does not lead me to think that conversions there have been very numerous, and it is probable that the American government will, in the future, discourage immigration from the less advanced European nations.

Too much has been made of the greater fecundity of Roman Catholics as compared with Protestants. It is true that the priests condemn, and endeavor to prevent, the voluntary restriction of the family; but in these intimate relations of life men and women are apt to be refractory to priestly dictation. In the two most civilized Catholic countries of Europe, France and Belgium, the birth-rate is actually lower than in Protestant coun-

tries; the exhortations of ecclesiastics have been quite impotent to check a movement which in Belgium is necessitated by the saturation of the country with population, in France by the system of small proprietorship.

A high birth-rate always indicates a low state of civilization; the law is exemplified in Ireland, in South Italy, in Poland, and in other Catholic countries. It is certainly no accident that Catholic countries have remained in a backward condition; and, where free immigration is allowed, the Catholic workman, with his low standard of living, may squeeze out the Protestant; but the same deficiency in education and in the industrial virtues, which keeps Catholic populations on a low level, also prevents them from being fully industrialized; or, if they become industrialized, they throw off Catholicism. Hence no genuinely Catholic country has been able to support a dense population. Rapid multiplication is found only among the submerged sections of industrial communities and among agriculturists in half-empty countries. In neither case has religion much to do with the large family. Examples of the last-mentioned case are furnished, not only by the Catholic French Canadians, but by the Protestant Boers, and by the English settlers in North America in colonial days. In the eighteenth century there is reason to believe that the New Englanders increased as rapidly as do the French Canadians now. There was then no motive for restricting the family. It is a mistake to suppose that the Australians and New Zealanders are not increasing rapidly. Their birth-rate is higher than in England, and their death-rate is the lowest in the world.

The threatened decay of the Nordic race, of which some American writers have given timely warnings, certainly affects the problem of the future of

Protestantism. But I am not such a pessimist as to believe that the Anglo-Saxon stock will ever be swamped by the residuum of the 'Mediterranean' race in England; I shall assume that England will remain the land of the English. Taking this for granted, I wish to consider whether there is any likelihood of my countrymen reverting to Catholicism.

Many will point to the Catholic revival within the Church of England, which has even influenced the Presbyterians of Scotland, and a few Free Church congregations in England. The change which has come over the Church of England within my lifetime is truly remarkable. The Anglo-Catholics have now captured the machine, and in the Province of Canterbury (not at all to the same extent in the North) have imposed their doctrine and their ritual upon perhaps the majority of the parishes. They have annexed nearly all the theological colleges, and dominate church assemblies and diocesan conferences. Nevertheless, I believe that the importance of this movement has been greatly exaggerated. It has been from the first a theory of the ministry rather than of the Church, and its hold on the mass of the laity is weak. It looms large in ecclesiastical politics by its characteristic zeal and adroitness in organization and party management. Its propaganda work in the universities is as clever as that of its models in the Roman Church. It makes several powerful appeals which will be noted presently. But it has not prevented the rapid decline, both in quantity and quality, of ordination candidates, or the progressive loss of prestige and influence which the Church of England has suffered since the movement began. In spite of the admirable work of the Anglo-Catholic clergy among the poor, there is probably no constituency in the kingdom, except

perhaps the universities, in which a parliamentary candidate would think it worth while to bid for the Anglo-Catholic vote.

The movement has obvious weaknesses if, indeed, illogicality is a drawback in dealing with Englishmen. A schismatical Catholic Church is a contradiction in terms. It cannot enforce the military discipline which is of the essence of Catholicism. It is lawless and contumacious. Its priests manage to combine a superstitious reverence for the episcopal office with an entire readiness to slap the face of the particular bishop to whom they have promised canonical obedience. In this attitude they show themselves good Englishmen, but bad Catholics. The Englishman is reasonable and law-abiding enough if he is approached in the right way; but if he is told that anything is *verboten*, whether it be to wear a chasuble or to drink a glass of beer, his first impulse is to go and do it. This is not the stuff out of which real Catholics are made. The movement has already lasted longer than was generally expected, and externally it appears more flourishing than ever; but it will probably end by enriching Protestantism with such romantic and æsthetic accessories as are compatible with its principles; the real Catholics will end by joining the Church of Rome. The struggle of the future will be between the great Catholic Church and the allied or loosely federated Protestant churches.

II

In endeavoring to predict which side the English people will take in this conflict, we must go deeper, and consider whether the well-defined modern type of civilization, which has developed in those countries that are politically and socially most advanced, — France, the United States, England, Canada, Aus-

tralia, and Argentina, — is compatible with Roman Catholicism.

Historically, Catholicism is the religion of the Roman Empire. Christianity had its origin in Palestine; but before the end of the first century it had been finally rejected by the Jews, and had been launched upon its career of conquest in the Græco-Roman world. The least Oriental of all religions, it has never appealed to Asiatics. Semitic Christianity — what there was of it — fell an easy prey to Islam, while the Jews held fast by the religious traditions which kept them a nation, though a nation without a country. Catholicism began as an *imperium in imperio*, a society which the secular power, now passing into the Byzantine type of absolutism, justly regarded as dangerous, and attempted, in a stupid and half-hearted way, to suppress. Hardened by persecution, and stiffened in conflict with heresy, the Church, at the beginning of the fourth century, was a formidable militant organization, with which the Empire, after a last attempt to crush it by violence, was compelled to come to terms.

The Catholic Church split, like the Empire, into a Greek and a Latin branch. But while the Eastern Church remained the right hand of the imperial power, subordinate to it and in close alliance with it, in the West the secular power crumbled and collapsed, leaving the Church supreme. The former, the Byzantine type of theocracy, survived till lately in Russia; the Western Church has steadily developed, in accordance with the inner logic of its principles, into an autocratic, militant empire, claiming universal sovereignty. It is a Mediterranean religion through and through. It absorbed the ancestral paganism of the Southern European peoples, who have remained far more pagan than their service-books, as anyone who has traveled in the Medi-

terranean countries must have observed. Catholicism corresponds to the idea of religion in the South of Europe; it still suits the people, when they wish to be religious at all. No other type of Christianity is attractive to the Mediterranean race.

But it has never suited the Nordics, who rejected it as soon as they developed a national life and self-consciousness of their own. The Northern races were willing to go to school in Italy, to learn the arts and sciences; but they did not, like the South, think it a law of nature that they and the whole world should be subject to Rome. Before the end of the Middle Ages, Englishmen had begun to claim that 'this realm of England is an empire, and so hath been accepted in the world, governed by one supreme head and king, having the dignity and royal estate of the imperial crown of the same.'

An 'empire' at this time had nothing to do with overseas dominion; the word implied simply complete independence of the Holy Roman Empire. So in relation to the Papacy: 'The Church of England hath always been thought, and is at this hour, sufficient and meet of itself, without the intermeddling of any exterior powers, to administer its own offices and duties.' The nation which thus formulated, in sturdy English fashion, its determination to manage its own affairs, both sacred and secular, is no more likely to submit to an Italian priest than to a German Kaiser.

This spirit of independence is absolutely irreconcilable with Catholicism. When Hobbes called the Roman Church the ghost of the Roman Empire, he was speaking the literal truth. Harnack quotes the verses in which a Roman prelate fired the enthusiasm of Gregory VII in his struggle against the imperial power.

What with blood in Marius' day
Marius and his soldiers brave,
Or by Julius' mighty sway,
Romans did their land to save,
Thou canst do by simple word;
Great the Church's holy sword.

Rome, made great again by thee,
Offers all thy meed of praise;
Not for Scipio's victory
Did it louder pæans raise;
Nor entwine the laurel crown
For a deed of more renown.

And he asks, 'Who is it that is thus addressed, a bishop or a Cæsar? A Cæsar, I imagine; it was felt to be so then, and it is still felt to be so to-day. It is an empire that this priestly Cæsar rules, and to attack it with the argument of dogmatic polemics alone is to beat the air.'

The Roman Church is the last survivor of political autocracies. It claims universal dominion; it treats all dissentients as rebels; 'schism' is high treason. Accordingly, every true Catholic is only conditionally a patriot in the nation where he lives, and the conditions are of the political, not of the moral, order. The Catholic Church is an 'International,' like the conspiracy of the Communists. It is everywhere a powerful solvent of state loyalty, though in certain countries, such as Ireland and Poland, it finds its interest in fomenting sectional animosities, and inciting one part of a political aggregate to separate itself from the rest. In this way it increases its hold upon the discontented province, without really identifying itself with the cause of the insurgents. For it is the continuance of rebellion which it desires; in Ireland, for example, the priests have hitherto wrecked every attempt at a settlement, except the last, and in face of the new situation they have not yet defined their policy.

In great struggles, such as the late war, the natural sympathies of the Vatican are anti-democratic; Cæsaro-

Papism is the form of government under which the Church could flourish most easily. It can, however, up to a certain point, show sympathy with Labor against Capital, and advocate a kind of Christian Socialism. Nevertheless, since the revolution is fiercely anti-Christian, and since private property cannot be successfully attacked without destroying the monogamous family, a limit is set to the possibility of a *rapprochement* between the Church and militant Socialism. A rival International, such as the Bolsheviki wish to establish, could not be tolerated; quite consistently, the Church forbids Catholics to have any dealings with Bolshevism.

The Roman Catholic Church was not the creation of the Middle Ages: it was the last creative achievement of classical antiquity. But it was the determining force of mediæval civilization, which was essentially a civilization of subordination and authority. At the summit of the hierarchy stands the 'supernatural' — the active power of God, which is conceived as intermingling constantly, by means of miracle and the *charisma veritatis* vested in the hierarchy, in the affairs of the world. The 'Law of God' is composed of the Law of Moses revised by the Law of Christ, the Law of the Church, and the Law of Nature, under which much of the Stoic ethics was preserved by the Catholic Church. The model life, that of the ascetic monk or priest, is not imposed upon all; but those who accept the freer life of the world must not aspire to meddle with the government of the Church. Authority comes from above, as in all autocracies; each grade is responsible only to its superiors.

The idea of progress has no place in this scheme. No importance is attached to the discovery of new truths. Even scientific discoveries are accepted only with the greatest reluctance. The

object of education is to protect the minds of the young from the influence of secular ideas which might disturb the compact framework of dogmatic belief. The children are imbued with a horror of 'heresy,' which, it is hoped, may be permanent. Even adults are not allowed to browse as they will among modern literature. The *index librorum prohibitorum* is characteristic of a purely authoritative religion. In the latest edition of this interesting document, Dante's *De Monarchia*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Grotius's *De Iure Belli et Pacis* have at last been removed; but the forbidden list still includes Kant, Descartes, Spinoza, Comte, Mill's *Political Economy*, von Ranke, Victor Hugo, and Balzac.

Speaking generally, the most characteristic thinkers of modern times are banned as poisonous.

The Vatican, with a courage and candor which may even move the envy of mealy-mouthed Protestants, declares war against modern civilization in the most uncompromising manner. The Papal Syllabus of 1864 declares: 'If anyone says that the Roman pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself and come to terms with progress, with liberalism, and with modern civilization, let him be anathema.' Undeterred by its unfortunate declaration about Galileo, out of which it has recently shuffled with no good grace, the infallible oracle in 1877 pronounced that the system of Darwin is 'contradicted by history, by the tradition of all peoples, by exact science, by observed facts, and by reason itself; it is in fact not worth refutation.' There is more in this attitude than mere reluctance to accept any teaching not stamped by the ecclesiastical mint. The Catholic universe of truth is static. As Newman says: 'The Fathers anathematized doctrines because they were new; the very characteristic of heresy is novelty and

originality of manifestation. I need not insist on the steadiness with which that principle has been maintained ever since.'

III

The attractions of Catholicism are numerous and potent. In the first place, it makes a strong appeal to loyalty and *esprit de corps*, one of the most fundamental instincts of humanity in its efforts for self-preservation. '*Melius est ut unus pereat quam unitas*' is a Catholic maxim. The word 'Church' has properly no plural. The disciplined enthusiasm and self-devotion which that Church demands, and often obtains, are essentially of the military order, and as effective as militarism always is in this world of strife. The Catholic corps of janissaries — the celibate priests and monks — has won many victories over less disciplined opponents, and the whole corporation is filled with a more than Roman pride in its citizenship of a conquering empire.

Next, Catholicism is a religion of the traditional, human sort. It is in touch with human nature at almost all points, and especially with those deep-rooted racial habits of thought and belief which are discredited by modern culture. Men and women — especially women — still love magic and miracle and wonder-working sacrament; they like their religion to be full of interest and incident; they like it to be even amusing. Catholicism has taken art and music into its service, and its ceremonies awaken that glow of reverence for sheer antiquity which, though difficult to analyze, is not an ignoble emotion.

Here is an institution which stands where it did when the Britons painted themselves blue, and when America was the unknown hunting-ground of wandering savages.

It is also a definite religion. Liberal

Christians are apt to think that the residuum which they have strained out of 'the best that has been said and thought in the world' is the essence of true religion. They prefer sometimes to be honorary members of all religions, rather than adherents of one. But it is no more possible to be religious without belonging to any particular religion than it is to speak a dialect which is no language in particular. The religion of all sensible men is as great a failure as Esperanto. Like Esperanto, it is suited only for congresses of religions, of which nothing comes. The impossibility of inventing a new religion is generally acknowledged. One might as well try to build a tree.

Further, Catholicism gives expression to the mystery and pathos of human life. In moments of grief and anguish, when the soul craves comfort, not reason, the Church is at hand with its well-tryed anodynes. When a Protestant loses his self-reliance, and cannot feel the hand of God over him, he is plunged in despair; but the Catholic abases himself, ceases to struggle, and finds relief.

Lastly, in this world of practical Pragmatists, it counts for much that Catholicism is an art which makes good its claims. One might say brutally: there is only one thing against Catholicism — it is an imposture; and there is only one thing in its favor — it works.

Soldiers in the field noticed how much more direct and effectual was the influence of the Roman priests over the average soldier than that of the Protestant ministers. I have myself handed over to the charge of Anglo-Catholic priests cases where the patient was struggling in vain against a degrading vice. Their methods would be in part such as I could not conscientiously use myself; but they would be more likely to effect a cure. Protestants who have

gone over to Rome are in the habit of boasting of their happiness. We may think such happiness is too dearly bought; but the offer of happiness is a strong inducement to most people.

IV

As against these attractions and the prestige of a venerable and august institution, what is to be said for Protestantism? At first sight, the condition of the Reformed churches, split up into a hundred sects, undisciplined and chaotic both in organization and doctrine, may seem almost contemptible. A half-way house between faith and unbelief — such is the opinion which Catholics express about us. They think that we shall die out like the Arian heresy, which for several generations seemed to show great vitality.

But this is not a judgment which a student of national character would easily endorse. Catholicism sat like a sister of mercy by the death-bed of its mother, the ancient culture. Protestantism was the nurse of a lusty child, modern civilization. Its affinities with the original Gospel are stronger than those of Catholicism, because Christianity began as a prophetic revelation in hostility to the hierarchy.

Christ and his apostles were laymen, and they preached a lay religion of personal devotion, with no human mediators. On this basis the Northern Europeans built up a system of worship and theology which suited their dawning national consciousness, as Catholicism suited the very different mentality of the Mediterranean race. They looked back for their credentials, but forward for their aspirations. Their religion, like their nationhood, was in the making.

Toward the making of their religion a large ingredient was supplied by the ethical ideal of the North, which is very

different from the ideal of the South. The week-day religion of the 'Goth' is an ideal of valor and honor, of truthfulness and fair dealing. This type, perhaps we may venture to say, is seen at its best in the character of the English or American gentleman. It has been encumbered by alien accretions, such as an adventitious connection with heraldry and property in land; but in its essence it is a national character quite distinct and recognizable, the ideal of all classes in the community for many centuries of its history. The one unpardonable sin in England is to be a 'cad': that is to say, to fall short in courage, personal honor, self-respect, truthfulness, generosity, and fair dealing. These are the qualities which have made the English race respected in the world, and if we lost them, we should have nothing else to fall back upon. We could not acquire the virtues of the Southern nations. The Italians, who are our very good friends, do not at all wish us to try to copy them; they like us better as we are. 'An Italianized Englishman,' they say, 'is an incarnate devil.'

The Northern ideal of chivalry, which is an integral part of our religion, is neither Jewish nor Greek nor Roman nor mediæval; but neither is Catholicism the religion of Palestine. It is compatible with Protestantism, which it has helped to mould; it is hardly compatible with Catholicism. The Catholic priest may be something higher than a gentleman; but a gentleman, *qua* Catholic priest, he is not. Frankly, he cannot be trusted to observe the code. Kingsley bungled his attack upon Newman's truthfulness, and put himself in the wrong; but Kingsley had a sort of 'horse sense' that there was something radically amiss, from his point of view, which was that of an English gentleman, in the operations of Newman's mind. As another English

critic said: 'After reading Newman, I lose all power of distinguishing fact from fiction.' And yet Newman was an honorable man, who would never have stooped to the tortuousness of many Roman ecclesiastics.

One example will illustrate the difference of ethical standard. A Roman Catholic, tried by a Protestant jury, would be secure of even-handed justice; but in Australia, I am told, it is very difficult to get a conviction against a Catholic, when any of his coreligionists are in the jury-box. I have not space to develop this argument in detail; but I think that all who have had dealings with Roman Catholics must recognize the wide divergence from the chivalric ideal which they display. This is not said in order to disparage the many fine qualities of the Catholic type. I maintain only that it is quite different from our own.

Accordingly, I agree with a brilliant American writer, Professor George Santayana, — who was caught by the outbreak of the war while traveling in England, and remained among us while we walked through the valley of the shadow of death, — that 'the Englishman can never really be a Catholic, whether Anglican or Roman.' Professor Santayana came to know us well; and, like Ambassador Page, whose name will henceforward be as much honored in England as in the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he acquired a warm and understanding sympathy and affection for the land and its people, in return for which we will allow him to laugh as much as he pleases at our oddities and absurdities, without taking offense. The Englishman, he says, can never really be a Catholic. 'If he likes to call himself one, it is a masquerade, a fad like a thousand others, to which his inner man, so seriously playful, is prone to lend itself. He may go over to Rome

on a spiritual tour, as he might abscond for a year and live in Japan with a Japanese wife; but, if he is converted really and becomes a Catholic at heart, he is no longer the man he was. Words cannot measure the chasm that must henceforth separate him from everything at home. For a modern Englishman, with freedom and experiment and reserve in his blood, to go over to Rome is an essential suicide; the inner man must succumb first. Such an Englishman might become a saint, but only by becoming a foreigner.'

Protestantism, as studied by Santayana, is 'the natural religion of the Teutons (but we no longer use this word!) raising its head above the flood of Roman and Judæan influences.' Its three leading motives are: to revert to primitive Christianity, to inspire moral and political reform, and to accept the religious witness of the inner man. Of these the third is the most essential; but it is its combination with the other two which makes Protestantism what it is.

Protestant asceticism consists in hard and productive work, work which tends to become an end in itself, so that in Protestant countries material achievement, sometimes of an unintelligent kind, outstrips the higher culture. But it enters into relations with secular civilization, its ideals and methods, in an entirely different way from Catholicism.

The emphasis laid, especially by Calvinism, on successful production as the normal way of serving God, fell into line easily with the material progress of modern times, and with the belief in progress as the will of God for the human race. It is easy to deride this ideal as a base degradation of the Christian hope, which is based on the Platonic vision of a perfect eternal world; it is easy to show that unending progress for humanity is a dream;

easy, too, to brand Protestantism as the creed of the money-making middle class. But this is not the whole truth, nor half of it. The Protestant doctrine that the struggle is the prize is applied not only to tangible results, but to the pursuit of truth in all fields. When Lessing said that the search for truth was better than the unsought possession of it, he picked out, as Troeltsch says, that thread in the web of Protestantism which the modern world is eagerly weaving into its fabric.

Protestantism is the religion of the genuinely modern culture, the civilization of experimental science and hopeful political experiments. Now that it can feel its foothold, it has taken back to itself the humanism which it formerly mistrusted; and, resting itself no longer upon the verbal inspiration of the Bible, but on the inner light, the personal inspiration of the individual, which is its true foundation, it is willing to welcome every advance which philosophy, Biblical criticism, and natural science may make. This religion of personal revelation and conscience, as Troeltsch says again, basing itself upon history, but not petrifying history into dogma, is the form of religion which is homogeneous with and adapted to modern civilization.

V

I am, therefore, far from believing that Protestantism is a spent force. It must pass into new forms, but it can do this without breach of continuity, whereas Catholicism stands or falls with the Latin culture of the past. It is already conscious of standing in antagonism to modern civilization; and while this clearly defined hostility makes it the rallying-ground of those forces in modern life which resist the main currents of human thought, it is condemned, it seems to me, to fight a

losing battle in the more advanced nations, and must content itself with the allegiance of peoples whom it can screen from contact with progress and enlightenment. The Romantic revival, which carried Catholicism once more into power during the reaction against the French Revolution, has not yet ebbed very far; but it has apparently shown all that it can do, and that is not very much. Even in Italy and Spain, not to speak of France and Belgium, clericalism is more like a permanent conspiracy than a dominant power.

A Protestant would be foolish to rejoice at the weakness of any branch of the Christian Church; and many may think that, though Mediterranean Christianity is in a bad way, Nordic Christianity is in a still worse case. But the comparison is not a fair one. The Catholic Church is an organized theocracy; its strength is that of a political aggregate. It is a religion, but many other things besides. Protestantism, on the other hand, uses the Church as a means, not as an end; the end is strictly independent of the fate of any ecclesiastical institution. Accordingly, it works like a leaven in society, mixing itself with every secular activity, and not trying to separate itself from the social life of the people.

The Protestant Church is the Christian part of the nation; it has (or should have — I am speaking of ideals rather than facts) no 'interests' apart from the highest welfare of the nation. Its triumphs are to be looked for, not in the return to Parliament or Congress of so many members pledged to support the policy of an international corporation, not in the splendor of its buildings or the circulation of its newspapers, but in the extent to which Christian principles are apparent in the life of the community. While Catholicism seeks to establish Catholic schools, colleges, seminaries, even Catholic li-

braries and hospitals, Protestantism makes no attempt to withdraw either children or adults from the atmosphere breathed by the nation at large. The result is institutional weakness; there is no 'Protestant vote' for candidates to buy by promises; but it would be a very shallow judgment to infer from this that Protestantism has no influence upon the life of the nation. It is an integral part of that life; few, I think, would say that Christianity as a moral force has less power in England or America than in Spain or Peru.

The danger of secularism is always present, and the best Catholics make, by their lives and teaching, a noble protest against it. There is perhaps less of the beauty of holiness in the Protestant saint. Nor can we deny that Protestant zeal too often runs off into silly 'fads,' which the maturer experience of the Latin races escapes. We are not comparing the two types in order to exalt one and disparage the other. Our object is to consider which of the two is most in harmony with the present currents of thought and life, and especially which of the two is most in accordance with the mentality of the English-speaking race.

And our conclusion is that these peoples can never accommodate them-

selves to Latin Christianity, but must develop their religion with reference to their own needs and their own character. These needs and this character prescribe a form of Christianity which may easily and justly appeal to the authority of its Founder.

For Christ always spoke to the hearts of individuals, never to men in the mass. He banished political methods from his teaching. He organized no institution, established no hierarchy, left no code of legislation or writing of any kind; He declared that from within, out of the heart of man, come all things that exalt or defile him; that we need no intermediaries in our access to our heavenly Father; that faithful service is the only test of discipleship; that private prayer in the bed-chamber is the best form of devotion, and love of the brethren the fulfilling of the law.

This, we may venture to predict, is the Christianity of the future, as it was the first Christianity. It would not be helped by the adoption of Latin forms and ideals, which are alien to the character of our people; and it will not be hindered by giving a large place in our religion to the Northern code of honor, which must always be enshrined in the English heart, unless indeed our race is destined to decay.

MR. MOORE TALKS TO MR. GOSSE

BY GEORGE MOORE

GOSSE (*unlocking the wicket*)

WE shall find a pleasant seat by the lake at the other end of the gardens.

MOORE

It will be delightful to sit discoursing by an evening lake, watching oars plying on a last voyage round the island, whilst other boats return to the boat-house, beguiled by thoughts of supper.

GOSSE

A thought that they will share with the crowd over yonder.

MOORE

But why was I never invited before to participate in the pleasure of this garden? At every moment it opens up into fairer aspects, and I shall be disappointed if the seat by the brimming lake is not overhung by an ilex.

GOSSE

In the beginning these gardens were reserved for the residents of Hanover Terrace; but the County Council has decreed that such exclusiveness is out of keeping with the age we live in, and a few months hence people will share our delight.

MOORE

We shall suffer and the people will not be happier, for nobody cares to go where all may go.

GOSSE

The individual withers and the world grows more and more.

But here is the seat, and though there be no ilex boughs above it, there's

a handsome beech, and you are not one of those who would transform England into Sicily.

MOORE

Ilexes are as common in England as in Sicily.

GOSSE

The ilex is not one of our indigenous trees; and if it were, I doubt if our pleasure would be increased. It might, indeed, be lessened, for the classical associations of the ilex would draw our thoughts away from ourselves. Man is man's legitimate study, and perhaps in talk by this brimming lake we shall learn something that we did not know before of ourselves, and indirectly something we did not know of Theocritus. We have not had the pleasure of your company for more than a month, an absence that can be explained and atoned for by an account of the literary eggs you have been laying; some of the chicks within them must have broken their shells and are now running hither and thither pecking voraciously.

MOORE

Pecking in my soul's garden till they have got wings to fly into other gardens — a hint of plagiarism.

GOSSE

A vindictive twist given to my thought, which was then brooding in a little jealousy, for I have read in the newspapers that you are engaged in a play with Saint Paul for a hero. And as we have always been literary confidants —

MOORE

Do not speak of this play, for it has come to naught; and, to put Theocritus and Landor behind us, I will drop into the language of *Esther Waters*, saying that I broke down about fifty yards from home; but whether the breakdown occurred in the back sinews or in the suspensory ligament, I cannot tell.

GOSSE

Look upon me as your vet.; confide the circumstances. Was it on the near or the off?

MOORE

My dear Gosse, I cannot expatiate on the story of my breakdown; it is altogether too sad. How sad it is, you may judge when I tell you that tomorrow I shall send two telegrams to America withdrawing the play from publication and a possible performance.

GOSSE

This is indeed stern criticism; and has been acted upon without friendly consultation.

MOORE

It is true that I am always seeking opinions, but I only act on yours; and if I did n't ask you about my play, it was because I was afraid of boring you.

GOSSE

Have I ever shown any signs of boredom when you consulted me? If you had, I should have advised you to put the manuscript away in a drawer. But you dictate and have no old-fashioned manuscript.

MOORE

I have withdrawn my play for the present, till I more fully realize Paul in the circumstances; for to some extent circumstances heighten or lower the man.

GOSSE

So Paul has been turned out to grass, and now you are at a loose end.

MOORE

By no means. After a few sighs, a groan, a lamentation on the sordidness of the human lot, I bade farewell to him who has influenced the Western world more than any man that ever lived. The influence of Napoleon — what is it? And all the English poets — what influence have they exercised comparable to Paul's?

GOSSE

In the epic he was manageable, but in the drama he has proved unmanageable. And your thoughts have turned — whither?

MOORE

To the editing of the twenty-volume edition which is in preparation in America.

GOSSE

I hope you limit your literary activities to the editing of your old books. I shudder at the thought, lest you should alter a single word of your imaginary conversations with me.

MOORE

I am glad, Gosse, that you are satisfied with my interpretation of your ideas. But you can reassure yourself; I am thinking of adding and withdrawing nothing.

GOSSE

Additions trouble me less than omissions; but I am troubled. Now, of what new writer will you speak? Not of any of our contemporaries, I hope! So long as I do not express any opinions derogatory to — I need not mention names.

MOORE

No contemporary writer is the subject of my additions. You will remember that in the original conversations I made but a brief allusion to Anne Brontë, attributing my awakening to her story, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*; or was it Shelley who awakened me in the cave of dreamy youth? There are,

of course, almost as many mental awakenings as there are physical. In *Confessions of a Young Man*, a book you have never read, perhaps, I tell how, whilst driving in the family coach from Mayo to Galway, I heard my parents talking of *Lady Audley's Secret*, and *Lady Audley's Secret* led me to read other books by Miss Braddon. After *Lady Audley's Secret*, I read a book called, I think, *John Marchmont's Towers*, and then an adaptation of *Madame Bovary* — a seeming vanity; but what would have happened to me if I had not read this vanity I cannot imagine, for the doctor's wife read Byron and Shelley assiduously. I am afraid I have told the story before, but it is difficult to avoid telling it here, for my age could not have been more than ten or eleven when I read *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* and *The Sensitive Plant*. Shelley I discovered in our library; *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* belonged to my governess, and it was for the sake of the wonderful name of Wildfell that I borrowed the book from her. In our published conversations, Gosse, I confessed (if I did n't, I should have confessed) that Anne's story of a passionate love that came to naught sent me to Castle Carra a little scared lest I had been born into a world in which nobody transgressed. And it is with my boyish dread of a sinless world that Anne is associated, with pity for her early death, coming before any taste of life; for a virgin's death is the very saddest thing that can befall. It was Anne who revealed this sadness to me, and I take this opportunity of paying my debt.

GOSSE

We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?

are the words of a poet whose soul has passed into ours; and we should hearken to the wisdom that enjoins us not to return to Yarrow.

MOORE

It is long since I read the poem, and would ask you if the poet found Yarrow revisited merely dust and ashes.

GOSSE

How long is it since you read *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*?

MOORE

More than half a century; but soon after our published conversations I sent to the library and was rewarded by the discovery —

GOSSE

That Anne Brontë was a greater writer than Balzac or Turgenev?

MOORE

Despite the beauty of your prose, you fail to anticipate me. I did not think once of Balzac or Turgenev, and very often that, if Anne Brontë had lived ten years longer, she would have taken a place beside Jane Austen — perhaps even a higher place.

GOSSE

I think she died when she was seven-and-twenty, of consumption.

MOORE

Anne had all the qualities of Jane Austen, and other qualities; she could write with heat, one of the rarest qualities. Paul introduced heat into literature —

GOSSE

I would sooner hear you speak of Anne Brontë than Saint Paul.

MOORE

Well then, Gosse, since you insist on directing my conversation, I will say that a young farmer is in love with the tenant of Wildfell Hall, with a passion —

GOSSE

Forgive me for interrupting you again, but the last time I came to Ebury Street you read some lines from

a paper you were writing about Miss Austen; and in speaking of *Sense and Sensibility* you say: 'Marianne reveals the burning human heart in English prose narrative for the first and the last time.'

MOORE

Your visits are celestial, Gosse, few and far between; but it was since your last visit that I reread *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Anne broke down in the middle of her story, but her breakdown was not for lack of genius but of experience. An accident would have saved her; almost any man of letters would have laid his hand upon her arm and said: 'You must not let your heroine give her diary to the young farmer, saying: "Here is my story; go home and read it."' Your heroine must tell the young farmer her story, and an entrancing scene you will make of the telling. Moreover, the presence of your heroine, her voice, her gestures, the questions that would arise and the answers that would be given to them, would preserve the atmosphere of a passionate and original love-story. The diary broke the story in halves.—As you have n't read the book for a long time, Gosse, you will allow me to recall to your remembrance the theme.

The tenant of Wildfell Hall is a young and handsome woman, who has rented the Hall and lives in almost complete seclusion, making no acquaintances; she is rarely seen except when she goes forth to paint. The lonely figure painting woods and fields becomes a subject of gossip; and it is not long before the imaginations of the people discover in her the heroine of a sinful story — a discovery which helps, I take it, to plunge the young farmer headlong into that torment of passion which men rarely, if ever, have the power, I will not say of feeling, but of transferring to paper. Paul had it and was the first to translate the heart's

heat without loss. The Lord Jesus was Saint Paul's inspiration, and the Lord Jesus was also Saint Teresa's inspiration; in her we find the same heat that we do in the Epistles. Héloïse's letters to Abélard shrivel up, so intense is the heat of her passion. I must not be afraid of repeating the word heat; it is essential that I should repeat it, for what I am thinking of is heat, and not violence, rhetoric, or vehemence.

You were good enough to remind me a few moments ago that I read you some lines from a paper I was writing about Miss Austen, and you complimented me even to the extent of remembering my very words, that we find the burning human heart in English prose narrative for the first and the last time. When I read you those few lines, *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* was a dim memory going back more than fifty years — a child's appreciation of a book he got from his governess. But on reading it again, I said: The farmer goes to the Hall consumed by the same almost animal emotion that consumed Marianne when she went up to London in search of Willoughby.

GOSSE

But surely there are more than traces of the heat you speak of in her sisters' works?

MOORE

Wuthering Heights is written with vehemence, with eloquence, but there's very little heat in it, if any. The quality of heat I don't put forward as a very high literary quality; it does n't exist in Shakespeare, in Dante, in Homer; but it's the rarest of literary qualities.

GOSSE

An emotion enkindled by spiritual or physical love. I think you exaggerate its rarity, and that were an adequate search made for it in the works of religious reformers, you would have to add to your list. I am not sure you would

not have to add Saint Augustine. In your story, *The Lake*, you give some stanzas from an Irish poem. A peasant, I believe you say the author was, a native of County Cork, who wandered demented about the country and expressed his sorrow in at least one beautiful poem, if I may judge by the extract.

MOORE

A very beautiful poem indeed it must be, if we may judge it by T. W. Rolleston's beautiful translation.

GOSSE

But Saint Augustine — what have you to say about the passage where he and his mother stand by a window overlooking the river — the Tiber, I think? Or was it when he visited his mother in Milan? If so, it was the Olona.

MOORE

I remember the passage as you do, vaguely. I think the scene you speak of occurred at Ostia, where his mother died. But may we not leave the question of heat in literature to be decided another day, and return to Anne Brontë, whose weaving of the narrative in the first hundred and fifty pages of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* reveals a born tale-teller, just as the knotted and tangled threads in *Wuthering Heights* reveal the desperate efforts of a lyrical poet to construct a prose narrative. I heard you once say that outside of his special gift a man is often a poor creature. The remark was instigated by Swinburne's attempts to write prose tales; and a story is told of Beethoven, who, after a quarrel, said: 'Whosoever can write a symphony can cook a dinner.' His friends did not think so, nor do I think that Emily, whose poems are above Anne's as the stars are above the earth, was intended by Nature to write prose narratives; and for different reasons Charlotte failed, too; she wrote well, — all three wrote

well, — but good writing did not help her, for she was afflicted with much congenital commonplace. The true artist is neither esoteric nor commonplace; he captures the world with broad human sympathies, and woos and wins his fellows with his craft. Mrs. Gaskell, the most commonplace of all English writers —

GOSSE

That seems rather hard.

MOORE

I only read one book of hers, a story called *Phyllis*, a very lack-lustre story indeed; out of the pages rises the image of a meek-voiced, almost witless widow sitting by her fireplace, a kettle singing on the hob.

GOSSE

As I think I have told you before, you very often have something to say that's worth saying; but you are apt to spoil it by exaggeration. I agree with you that the diary was a mistake, and that it would have been better if the heroine had told her story herself; but I think Anne would have answered the literary friend who laid his hand on her arm that, if she had allowed her heroine to tell her story, it would not have filled more than a couple of pages; and for Anne to get her book published, she had to fill at least two hundred more.

MOORE

Whosoever is possessed of the gift of narrative can fashion a story as it pleases him; and I have no faintest doubt that Anne would have discovered new matter for the required length. I prefer to think that she fell into one of those pitfalls — I know them well — with which tale-telling is beset. But you may be right.

GOSSE

I hope I am not right, for yours is the nobler explanation. But do you find

sufficient support in the first half of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* to justify you in saying that Anne's genius exceeded her sisters' genius; and that, if she had lived for ten years more, we should all be speaking of her as a rival to Jane Austen?

MOORE

No, indeed. If Anne had written nothing but *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, I should not have been able to predict the high place she would have taken in English letters. All I should have been able to say is: An inspiration that passed away like the wind. But, in my opinion, her first story, *Agnes Grey*, is the most perfect prose narrative in English literature.

GOSSE

The most perfect prose narrative in English literature, and overlooked for fifty-odd years!

MOORE

The blindness of criticism should not surprise one so well acquainted with the history of literature as you are. You have noticed, no doubt, that I avoid whenever I can the word fiction; for the word has become degraded by association with circulating libraries, and has come to mean novels that sell for six months and are never heard of afterward. *Agnes Grey* is a prose narrative, simple and beautiful as a muslin dress. I need not remind you, Gosse, that it is more difficult to write a simple story than a complicated one. The arrival of Agnes at the house of her employer (she is the new governess) opens the story, and the first sentences, the eating of a beefsteak is among the first, convince us that we are with a quick, witty mind, capable of appreciating all she hears and sees; and when Agnes begins to tell us of her charges and their vulgar parents, we know that we are reading a masterpiece. Nothing short of genius could have set them

before us so plainly and yet with restraint — even the incident of the little boy who tears a bird's nest out of some bushes, and fixes fish-hooks into the beaks of the young birds, so that he may drag them about the stable-yard. Agnes's reprimands, too, are low in tone, yet sufficient to bring her into conflict with the little boy's mother, who thinks that her son's amusement should not be interfered with. The story was written probably when Anne Brontë was but two- or three-and-twenty, and it is the one story in English literature in which style, characters, and subject are in perfect keeping. In writing it Anne's eyes were always upon the story itself, and not upon her readers; a thought does not seem to have come into her mind that a reader would like a little more drama, a little more comedy; that a picnic or a ball would provide entertainment. Whilst writing about Agnes Grey's first set of pupils, she had in mind Agnes's second set, and was careful that the first situation should lead up to the second. Agnes is not dismissed, nor does she even, as well as I remember, leave for any definite reason. The house has become disagreeable to her, and she leaves, rests for a while at home, and hearing of a situation in which she would have the charge of two growing girls, she accepts it, and the reader is relieved to find Agnes, whom he has begun to appreciate, among less harsh surroundings. One of her pupils is about to pass out of the schoolroom into the world, the other is a sort of tomboy who likes kittens and puppies, and the society of the stable-yard and harness-room, better than that of the drawing-room, her hour not having yet come. At the end of the first term, a term of six months or a year, Agnes Grey goes home, and after a short holiday she returns to her pupils, very tired, for the journey has been a long

one. But whilst Agnes has been resting at home, Miss Murray has been to her first ball, and Agnes must really come to the schoolroom at once to hear all about it. And so absorbed is Miss Murray in herself, in her dress, in her partners, in the flowers that were given to her, in the words that were spoken to her during the dances and the sitting-out in quiet corners, that she fails to perceive how inappropriate the occasion is for the telling of her successes. Agnes Grey gives all the attention she can give to her pupil, but is too tired to respond, and Miss Murray, feeling, no doubt, that Agnes thinks she is exaggerating her successes, insists still further: 'As for *me*, Miss Grey — I'm so *sorry* you did n't see me! I was *charming* — was n't I, Matilda?' And the younger sister, who has not been to the ball, answers: 'Middling.' — The word lights up the narrative like a ray of light cast by Ruysdael into the middle of a landscape.

GOSSE

I am afraid you writers of prose narratives appreciate other people's narratives only when you find your own qualities in them.

MOORE

What you say is most unjust. You have read a great deal of poetry, but your appreciations of poetry are not limited to the exact qualities you possess yourself. Why, therefore, should you think that I cannot appreciate anything that is not part of my own possession?

GOSSE

I don't think it's quite the same thing. But tell me what becomes of the governess.

MOORE

She makes the acquaintance of a curate and visits the almshouses with him; and here Anne rises to greater heights in patter than Jane Austen; for

Jane's patter is drawing-room patter, whilst Anne's patter is in Yorkshire jargon. I don't know if you will acquiesce in my belief that the language of the fields is more beautiful than that of the town, and that the cottage supplies better stuff for art than the drawing-room.

GOSSE

Not better than the palace. Shakespeare —

MOORE

Would n't it be just as well to leave Shakespeare out of this argument?

GOSSE

You have n't told me yet what becomes of Agnes Grey.

MOORE

She leaves her situation and goes, I think, to recover her health by the sea; and meeting on the esplanade the parson with whom she visited the almshouses — he has gone there for his vacation —

GOSSE

The end of the walk is an engagement!

MOORE

And why should n't it be? The simple is never commonplace.

GOSSE

The commonplace is yesterday's artifices, and I will admit that I have often wondered why criticism should have depreciated Anne so flagrantly, exalting Charlotte and Emily into princesses of literature and looking on Anne as a sort of Cinderella; and stranger still is your quarrel with critical blindness, since it has cast you for the part of the fairy godmother.

MOORE

Critics follow a scent like hounds, and I am not certain that it was n't Charlotte who first started them on their depreciation of Anne. I cannot

give chapter and verse here, but in one of her introductions she certainly apologizes for *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. I am not certain that moral reasons are not put forward, and I feel sure that extenuating circumstances are pleaded: Anne's youth, her sickness, her inexperience of life. Three phthisis-stricken sisters living on a Yorkshire moor, and all three writing novels, was first-rate copy, and Charlotte's little depreciations were a great help; for three sisters of equal genius might strain the credulity of the readers of the evening newspapers. Such insight as would enable the journalist to pick out the right one would be asking too much.

GOSSE

Could you have picked the right?

MOORE

Not at the time of the publication of Anne's books; but fifty years is a long while to wait. My case against Charlotte does not end with an implicit defamation of her sister, for in her novel *Villette* she is guilty of the most barefaced plagiarism that I know of. Like her sister, Charlotte wrote well, but she lacked imagination; she could describe only what she had seen; and the first volume of *Villette*, being no more than a relation of scenes she herself had lived through, is excellent. But the moment the story called on her to supply characters and events, it began to droop and wither, and to revive it, she found herself obliged to borrow from her sister's novel — a thing she could do without anybody crying out: 'Stop thief!' for none had read *Agnes Grey*.

GOSSE

Love is said to be blind; but if all that you say is true, criticism is even blinder; for though many charges have been brought against Charlotte, plagiarism is not one of them.

MOORE

The critics of the Brontës were interested more in Charlotte's flirtation with the schoolmaster in Belgium, which, if it were true, mattered very little, and if it were n't, did n't matter at all. But a literary critic like yourself, Gosse, should not have allowed Charlotte to climb the wall by means of somebody else's ladder and then to kick it shamelessly away.

GOSSE

As I have not read *Agnes Grey*, I must take your remarks on trust, but I will read the story.

MOORE

I wish you would, and write an article about Anne, for then the truth would become known.

GOSSE

Why not write it yourself? The story is true to you, and to me it is only a partial truth.

MOORE

Were I to write it, it would be looked upon as one of my paradoxes, or a desire to tread upon somebody's corns. But as soon as you begin to read, the story will possess you, and you will long to reveal the true Charlotte and her patrons, the dinner at the publishers and the dinner at Thackeray's, a dozen pompous men standing before the fire, their coat-tails lifted, their eyes fixed on the timid girl who had discovered bigamy and written it out all by herself. The nostrils of the twentieth century like not the smell of these broken victuals, and yet —

GOSSE

And yet the lake darkens and the loiterers along the waterside have disappeared; probably gone home to supper, every one. I'll let you out at the farther gate.

A QUESTION FOR CHRISTIANS

BY H. H. POWERS

I

Not long since, following a lecture in which I tried to project the orbit of modern imperialism somewhat into the future, I received a letter from a thoughtful listener, which contained the following question: 'What part is Christianity to have in the coming greater conflict of the nations, which you fear is ahead?'

My first impulse was to ignore the question, or to evade the issue. For years I have avoided discussion of this subject. It is not because I lack interest or sympathy; it is rather because I have both. If I had only interest, I could discuss it cold-bloodedly, as I can discuss Buddhism or Plato's philosophy. If I had only sympathy, I could discuss it, or at least eulogize it, with indiscriminating fervor. But having something of both, I have felt little disposed, either to analyze or to rhapsodize, at least in public. And so, after long years of active interest in religious philosophy and church activities, I have withdrawn from active participation, breathing freely at last in the presence of 'my own thoughts, now that I am conscious that no one else is to be troubled by them.

With a Buddhist, with any not indifferent outsider, I could talk freely; but not with a Christian devotee, still less with one alienated from Christianity, or with one living heedless and unconcerned in the midst of all-pervading Christian influence and activity. You cannot discuss anatomy with one

whose child is on the operating table; nor with an enemy of the patient, who wants the surgeon to knife him; nor yet with one wholly indifferent to the subject. So I have learned to look on and be silent. And with this attitude there has come something of detachment without alienation. I have stepped out of the procession without shaking the dust of my feet off against it. I know where it is going, — or trying to go, — and am glad. Meanwhile, from my position on the curb, it seems to me that I can see a little better than before the chance of arrival at the goal.

And so, as my friend challenged me from the ranks, I at last broke silence and answered as best I could. I do not know how my friend took it, but the result to myself was a renewed interest, a deepening consciousness that this is in a sense the question of the hour. We are Christians, we of the Western world, who are passing through deep waters, perhaps with deeper waters to come. We have pinned our faith to Christianity: some, as to a lamp which, if rubbed, will bring the genii; others, as to a lamp that will merely light our path. Is our faith justified? What has Christianity to say about such problems as now perplex us?

As regards war, the answer at first seems easy. Christians everywhere profess to regard the words of their Founder as authoritative. The words of his early followers and other worthies are likewise held in high esteem, by many even

regarded as authoritative. It should be possible, therefore, to find in this body of teachings, and more particularly in the words of the Founder Himself, a reliable indication of the attitude of Christians on this subject. It is a subject upon which He spoke with directness and emphasis on more than one occasion. His first recorded address is one of the most pronounced pacifist documents in existence. Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. The intent of these words is unmistakable. So far as I know, this meaning has never been denied by Christians, nor any attempt made to show that it was intended to be of limited application. The pronouncement is, in fact, exceedingly sweeping, seemingly denying even the right of self-defense.

And yet this fact strikes the observer at the outset of his inquiry. No considerable body of Christians has ever at any time accepted this doctrine. Individuals have done so, and a single small sect, living mostly under the protecting ægis of powerful military governments, has given it consistent verbal endorsement. But Christianity has remained throughout its history unmistakably militarist, not loving war for its own sake, but ever ready to use it for what it considered to be worthy ends. Nor has there been any seeming sense of inconsistency in so doing. The thief and the perjurer have had to do penance, but never the soldier who fought according to the rules of the game. He has never been shamefaced or apologetic. The Church has consecrated him for his task, and has honored him for its performance. His flag has been draped above the altar, and his bones laid beside those of the saint. It may be doubted whether this temper is changing. Never was divine aid more confidently invoked in the interest of

irreconcilable causes than in the recent conflict.

A conflict so obvious between accepted doctrine and words recognized as authoritative calls for explanation. This may be sought in a more complete examination of the words and acts of Jesus. This is the more necessary when we recall that the extreme pacifism already noted is found in the early utterances of Jesus, when He had but recently returned from a long sojourn in the wilderness where, as is well known, He was under the influence of the Essenes, the most extreme of all pacifist sects. The ideality and spirituality of their faith naturally appealed strongly to much in the character of Jesus, and it should not surprise us that, on his return from this sojourn, He reflected their sentiments.

But if the nature of Jesus was spiritual, it was also extremely aggressive. In the wilderness, among the harmless Essenes, He could be a pacifist, but in the rough-and-tumble of active campaigning, in a commercial town like Capernaum, or a bigoted capital like Jerusalem, antagonism and aggressiveness were speedily developed, and we hear no more of turning the other cheek. To be exact, we do hear one more allusion to it—a retraction. On the last night of his life, He recalls among changed conditions his early pacifist dream. Definitely contrasting the present with that early happier time, He says: ‘But now he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.’

Such words are not very conclusive, and I have never heard them quoted in defense or extenuation of militarism. According to another evangelist, they were followed a few hours later by the seemingly contradictory generalization: ‘All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.’ Such utterances

betray the changing moods of a sorely perturbed spirit, rather than clear conviction or settled purpose.

The acts of Jesus are somewhat more suggestive in this connection. The clearing of the temple was not war, but it was not pacifism. The whip of small cords was not an efficient weapon, but neither was the bamboo cane, with which Chinese Gordon led the ever-victorious army of China. Jesus had at his back a powerful up-country following, which even the Jerusalem authorities dared not affront, and which could have made short work of the den of thieves, had they offered resistance. Whatever the means employed, the principle was coercion, and the spirit far removed from that of the injunction — resist not evil. Nor can the denunciation of the Jewish oligarchy to the multitude in the temple area be harmonized with the quietist principle.

To sum up, the attitude of Jesus on this subject seems to have undergone an altogether natural development. He begins with views that are theoretical, largely inculcated, and but imperfectly in line with his temperament. As a teacher, He at first deals in abstract generalizations, sweeping and extreme. Under the hard knocks of his active ministry all this changes. He becomes concrete, and learns the marvelous art of teaching by parable. Handicapped and thwarted by selfishness intrenched in privilege, He becomes uncompromising, aggressive, belligerent. Out of it all there emerges no clear rule of thumb that can save us the trouble of learning to live in the old toilsome way that nature has ordained. His followers, even though recognizing his teaching as authoritative, may well be excused for finding it inconclusive on this point. It is none the less significant that, without clear warrant in his words or acts, Christians should have taken a stand so definitely militarist.

II

Perhaps the significance of this independent attitude will be plainer if we turn to another case, in which both the teaching of Jesus and the independence of his followers are somewhat more pronounced.

The story of the woman taken in adultery occupies a peculiar place in the narratives of the life of Jesus. Most of the early manuscripts of the Gospel omit the story. Whether this means that it is a later addition, or that it is an original element which there was a later effort to suppress, matters little. The story is universally regarded as genuine. The incident undoubtedly occurred, and Jesus doubtless expressed himself essentially as stated. The hesitation on the part either of the writer of the Gospel or of later copyists has a significance which we shall note later.

The attitude of Jesus toward the sin of adultery is not in question. His last words to the woman make that clear, and we have other and more explicit evidence. The story is complicated, too, by the fact that a trap was laid for Jesus, which He skillfully forced into the foreground of attention. But it is none the less impossible to deny to his words, 'Neither do I condemn thee,' a startling significance. At those words, the writer or his early biographers baulked. At those words, later Christian teaching has always hedged. We are told that it was an exceptional case; that Jesus read her heart and saw that she was penitent. Concede it, though the story gives no hint.

The fact remains that Jesus refuses to put the adulteress beyond the pale, and healthy society always does so. It did so then, and it does so now — never more than now. Imagine near at home a case such as appears from time to time in almost any community — a

woman upright, cultured, high-minded, the victim of an unconscious fascination and an illicit love. It is the commonest of human experiences that all this may happen, and character and even moral instincts remain essentially intact. Reinstatement in the esteem and favor of society, and she is perfectly salvable. But society will not reinstate her. Friends may feel for her the keenest sympathy, may even give her furtive assurance of undying friendship, but restore her to her old place in the social circle they dare not, cannot. The social circle that will lift its ban is a circle that is off color. And yet, the enforcement of this pitiless social ostracism means almost certain doom to a perfectly salvable individual.

This is but one of many indications that Jesus refused to recognize the organic character of society, a doctrine upon which Paul laid the greatest emphasis and one which is fundamental in the social philosophy of our time. He insists upon regarding primarily the individual and in claiming salvage for the salvable, irrespective of social reactions. He distinctly enunciates this policy in the well-known words, later fantastically denaturalized by theological interpretation: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' In a word, He stands for individual salvage, while conservative society has always stood for social quarantine. Confronted with a victim of moral contagion, He urges that the case can be cured, to which society replies: 'Yes, but with cost and risks which we cannot afford to incur.'

I am not here concerned to show which is right, but only to point out the perfectly obvious fact, that careful society stands to-day where it has always stood, and Christian society most of all. The words of Jesus are honored, but given a post-mortem application. The duty of salvage is

admitted, but in strict subordination to the principle of quarantine. We have our refuges and our rescue work, but our wives do not associate with the adulteress, no matter how penitent and how morally intact, unless as angels of mercy to a lower class, where all possibility of social relations is excluded.

III

If my argument in this case is not convincing, I will try another. What were the economic doctrines of Jesus, and what does the Christian world think about them? He was by no means silent on some of the main issues. Not only did He have concrete situations to deal with, but He indulged in numerous generalizations on the subject, of a somewhat startling character. In beauty of expression these utterances are unsurpassed — so much so that they have won the suffrages of multitudes who have given little heed to their purport. We will first examine these generalizations.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body what ye shall put on.

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Let us read these words, if possible, as if they were the words of a stranger, to whom we are nowise committed in heart. What should we say was their economic purport? There is but one possible answer. There is in them all a disparagement of thrift and forethought, and an encouragement to a care-free, hand-to-mouth existence, which nothing in situation or context can mitigate. So absolutely do these injunctions contradict our most cherished convictions, that we should quite discredit their literal intent, were there not abundant proof that Jesus practised what He preached. His followers in many cases forsook their occupations, put their capital into a common consumption fund, and frankly threw themselves upon charity, as Jesus encouraged them to do.

The little fellowship that survived him was communistic, unproductive, and soon pauperized — a burden upon the churches organized by Paul, who vehemently opposed their adoption of the communistic principle. When Zaccheus, of doubtful antecedents, makes good his extortions and gives half his goods to the poor, Jesus declares: 'This day is salvation come to this house'; but when the rich young man, pattern of all the virtues, cannot see that it is his duty to sell all that he has and give to the poor, we are told that Jesus loved him, but commented sorrowfully, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'

The meaning of all this is perfectly plain to those who are not theologically stopped from recognizing it. Jesus was one of those rare idealist natures who, by an inner law of their being, are incapable of realizing the laws of economics. Spiritual forces are so immeasurably more important, and the economic struggle is so confusing, so harsh, so shot through with greed and oppression, that it forfeits their

sympathy and fails to enlist their patient attention. Continually caught in its toils, and from sheer ineptitude usually its victims, their judgments of its workings are as untrustworthy as they are unsympathetic. It is folly to take seriously their pronouncement on matters so entirely beyond their purview. In truth, the world never does.

But the founder of a religion invariably comes to play a dangerous rôle. He loses the privilege, accorded to other men, of not knowing things and of being excused for his ignorance. His words acquire a talismanic virtue, and are forced to yield solutions of impossible problems. If surface meanings are unavailable, they must be disposed of and hidden meanings extracted. There is no mental jugglery that the devout mind will not permit rather than recognize the most obvious of limitations on the part of the object of its devotion.

So we are told that Jesus did not mean that we should take no thought for the morrow, but only that we should not take too much thought, the question of too much being necessarily left to the individual judgment, and placed by a consensus of Christian opinion at a point which presents no analogy with the case of the lilies and the birds. We are assured that Jesus meant the injunction to sell all and give to the poor, only for the rich young man whom He saw to be covetous, though the narrator goes out of his way to prevent such an aspersion. And so on, indefinitely.

I have all respect for those who feel the need of these far-fetched interpretations, but I do not myself feel the need of them. They are to me clear evasions of meanings which there is no occasion to evade. The words of Jesus, with all their mistaken disparagement of thrift and injunctions to unlimited charity, are words that do him honor. Their very extravagance demonstrates the splendid passion for humanity which

prompted their utterance. Does not the world honor Michelangelo the more, that art left him no room for the canny thrift of a Titian? I claim for Jesus the glorious economic irresponsibility of the idealist and the prophet. I claim for myself the right to distinguish between the message of the Most High and the maxims of Poor Richard.

But this is a digression. Again, it is not my purpose to decide who is right, but to note the fact that between Jesus and his followers there is a pronounced, though unconfessed, difference of opinion. The Christians of to-day, those recognized as most honoring the name, do not live like the lilies or the birds, or beg from door to door. They believe in taking thought for the morrow — even anxious thought, on occasion. They agree with Paul that he that provideth not for his own hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel. They recognize, with Adam Smith, that the capacity for forethought and effort for long-deferred ends are the best criterion of the development of a people. They see in the accumulation of wealth, not the hoarded indulgence of greed, but the elaborated mechanism of social service. They ask the rich man of to-day, not to dissipate his fortune in charity, now recognized as rarely beneficial, but to organize it for the honest service of society. They enjoin, even upon societies for the propagation of his gospel, economic foresight and anxious prevision. It is impossible, without stultifying ourselves, to torture the words of Jesus into an endorsement of this accepted economic faith.

It would be easy to trace further this antithesis — to note our hesitating but conscientious rejection of his teachings upon divorce, upon titles indicative of religious distinction, upon the ritualizing of religious worship, the recognition of convention in morals, Sabbath ob-

servance, and the like; but as our purpose is to illustrate a principle, rather than to enumerate its applications, we need not make our inquiry exhaustive.

Such an inquiry would reveal everywhere something of divergence — often a complete conflict — between the teachings of Jesus and the slowly matured conclusions of his sincere followers; everywhere the same naïve unconsciousness that any divergence exists, and the same conventionally sanctioned interpretations to win for necessary conclusions the countenance of his authority. We should find the same in any other religion. The teachings of Zoroaster, of Confucius, of Gotama, of Mohammed, and, I presume, of Mary Baker Eddy, all retain the reverence and homage of their votaries, on the same inexorable condition that they lend themselves to the interpretation which experience shall dictate. This process is facilitated by the familiar fact, so well stated by George Eliot, that 'the human mind is hospitable and will entertain conflicting views and opinions with grave impartiality.'

All this is perfectly natural, perfectly as it should be. The correlations of life, and of religion in particular, are emotional, not intellectual. Out of the heart are the issues of life. In choosing our path through life's maze, we are necessarily compelled to feel our way, to deal with unforeseen conditions, and to correct unwise procedure. From this duty of painful experimentation there is, and can be, no miraculous exemption. The most faultless precepts have no power to furnish the necessary guidance. If of universal application, they are necessarily generalizations so broad that the problem of application has difficulties hardly less than those of the original problem. If, on the other hand, they are of immediate application, they can never have universal validity.

This is not a criticism upon any particular precepts. It is a statement of a limitation inherent in all precepts from their very nature. Precepts can never serve as substitutes for experience.

IV

This, then, is the principle to which our inquiry leads. The vital beliefs of Christians, as of men of all religions, are simply formulations of their social experiences. These beliefs are, so far as possible, stated in the words of the founder, or early worthies, of the faith, but with a freedom of selection, arrangement, and interpretation, which permits of any degree of divergence from the original teachings of these persons. This process, continually challenged by the cynic who calls religion a sham, and by the fanatic who summons us to a preposterous literalism, is perfectly natural and wholesome. It rests upon certain permanent conditions of life in the social state.

First, it is necessary constantly to revise the laws of conduct to meet changing conditions. The rule of no divorce except for adultery is doubtless sound under certain conditions; but the best judgment of our time agrees that, under present conditions, its enforcement would be injurious. The precept of Jesus has, therefore, been quietly set aside. Paul said, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches' — a rule of the utmost practical wisdom at the time when it was enunciated, but one the mere mention of which to-day is greeted with a smile. The one rule is too ideal and ultimate, the other too local and temporary, to meet our needs. The necessity for this revision is constant and universal. No rule of conduct is exempt from adjudication in the court of experience.

Second, this necessity for constant revision of procedure coexists with an

equal necessity for unchanged emotional relations. We must depart from the teachings of the past, yet we must not break with the past. We must revise, even reverse, the teachings of Jesus, yet we crave his countenance in so doing, and cherish the consciousness of unbroken loyalty. The result is that we confront this necessity of revision with a certain perturbation of spirit. The healthy soul is a reverent soul, deeply conscious of its own limitations. Confronted with the necessity of departing from time-honored precepts, it says: 'Who am I, that I should innovate upon the wisdom of the great past?' Trust not the man who lightly turns his back upon the past. Trust rather him who comes not to destroy, but to fulfill. Fulfillment means destruction just the same, but oh, such a different destruction!

The result of this conflict is that the revision of social procedure is necessarily made under disguises, and in a manner which, *merely intellectually considered*, is essentially disingenuous. The Greeks, unable to give innovation free rein, made their advances under the plea of restoring the long-vanished Golden Age. The institutions of Lycurgus, to which the philosophers of Athens were ever pointing as the model to which a degenerate world should strive again to conform, were almost a pure fiction, a dream of the innovator, which he commended to his public by clothing it in the habiliments of a revered past.

The same process is in constant use to-day. It was the salvation of our American Constitution, and possibly of our Republic, that for the first century of our existence the required changes were effected almost wholly by interpretation rather than by amendment, thus ensuring the necessary adaptations, without impairing the sense of continuity and stability so essential to our safety. The same proc-

ess as applied to theology and ethics is too familiar to require comment.

It cannot be too strongly insisted that this unconscious inconsistency, which characterizes all progress in matters where our feelings are deeply concerned, is in no sense to be reprobated or regretted. Advance is possible in such connections, only on condition that the sensitive life-centres are protected from the raids of consciousness by an elaborate camouflage. It is a necessary condition of vitality and usefulness on the part of religion that it accustom itself to these disguises; that it learn to retain the sayings, the maxims, the early formulas of faith which have attracted to themselves the veneration of the ages, while freeing itself from their intellectual dictation. There is no person living who, if rescued by a sudden aphasia from the tradition of the Apostles' Creed or the Westminster Confession, would phrase his own belief in anything resembling their terms. Yet they are assets of inestimable value to religion and to society. As concert exercises, scarce ruffling the surface of quiescent thought, they weave a spell more precious, and come laden with a meaning more vital, than any intellectual revision can ever give. They should not be revised, they should not be scrutinized. They should be still farther intoned and deintellectualized, until they become but mystic tokens, connecting the living heart of the present with the undying soul of the past.

It is the peculiar merit of Christianity that it has retained this freedom of judgment, this power of adaptation, this ability to accept the teachings of life, without losing reverence for its Founder, or coming into conscious conflict with his teachings. It has avoided the casuistry which fossilized Mohammedanism, and has thrown off the yoke which church infallibility for a time

laid upon it. It has even rescued its Founder from the ossification of theology, and won Him back to life and personality. It is astounding, how real is the freedom with which the Christian judges the relations of life, untrammelled by word or act of his Lord, while bowing in sincere reverence before Him and finding in his words an unfailing inspiration. The empty of heart will call this hypocrisy, and the timid in thought will deplore it as the decay of faith. It is, in fact, the development of man in true balance, the supreme triumph of religious evolution.

I suppose someone will ask the inevitable question: 'What is the use of a leader if his teachings are not to be followed?' The mere asking of such a question gives us a feeling of the futility of reply. It takes us into a domain of tremendous realities, which refuse to be weighed or touched. What is the good of a friend if he bestow no gifts and bring no answer to the riddles that perplex you? In sooth, I cannot tell, but I still prize my friend above all other good.

And yet the craving for the substantial is not wholly wrong. We ask instinctively that spiritual relations translate themselves into concrete services. Even Jesus asked it. 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?' We can sympathize with the impatient expostulation of one who found it so hard to lead devotion over into action. And yet with all reverence I confess to a fellow feeling for those thus chidden. I fancy that the rich young man, who could not accept the hard precept, went away cherishing in his sorrow the memory of one whom he had found a lord among men—a memory that went far to effect that salvation of which Jesus despaired. Who knows with what reverence and transforming love he contemplated the figure of the great Galilean down the

lengthening vista of the years, the while, it may well be, that the impulsive Zaccheus suffered the pangs of disillusionment and reaction in the days of Ananias and Sapphira?

I recall one whom I knew in my youth, at whose feet I sat with a devotion like unto that of the twelve. I have shed his philosophy, I do not vote his ticket, I question his precepts, but I still call him the only great man I ever knew, and acknowledge in him a lordship that defies all loss and change. Is there one of you who cannot duplicate that experience? If so, I am sorry, for you have missed one of life's supreme benedictions.

And now let us return for a moment to the question with which we began. What part will Christianity play in the great struggle of the present and of the future? Will it define the issue and adjudicate conflicting claims? I doubt it. The answer will be as of old: 'Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?' Will it make us soft hearted and yielding, ready to sacrifice just interests rather than resist aggression? Not by his warrant. There will still be the whip of small cords. But if Christianity means in any degree the spirit of its Founder, — and, in no small degree, it does mean just that to-day, — it will promote reasonable and kindly settlements among men.

Let us resort for a moment to the familiar and much abused device of summoning the great Galilean into our midst. What would happen if Christ were at Lausanne and those gathered round the council table were imbued with his spirit? Would He have a formula which would remove the difficulties of the situation? Would the darkness vanish in the miraculous light of his presence? Nothing of all this. There would still be need of subcommissions and weeks of patient toil.

There would still be difference of opinion and warmly contested proposals. There would still be the conflict between idealists and hard-headed men with their unequal appreciation of vision and fact. There might still be deadlocks, possibly even new recourse to arms. Even a regenerate Caiaphas might not have seen eye to eye with James and John.

But does anyone doubt for a moment that if the peace-makers at Lausanne were dominated by the spirit which Jesus habitually manifested in his walks among men, the chances of a satisfactory solution would be immeasurably increased? Instead of the bullying of a Chicherin and the crafty diplomatic fencing which present conditions necessitate, imagine Venizelos and Ismet, Curzon and Poincaré, coming together with no other thought than to conspire for the welfare of all their peoples, as unwilling to secure an unmerited advantage as to inflict an unmerited injury. Imagine a spirit of candid inquiry, of unfailing kindliness and mutual trust pervading the conference. Would you and I have much anxiety about the issue at Lausanne? Imagine still farther that this temper had been widely dominant in recent years. Would there have been any Lausanne to be anxious about?

Christianity offers no talisman, provides no magic formula, no convenient rule of thumb. It leaves us still to discover the hidden knowledge and solve the hard problems. It involves no emasculation of character, no supine surrender of rights, no weak recoil against hardship and pain. It merely means that we are to solve our problems and assert our rights and endure our hardships in the spirit of Christ. The triumph of Christianity is nothing else, at last analysis, than the triumph of reasonableness and kindness among men.

PHŒBE

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

I

PHŒBE began disturbing the peace before she was born. The news of her anticipated arrival was nothing short of a cataclysm. Brother Elhannon Stout and Sister Dosia, his wife, had lived for twenty years in the Quaker community without having added to its population; and now, when they were regarded as venerables, they produced an offspring. The chagrin of the village was nothing, however, compared to their own when they found that the little son, for whom they had prayed these twenty years and whom they had already dedicated to the service of God, turned out to be a lusty little daughter.

In time they became reconciled; but not so Phœbe. With each succeeding year she felt and looked more and more like a mistake. Her bullet head seemed to call for a cap instead of a beribboned hat; her muscular legs demanded the freedom of trousers instead of the confinement of skirts. When she spoke, her deep voice and her short, abrupt sentences gave yet further evidence that Nature had blundered.

The first intimation that she had a grievance had come when she was a year old. A neighbor brought a boy baby to call, and in the baby's hand was a ball. Without hesitation Phœbe flung away the rag-doll which she held and laid forcible hands on the ball. In vain did the two mothers strive to arbitrate the matter. The boy went home with the doll, and Phœbe re-

mained in triumphant possession of the ball.

The habit of going after what she wanted grew with her years. By the time she was six, she had reduced her parents to such a state of subjugation that they trembled at each new ultimatum, and hoped, at most, for a compromise.

'I want a vest,' she announced one evening at the supper table.

'Vests are for little boys,' said Brother Elhannon.

'They shan't have 'em all,' said Phœbe belligerently. 'I can have one too; can't I, mother?'

'I'll get thee a pretty sash,' suggested Sister Dosia.

'I won't wear it!' cried Phœbe. 'I want a vest with pockets. Why can't I have a vest?'

Sister Dosia tried to divert her by serving her a third saucer of ice-cream.

'The child's shaking with cold now,' remonstrated Brother Elhannon. 'I'll put her chair by the fire, the while she eats it.'

'I would n't be cold if I had on a vest,' wailed Phœbe, between mouthfuls.

The next day she appeared at the livery stable at the corner, her father's gray vest buttoned over her dress.

'Hullo, Phœbe!' said Mr. McAllister, a squint-eyed old Scotchman; 'where did ye get yer weskit?'

'Out of the wardrobe. See my pockets?'

'Ye'll be wearing pants some day,' said Mr. McAllister.

'Whose?' she asked hopefully.

'Yer husband's, most like!' said Mr. McAllister, with a chuckle.

Like Timothy of old, Phœbe was brought up in the fear of the Lord and was well instructed in Holy Scripture. Next to the Bible, the book that played the most important part in her education was an oblong volume of worn yellow calfskin, on which was printed 'Rules of Discipline, 1849.'

Brother Elhannon had been brought up on it, and he considered the result sufficiently satisfactory to repeat the experiment with Phœbe.

Strange to say, Phœbe took kindly to many of the old Quaker precepts. She was perfectly willing to 'refrain from adorning her person'; she greatly approved the passage which advised that 'Friends exercise plainness of speech, and not baulk their testimony by cowardly compromise'; it suited her mightily not to 'bow her body by way of salutation'; and, above all, she enjoyed the duty enjoined of 'passing righteous judgment upon all.'

Calling offenders to task became her favorite occupation. The moment she learned a new Scriptural injunction, she insisted that those about her live up to it.

'Jimmy Sands would n't turn the other cheek when I slapped him!' she complained indignantly to her father. 'I told him it was in the Bible. He'll go to hell — that's where he'll go; and I'm glad of it!'

Once, when she was taken to the Sewing Society, she almost created a riot. After a long period of watchful waiting she announced in triumph: —

'Ever' single one of thee has broke the Ten Commandments! Miss Meeker took the name of the Lord thy God in vain, and Mrs. Burke stole Miss May's spool of thread when she was n't look-

ing, and Mrs. Wilson coveted ever' single thing that was her neighbor's; and ma, she bore false witness against her neighbor when she said the Gills never did wash their windows!'

Her terrifying honesty and directness became a scandal to the town. Transgressors trembled in her presence. Not even the cloth of the ministry was exempt from criticism. A Methodist minister, visiting her school, allowed his imagination a free rein in depicting the domestic life of Santa Claus. Phœbe, sitting in hypnotized absorption on the front bench, suddenly lifted her deep voice and demanded sternly: —

'Is that the truth? Or is it a lie?'

The only person except Mr. McAllister whom she admitted to her intimacy was Miss Vermiger, a spinster of sixty, who kept a small notion-store and knew how to stuff animals.

Miss Vermiger was large and taciturn, and her chief fascination for Phœbe was her incipient moustache. Phœbe had secret ambitions in that line herself; but frequent applications of lather and subsequent shaving with a paper-cutter had as yet produced no results.

II

When Phœbe was ten, the entire course of her life was changed by the arrival in town of Claudie Morton. The first time she saw him he was on his grandmother's porch next door, playing paper dolls with two little girls. Dolls of any kind were abhorrent to Phœbe, but she could at least knock the sawdust ones around a bit, and had on one occasion derived some satisfaction from burning a flaxen-haired wax heroine at the stake for a witch. But how an intelligent human being, and a boy at that, could extract pleasure from paper dolls, was beyond her comprehension.

Her own occupation of the moment

was tattooing her legs with indelible ink. It was a most congenial task, and at any other time would have absorbed her entire attention. But to-day her glance frequently wandered to the porch next door.

Her contempt for the newcomer was equaled only by her curiosity. She had never before seen a boy rigged out in white from head to foot; she had never seen one with curly yellow hair that rayed out like a golden halo. Phœbe's own architecture was pure Doric. There were no Corinthian flourishes on her capital. Her hair was dark and straight, and at the present moment held firmly back by a stocking top.

The design she was so laboriously working on her fat leg consisted of two clasped hands over the word 'Singapore.' She had n't the faintest idea what it signified, but it was an exact copy of what she had seen on the arm of the sailor who came to Miss Vermiger to have a parrot stuffed. It was very hard to do, for she had to sit on one foot, and twist the other at an awkward angle.

But her chief difficulty was Claudie. When he moved, she moved; when he got up, she had to get up, too, to see what he was doing; when he laughed, she made a blot.

At last, disgusted with herself and her achievement, she pulled up her stocking and, flinging her utensils behind the storm door, swaggered out of the gate. Nobody noticed her, so she called out in taunting tones:—

'Look at the babies playing paper dolls!'

The sally was greeted with dignified and crushing silence, and Phœbe changed her attack from the general to the personal.

'Who is the new girl?' she asked.

The boy's round blue eyes were lifted, with the gentle patience of one who meets an old insult.

'I am not a girl,' he said. 'My name is Claudie Morton, and I'm a boy.'

Phœbe's critical glance measured him from crown to toe with withering contempt; but the verbal shaft she was about to let fly remained unspoken. Something in the appealing eyes lifted to hers reminded her of her kitten when the dogs were after it. Good sportsmanship forbade her engaging in combat with a weaker foe. Reluctantly she moved on, pursuing her gloomy way down the street.

At the corner she spied Jimmy Curtis and Bud Horner, playing marbles. Her interest in life revived. But when she hurled herself between them and dropped on an experienced knee, she was greeted with a volley of protests.

'Naw! We ain't going to play with you, Phœbe Stout! You win all our marbles!'

'I'll give thee back the alleys!' pleaded Phœbe eagerly.

They were firm. Professionals were barred from their game, and further argument was useless.

Phœbe trudged down the maple-bordered streets, and in her soul rebellion raged. Why had n't she been born a boy? Why could n't she stand around the livery stable, or sit on a barrel of oil down on the wharf, and listen to the sailors tell funny yarns? Why had n't she been named something that could be shortened to 'Joe' or 'Bert,' instead of that silly name of Phœbe?

One by one all avenues of escape from boredom were being closed to her. She was not even permitted to read books of adventure. The *Book of Discipline* clearly stated that 'No Friends should suffer romance, play-books, or other vain and idle pamphlets in their homes.'

At the drug store, in the public square, Phœbe paused aimlessly, and looked in the window, where Black

Jack, all-day suckers, and stick peppermint were interspersed with tooth-brushes, combs, and hot-water bags.

'Come on in, Phœbe!' called one of the three giggly young ladies seated within at the soda fountain; 'what on earth have you got on your head?'

'The same thing thee has on thy leg,' announced Phœbe defiantly.

'But why do you want your hair to lie down?'

'For the same reason thee wants thine to stick out like a porcupine.'

A peal of laughter greeted this retort; and even the white-coated clerk detached his attention from lemon-orange-strawberry-chocolate-and-vanilla, to join in the town's favorite pastime of baiting Phœbe Stout.

'Say, Phœbe,' he said, 'these girls are jealous of you. Why don't you put on some of their frills and feathers and cut 'em out?'

'I'm no Daughter of Zion,' said Phœbe.

'Daughter of Zion? What's the child babbling about?'

'If thee read thy Bible, thee would not have to ask.'

'What does the Bible say?' demanded one of the girls, with a wink.

Phœbe rammed her hands in her pockets and, standing with feet far apart, recited in a loud tone:—

'The Daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet.'

And having thus spoken, Phœbe extended her tongue as far as Nature permitted, and strode out of the store, slamming the screen door violently behind her.

She was still hot with resentment when old Mrs. Morton stopped her.

'Wait a moment, dear,' wheezed the old lady; 'I want to ask a small favor of you.'

'I hope it is n't coffee,' said Phœbe. 'The last time thee borrowed some, thee sent us back chicory.'

'You foolish child!' said Mrs. Morton. 'I don't want to borrow anything. I want you to take my grandson to school to-morrow. He's never been to a public school, and he's timid about starting in.'

A small favor, indeed! Phœbe stood aghast at the prospect. Introducing that pink-and-white cherub into the rough-and-tumble of the fifth grade was like leading a lamb into a bull-pit. She foresaw the jeers, the taunts, the fisticuff encounters which were bound to ensue if she undertook the charge. But for some reason, wholly unknown to herself, she accepted the responsibility.

For the next three months Phœbe's life was an active one. She was Claudie's champion, his private policeman, his militant guardian angel. The taunts that were hurled at him were met by a return volley of invectives from her. Satisfaction was immediately demanded for any insult; and as Phœbe was the largest child in the school, and knew how to use her fists as well as her tongue, Claudie was soon beyond the danger of persecution.

With his dawning sense of security, he began to pluck up courage, and to make a few feeble efforts to assert himself.

But with his first venture in independence, he discovered the price one pays for patronage. Phœbe discouraged every effort on his part to throw off her imperial domination.

The only time Claudie breathed the air of freedom was on Sundays. Then he went with his grandmother to the Unitarian Church, while Phœbe went to the Meeting House.

'I like Sundays better'n any other day,' he declared on one occasion.

'That's as should be,' said Phœbe

complacently; 'only if thee had been brought up right, thee would say First Day instead of Sunday. Sunday is the name given by the heathen in honor of an idol.'

'I don't care what you call it,' said Claudie, 'so long as I don't have to go to school.'

Phœbe little guessed from this innocent statement the real reason for Claudie's predilection for the Sabbath. In the pew next the Mortons' sat a little girl who wore a velvet bonnet of forget-me-not blue, beneath the brim of which dangled six golden curls. When Claudie peeked at her, she looked coyly out of the window; but when Claudie looked out of the window, she peeked at him.

Once, in an excess of boldness, he put a piece of chocolate on the seat between them and shoved it toward her with a shy forefinger. She had treated this audacity on the part of a total stranger with the indifference it deserved. But when Claudie sat down after the second prayer the chocolate was gone.

Of this clandestine affair Phœbe remained in ignorance. Serene in the belief that she owned Claudie, body and soul, she continued to exercise her benevolent despotism. The fact that he no longer needed her protection in no way affected her suzerainty.

During the Christmas holidays the younger element of the town was thrown into great excitement by the announcement that Mrs. Morton was going to give Claudie a birthday party. The news had an immediate effect on Claudie's social standing. The boys became propitiatory and the girls ingratiating. Three children whom he did not know sent him Christmas cards.

To Phœbe alone the prospect of the party brought no thrill. She had been taught that 'balls, horse-races, and play-houses were nurseries of sin.' She

disapproved of the party, and she disapproved even more of Claudie's grandmother for giving it.

'But this is not a ball, Phœbe,' explained her mother. "'T is merely a friendly gathering of little children to celebrate a neighbor's birthday. Thee must not be overstrict in the interpretation of thy duty.'

'I shan't go,' said Phœbe stubbornly.

But when the day came, and the bustle of preparation was at its height, she changed her mind. The thought of Claudie exposed to feminine blandishments, when she was not present, was more than she could endure. Her red merino dress was pressed for the occasion, and Sister Dosia took her uptown and bought a pair of new boots with round-toed patent tips, and a round comb to hold her hair back.

At half-past seven she sat in solitary state in the Mortons' parlor, waiting for the party to begin. Claudie was having the finishing touches put on his toilet, and presently emerged, resplendent in black velvet and wide lace collar. Even the stoical Phœbe experienced a thrill of admiration. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining with excitement, and he stepped about in his silver buckled pumps with the air of a courtier.

'There's a hole in thy stocking,' said Phœbe, in a vain attempt to nip his growing bud of vanity.

The effort was wasted. In the warm rays of flattery that enfolded him with the arrival of the other guests, her chilling criticism was forgotten.

'Does n't he look cute?' — 'Did you ever see such coloring on a boy?' — 'Has n't he the most perfect manners?'

Phœbe sat upright against the wall, her hands extended upon her merino knees, her booted feet firmly together, in the posture of a cold impersonal Ramesside. Only her eyes moved, taking in the fluttering, beribboned little

girls, the giggling boys, and the voluble chaperons. Never did one chair hold so much concentrated disapproval.

In vain did the hostess endeavor to engage her in the festivities. Not even when the refreshments were served did she lend encouragement to what seemed to her a wicked and foolish pastime.

'Why Phœbe Stout!' cried Mrs. Morton, spying her untouched plate, 'don't you like ice-cream?'

'Not when it's got salt in it,' said Phœbe.

After supper boredom gave place to a much more poignant emotion. From her point of vantage she had been noting with growing uneasiness the attention Claudie was bestowing on a strange little girl in a blue tulle dress, whose golden curls bobbed up and down when she danced. Every time the couple circled past her, she heard someone say:—

'Did you ever see anything cuter than those children?' or 'Don't they dance perfectly together?'

The flood of Phœbe's wrath rose to the danger-mark. Never once during all those interminable hours had Claudie so much as looked at her. The fact that no other masculine eye had strayed in her direction was a matter of total indifference to her, but the defection of Claudie was more than she could endure.

When the man with the saxophone announced that the next number would be 'Ladies' Choice,' Phœbe saw the golden-curved fairy making straight for Claudie. At that moment she became a cave woman! Bolting from her chair, she plunged into the circle of dancers, and sweeping everyone out of her path, seized Claudie by the arm that was in the very act of encircling a blue-clad waist. With bold dexterity she swung him out of the maiden's arms and into the hall, where she thrust him savagely into the dark corner under the stairs.

'Claudie Morton!' she breathed hoarsely, 'thee shan't dance with that little silly all the time. She's got no sense.'

'She's the prettiest girl at the party,' pouted Claudie, in indignant protest.

'Pretty! Pouf! Little wax doll! What's her name?'

'Amy,' said Claudie, lingering over the vowels.

'She's nothing but a baby. What does thee like about her?'

Claudie gave an involuntary glance at Phœbe's head.

'I—I—like her curls,' he faltered.

The immitigable law, that a woman's desire to attract is roused by a disregard of her charms, was immediately manifest.

'Claudie,' whispered Phœbe in unnaturally chastened tones, 'thee does n't like her any better than me?'

'N-no,' said Claudie loyally; 'I guess I don't.'

At that critical moment Grandmother Morton swooped down on them, and led Claudie back into the spotlight.

Phœbe brooded for a while alone in her corner; then, seeing a chance to escape, slipped out the back door and, in spite of her best dress and her new shoes, climbed over the side fence and went home.

All the next morning she went about the house very low in her mind. Sister Dosia confided to Brother Elhannon that she thought it was a case for physic.

But the barometer rose when Claudie came over after lunch to announce that his grandmother had given him a pony and a cart for a birthday present.

'An' she says you are to teach me to drive!' he added excitedly; 'will you come now?'

For the next hour Phœbe was supremely happy. Round and round the

square she drove, showering verbal instruction on her pupil, but refusing to let him have the reins except for a few moments at a time.

When the novelty of the proceeding wore off, Claudie began to get restless. He fidgeted and sulked because Phœbe would not let him drive, and was actually threatening to get out and go home, when he spied a flounced petticoat at the end of the block.

'Amy!' he shrieked, 'come see my new pony! Come go riding with us.'

Phœbe's impulse was to apply the whip to the pony; but she magnanimously drew rein instead, and allowed the small girl to climb into the cart.

'I'll sit on the back seat with her,' cried Claudie eagerly, suiting the action to the word.

Phœbe stared straight ahead of her and said nothing. She still drove round and round the square, but the zest of the adventure had departed. The whip had lost its jaunty angle, and the reins were no longer held aloft with professional pride.

'See here, Claudie Morton,' she said sharply when the giggling intimacy on the back seat was no longer to be tolerated, 'if thee is going to learn to drive, thee'd better come on and do it.'

'I don't want to learn everything to-day,' protested Claudie, audaciously balancing one of Amy's curls on his forefinger.

'Yes thee do, too! Climb right over here into the driver's seat. Here! Take the reins. Now let's see what thee can do.'

Being much better fitted by nature to toy with the tangles of Neæra's hair than to fill the more strenuous duties of Phœbus Apollo, Claudie reluctantly obeyed. Nervous over his new responsibility, he jerked the reins recklessly and fidgeted—in the end, disastrously—with the whip.

'Hold him in a bit,' warned Phœbe,

'and stop flourishing that whip. Look out there! Be careful!'

The advice came too late. The pony, taking advantage of the feeble hold on the lines, bolted into a side street and, finding himself unchecked, broke into a run.

Amy, clinging to the back seat, screamed with fear:—

'Stop him, Phœbe! Stop him! Claudie can't hold him. His hands are too little! You take the reins, Phœbe! O Phœbe! Phœbe!'

But Phœbe, her eyes shining, her mouth set, gripped the side of the cart and did nothing.

Claudie, blanched with terror, looked at her beseechingly.

'He's running away!' he almost sobbed. 'I can't hold him.'

'Yes, thee can,' said Phœbe with savage firmness. 'Thee's *got* to. Grip tight. That's it. Hold on. Pull harder! Saw the reins!'

'Help him!' screamed Amy hysterically. 'He's afraid! He's going to cry!'

'No, he's not!' shouted Phœbe. 'He's going to stop the pony. Pull harder on the right! That's it. Brace thy feet. Harder! Pull, Claudie, pull!'

And Claudie pulled.

Never before in his pampered life had he been called upon to act for himself. Every muscle in his body seemed to be strained to the breaking-point. His arms felt as if they were dragging from their sockets. The world was a flying chaos. From behind him came Amy's anguished shrieks, and from beside him came that dominant voice, which bade him pull.

After what seemed hours of anguish, the tension lessened suddenly, and he opened his eyes.

The pony had stopped, shaken and trembling, in front of the drug store, and an excited group of people had already assembled. Amy was lifted, sobbing, from the bottom of the

cart, and Phœbe was plied with questions.

‘Why did n’t you help him? Why did n’t you stop the pony?’

‘Because I knew he could stop him himself!’ Phœbe cried exultantly. ‘I never touched the lines once. And he never had drove before, had thee, Claudie? And the little old silly on the back seat kept saying he could n’t stop him. I knew he could. Show ’em thy hands, Claudie! All skinned on the inside. But he’s got nerve, and his muscle’ll grow all right. I’ll bet he’s going to drive the pony home; ain’t thee Claudie?’

The unwitting hero, still dazed and trembling, gave one look at his hands. Inclination prompted him to follow Amy’s ignominious example and fling himself into the nearest pair of comforting arms. But Phœbe’s words had stirred some latent germ of manhood in him. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he squared his shoulders and said with a touch of bravado: —

‘Sure I’m going to drive him home. I guess this here has learned him he can’t fool with me.’

When they were around the corner, Phœbe laid firm hands on the reins.

‘I think I’ll drive the rest of the way,’ she announced.

But Claudie’s grip tightened, and an entirely new expression came into his eyes.

‘No, you won’t,’ he said firmly, shaking her hand off his wrist. ‘It takes a boy to drive this here pony.’

Never before did the turning of a worm produce so surprising an effect. Phœbe noted the square set of his jaw, and the firm grip of his skinned hands on the reins. Then she subsided meekly beside him, and pondered many things in her mind.

That night, when Brother Elhannon and Sister Dosia were raising their voices in a nocturnal duet, their young daughter stood before her small dressing-table, engaged in performing a most worldly rite. In one hand she held a heated piece of carbon pipe, and in the other a wisp of burnt hair. Never did a more ardent devotee make burnt offering, and never did sweeter incense rise to Venus than the acrid smell of those scorched locks.

On each temple the iron had left an arid spot, but in the centre of her forehead lay an unmistakable curl. And as Phœbe looked at herself in the mirror, she tossed her head, ever so slightly, and smiled. On the far-off horizon of her being, a new light was breaking. It was the dawn of femininity in Phœbe!

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

BLESSED ARE THE MOMENTS

BLESSED are the moments when the spirit of man goes out to the spirit of Earth,
To merge and commingle therewith —
For here is Peace.

Blessed are the moments when man knows himself as the fairest flower of the
Earth,
Thrown up by the Earth —
For here is Joy.

But blessed are the moments when he knows that the moving spirit of Beauty
in all that he sees
Is the moving spirit of Beauty in the depths of his soul —
His own innermost soul —
For here is Truth at last; and Immortality at last;
And the ending of Doubt.

VALUES

WHAT does it matter
If I cannot express myself as I wish?
If I am poor and companionless,
And have a half-uttered love in my heart,
And a pain in my mind,
And in all my senses,
Because of it?
What does it matter
If my contemporaries shun me,
And think me mad?
If I ride the middle-heavens of life, like a lonely star
Which has swung from the orbit of its constellation
Into an aching void?

What does it matter
If I 'm lost,
Or damned,
Or dead —
If *still* the everlasting glory of God
Be poured out over all the lands of the earth,
In streams of inextinguishable Beauty;
If still the flowers laugh in the happy sunshine,
And the warm spring grasses wave in the wind,
And the lambs run to their mothers in the orchard
Under the blossoms;
If still there be courage in the hearts of men,
And love in the hearts of women,
And Life, coming and going upon the Earth,
Bringing Freedom and Joy?

PRAYER

LORD GOD of the oak and the elm,
And of the gray-green fields,
And the silver skies;
Lord God of the birds and the clouds,
And the rustling of leaves —

Ah, Green Bough in my heart burgeoning, blossoming,
All the days of my youth have been spent in the courts of thy praise!

I have loved Thee, worshiped Thee, adored Thee;
I have uncovered my heart where Thou liest hid,
That men might behold thine infinite healing and mercy;
Thou hast been my Refuge and Strength.
Be with me still,
When my life creeps into the shadows;
When Age has consumed my Endeavor,
And Ardor has flown;
When the hills are dreamy with April,
And I scarce can see them for dimness;

When the children laugh and call in the lane,
And I cannot go out to them . . .
Be with me still;
Shake down thy dusky dew over the fading landscape of my day;
And when the darkness comes,
Set Thou thy stars and constellations
In the heavens of my peace,
That still, through the watches of the night,
I may behold Thee, worship Thee, adore Thee —
And in the Great Dawn
Be made one with Thee,
O Lord my God, my Lover, and my Friend.

THE WAYS OF A MAN IN THE MART

CHAPTERS IN THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER. III

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I

A SUCCESSFUL life always means a strong man behind it. Behind every great achievement is a man greater than the achievement. Thus, the fascination in biography, or autobiography, lies not so much in the actual accomplishment as in how it was worked out: that is, in the man and in the processes of his mind. That is what makes the story of a man's life so valuable: it is a book of experience. And the single factor of greatest value in such a life is invariably the revelation that, the greater the success, the simpler the man behind it. A man must be simple of life, and remain simple, to be a success. How often is it said of a successful man,

'He is so simple.' Naturally. If he were not so, success would not be his. No complicated life ever led to a successful result.

Take the case of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, the salient points in whose successful publishing career I have tried to sketch in these *Atlantic* articles, and you find a man absolutely simple and direct in his mental processes.

We have heard latterly quite a little of the 'single-track mind,' and generally the phrase is used in deprecation or derision. It was brought into use by Woodrow Wilson who, curiously enough, found it later aimed against himself at every turn, particularly in his

advocacy of the League of Nations. But it has been forgotten that, at an earlier period, the same thought, only it was then called 'singleness of mind,' was applied to Abraham Lincoln, because, it was claimed, he could at first see nothing but the preservation of the Union and, later, nothing but the emancipation of the colored race.

A good deal depends upon what is on the track of a single-track mind. If it is something worthless, connoting a contracted vision, a limited horizon, or a mind closed to expansion, that is one thing. But a single-track mind may also imply a mind which works on only one fundamental principle.

It may truly, and I think happily, be said of Mr. Curtis that he has a single-track mind to a singular degree. It would be difficult to find a man whose mental processes are so perfectly direct and so single of purpose. Mr. Curtis's problems are rarely complex: he does not allow them to become so. He decides them before they reach the complex stage. He has a remarkable faculty, by this process, of avoiding crises and the complexities which come with crises. A proposition of any sort is either right or wrong, to Mr. Curtis's mind: it cannot be anything else. There is no middle ground; no 'trimming'; no wobbling; he thinks straight and clear, and his decisions are simple and direct. And, by this simple process, his judgments are fair.

It is safe to say that not one in ten of his men in the various departments of his vast establishments have ever seen Mr. Curtis, to say naught of knowing him. Yet his reputation for simple thinking and fair judgment is so well known to them all that they demonstrated their faith in him, in a certain instance, years ago, the parallel of which would be difficult to find in the annals of industry.

A debatable matter had arisen be-

tween the men and the company, involving a question of Unionism, which hours of discussion could not seem to straighten out. The deadlock promised to continue when the company suggested to the men its willingness to refer the matter to arbitration and abide by the result. The men agreed; but when it was suggested that each side choose an arbitrator, and that the two so chosen select a third, the spokesman for the men asked: 'Why three? Why not one, and let that one be Mr. Curtis?'

When the company's officers recovered from their surprise, they, of course, acquiesced, and a meeting was arranged with Mr. Curtis. Each side explained its point of view and, when all had concluded, Mr. Curtis said: 'I think I understand. Now what do you expect me to do?'

It was explained that he had been chosen as arbitrator, and that his decision as to which side, the company or the men, was right, would be accepted as final by both sides.

'That's easy enough,' came the instant reply. 'The men are right.' And then, with that inevitable look at his watch, which everyone who knows him is so familiar with, and knows so well the meaning of, he asked: 'Is that all?'

It was; and Mr. Curtis walked out, leaving an astonished lot of men, with an indelible impression on their minds, by the utter simplicity and directness of his decision, made apparently against himself and his own interests, but actually, though unconsciously, one of the most far-reaching decisions, in point of morale, ever rendered by him in favor of himself and his company. To him it meant nothing that his decision was against his company: his simple process was to listen, weigh the facts, and decide without a moment's hesitation and without a single word of explanation. He was asked to do what to him was a very simple thing, and he did it. And I

question very much whether, when he reads of the incident here, he will so much as recall it.

'It can't be right *and* wrong,' I heard him say once to one of his executives, who was explaining a matter which seemed to him to have in it both qualities. 'It must be either right *or* wrong. Which is it?'

That is a single-track mind in its best sense, and it is easy to understand, through it, the mental ease which is always present with Mr. Curtis, and which anyone in his presence instinctively feels. He looks out straight and clear at you and at the world, and is absolutely unafraid of problems, since his mental processes dissipate them and leave the road perfectly open and unobstructed ahead of him.

His reasoning is never complicated by a wilderness of words. Constitutionally a silent man, he uses very few words. I do not know of a man whose vocabulary is so carefully limited: he uses fewer words than any man I know. He seems to have no use for more: he expresses himself adequately, but in the fewest possible words, and always the simplest words. He is not a linguist, and knows no language save his own. His simple mental processes are, of course, at the bottom of this trait: he has all the language he has use for.

He will never ask, 'How are you?' when he sees you. He sees you, judges for himself, and hence, to his mind, the question is unnecessary, and it remains unasked. The social amenities of the occasion do not enter into his reckoning. Not for a moment does this imply that he is unsociable; on the contrary, he is sociability personified — loves his fellow men and delights to mix with them; he will joyously attend two, and sometimes three, public dinners on a single evening and enjoy himself hugely at each; but the simplicity of his mind does not take in the spoken social

persiflage. There seems to be no place for it to rest.

No man places so little value on his opinions, and hence he rarely expresses any. During all the years I have known him, I have heard him criticize only one man in public service. Rumors and gossip about people known or unknown to him he abhors; irritation and impatience become immediately apparent in the presence of anyone who repeats derogatory rumors about another. His estimates of people are always kindly, even where his friends know they are unjustified. It may truly be said of Mr. Curtis, in the fullest sense, that he bears no personal malice to anyone. He accepts everyone as his friend, and even where he has been proved otherwise, sometimes to the Biblical seventy times seven, he is slow to believe the worst, and is inclined to palliate. Even if he arrives at the conclusion which his friends have arrived at months before, he never condemns; he merely, but very effectually, shuns. And yet, even in such cases, I have seen him go out of his way to seek out such a person in some assembly, and chat with him as if nothing had ever happened, to all appearances absolutely forgetful of the past. He, literally, goes through life according to the sign that a friend of mine has on his office door: —

Come in without knocking,
Go out the same way.

II

Mr. Curtis's habits of work are peculiarly his own. They express the man with startling clearness. They are as simple and direct as are his mental processes.

His impatience of detail is the chief characteristic in his work. 'Details are necessary, of course,' he says, 'but not for me. I plan and direct; I employ people to work out details.' And he rarely

concerns himself with them. Hand him a financial statement, and his eye immediately and instinctively goes to the bottom of the column. 'What is the result?' he always asks. 'I am only interested in results.' When a result is unfavorable to his mind, he will lay the statement aside, to be taken up at a later time. Then he will analyze it, and, with an instinct as true as it is quick, his mind finds and fixes the salient point of failure.

He can master detail if he chooses, but he does not choose, when he can possibly avoid it. Give him a paper that seems lengthy to him, — and almost all papers have that look to him unless it is all on one side of one sheet, — he will look at it, lay it down, or hand it back with the question: 'What is the gist of this?' He is always after the main point. Absolutely unargumentative in his nature, he is impatient of the arguments of others. His business conferences are usually brief. He makes them so. This trait is so well understood by those associated with him that they are trained to bring before him only the essential points of a problem. His solution is almost always immediate, equally brief and to the point. Then his manner is one of instant dismissal, and he is ready for the next caller or question.

The result is that he never seems hurried. He works invariably with a clean desk before him, reading, or smoking, in a leisurely way, as if he had nothing on his mind, or for his hands to do. But he is instantly ready for any question to be brought up to him.

He spends very little time, comparatively speaking, in his office. The result is that he avoids scores of unnecessary appointments and time-consuming visitors. He is constantly on the go, now in this city, then in that city, seeing this new building or plant, meeting

this or that man. Peculiarly sensitive to impressions, he mixes a great deal with men, and is always quietly appraising and cataloguing them for some opening which may occur in his organizations. He is a strong believer in getting about and seeing what is going on in other cities, and hearing what other men are saying. He is constantly adjuring his executives to 'get away from your desks, and knock up against people. Hear what the other fellow is saying.'

As nimble as a young man, he gets around very fast and, during the course of a year, travels considerably and covers a deal of territory. He tarries very briefly in an office: his calls are always of the briefest duration. 'I learned long ago,' he says, 'not to give the other fellow a chance to rise first. I am always up and out before he thinks of it.' In this way he is a great conservator of time. He sees and learns and absorbs as much in fifteen minutes as another man does in an hour. His mind is ever on the alert; it is photographic in its registry of impressions.

His bestowal of confidence upon his executives is unquestionably one of the secrets of his later success. He is slow to criticize, where the need arises, and prefers to let the man find out his own mistakes. 'Better for him,' he says laconically. If he is slow to criticize, he is likewise slow to praise. This hesitancy is not due to a lack of appreciation: he is simply not given to it. His silence is his commendation, and an executive must accept this negative approbation of his work. When he criticizes, he rarely does it directly: almost invariably, he simply expresses his view, and intends that the person interested shall apply it to the point involved.

His patience with others, their faults or shortcomings, is proverbial. As one of his trusted lieutenants said of him,

in discussing a man who had failed Mr. Curtis almost to the Biblical limit of seventy times seven: 'I never saw a man who can so complacently and so consistently sit on a lid, and patiently stay there.' But when his patience runs out, when he is certain of his ground, he jumps with the agility of a cat, and once through with a man, he is completely through with him. There is never any doubt where Mr. Curtis stands on a question, or in his relation to another man.

Few men live more within themselves than Mr. Curtis. So completely is this true of him, that he may be said not to have a single confidant. He discloses his plans to no one, unless asked. Then he will discuss them frankly. But if he is left to himself, no one ever knows what is going on in his mind until he has actually embarked on the plan. He never asks advice in the same way that other men do. He reads, listens, and absorbs, and what he can use he adds to the plan in his mind. It is not that he thinks advice is valueless: his difficulty in reaching expression seems to make him incapable of explaining an idea—even one which may have been in his mind for months. It is clear to him, but he has difficulty in making it clear to others.

His calmness amid the most highly charged surroundings is marvelous. Everyone around him may lose his head. Mr. Curtis never loses his. He sits silent, the picture of placidity. He lets everybody else do the talking. Only when his turn comes, or when he is asked, or when everyone has finished, will he speak; and even at such times, only in the fewest words. He has been known to attend three successive board meetings of a bank of which he is a director without uttering a word. 'Nothing to talk about,' he explained. 'Why use up time?' Naturally, when he does speak, he is carefully listened

to. But it is always to the point, with never a word wasted. It is a curious mental habit, too, that he never prefixes an opinion with 'I think' or 'My opinion is': the opinion is given directly. 'If I say a thing, it stands to reason it is my opinion. Why say what is obvious?' was his comment once on this trait.

Once having expressed his opinion, he never argues or combats the opinion of others. If a matter is decided against his own opinion, he accepts the decision. No man I have ever known is so entirely free of the combative or argumentative spirit. He absolutely lives the rule of 'Live and let live.'

His ears are always on the alert. One day he was riding on a very old elevator in a building that he owns, when a passenger criticized it and said: 'Old man Curtis ought to fix this thing. There 'll be a big accident here some day.'

When the passenger got out, Mr. Curtis got out, too, and said: 'I am "old man Curtis."' How about this elevator?'

The man gasped with astonishment, but, on being assured that Mr. Curtis was out for information, gave him his views.

The next day the elevator was 'closed for repairs.'

When his great Curtis Building was being erected, he came down after hours one evening, and attempted to duck under the guard-rails and see how the interior work was progressing. The watchman, not knowing who he was, barred his way.

'No one is allowed in there,' he said.

Mr. Curtis looked at the man, and seeing that he did not recognize him, merely said, 'All right,' and went home, without disclosing his identity.

Despite all his success, and the service at his call, Mr. Curtis has never lost the habit of doing things for himself. He will rarely ring his bell for a

girl or woman to come to him: invariably he goes to them. He rarely summons one of his executives: he goes to his office. Rather than ring for an elevator, and wait for it, he walks up and down the four flights of stairs to his office. When he plays golf, it never occurs to him to engage a caddy: he carries his own bag of clubs. It is a constant comment of his employees in the Curtis Building, that 'Mr. Curtis walks in and out here as if he were nobody.' He stepped into one of his elevators one evening, and the boy said, 'I'll take you right down, Mr. Curtis, and get these other people later.' Each floor had its load of employees waiting to go home.

'Why?' asked Mr. Curtis, in complete surprise.

One of the reasons why men like to work for and with Mr. Curtis is his willingness to give a man the fullest chance for his greatest development. 'The bigger he becomes,' he smilingly says, 'the better for the business.' But his point of view in this respect is not as mercenary as he would have people believe. He actually creates conditions to develop his men, and then glories in the fact that they do develop. He is constantly developing himself, and admires the same development in others. All the time he keeps in the background as if he were not there. He dislikes the limelight of publicity, and rigorously shuns it. Any attempt to push him into it invariably ends in failure.

He is entirely free of the domineering spirit. He wants his organizations to dominate their field, but personally he has not a trace of domination in his nature. On the contrary, he is scarcely ever in evidence. But he is always ready to push one of his young men forward. He tests first; then he trusts. And when he does trust, his trust is absolute and complete.

He loves business, — big business, — and the bigger it is, the better he likes it. You cannot frighten him with the bigness of a proposition: the larger its proportions, the more he is interested. 'That's it,' he will say to some sizable idea or large expenditure, which would make the average man blanch; 'that has some size to it.' But the proposition must be sound. On the slightest flaw in it his mind pounces in a moment. He is an uncomfortable man to whom to submit a dubious proposition. It is rarely done. He does not attract that kind.

His rules in his business are very simple.

To his editors he says, 'Give the public the best. It knows. The cost is secondary.'

To his circulation managers he says, 'Keep the magazines before the public and make it easy for the public to get them.'

To his advertising men he says, 'We know we give advertisers their money's worth, but it is up to you to prove it to them.'

When one of his executives comes to him to solve a problem which he believes the executive should solve for himself, he is quick to say, 'That's your job, not mine.' In this way he develops his men. He refuses to allow them to borrow his mind. 'You have a mind of your own,' he says. 'Use it.'

There are two kinds of men who, in Mr. Curtis's estimation, never amount to anything, and for these he has no use: the one kind, those who cannot do as they are told; the other kind, those who can do nothing else.

One explanation of his business energy, the clarity of his vision, his sprightliness, his tolerance, and his breadth of interest in men and measures may be found in the fact that he never has become self-centred, and never has departed from a sane, well-

balanced course by overdoing anything.

One of his cardinal rules in business, which he laid down for himself early in life and from which he has never departed, is not to invest his money in any enterprise in which he is not directly interested. 'Too many men have slipped up there,' he says. 'They make money in a business they understand, and then invest it in some business which they do not understand. A shoemaker should stick to his last.' And no matter how attractive may be the offer, how 'sure' the investment, Mr. Curtis will never even consider it. When he reaches the point of surplus in an enterprise, when others might take their money out, and invest it in other lines, Mr. Curtis puts his back into one of his periodicals, and strengthens or expands it. For gambling, stock speculation, betting, he has not a moment's patience. They never are allowed to come within his ken.

Mr. Curtis has no set rules which have guided his life — no 'motto.' He has a few aphorisms, which aptly describe him and his methods. 'Yesterday ended last night,' is one of his favorites, meaning that he never looks back: his mind is always on the present and in the future. 'Capitalize your errors,' is another. 'There is no fun in doing things that are easy,' is another; and then he will add: 'The real sport is in doing the things that are hard. That is a game worth playing.' Then his eyes sparkle and snap.

III

Mr. Curtis is now in his seventy-third year, but in appearance and activity he belies his years. He is as light as a kitten on his feet. Having walked so much as a boy, carrying newspapers, he has never lost the habit, and walks where other men ride. Few men use their automobiles less. His at-

titude toward his age is one of the surest ways of keeping his youth. He pays no attention to it. He has no silly notions about concealing his age, but keeps his mind alert, plays golf, and walks, to keep himself physically well, eats carefully and sparingly, and keeps his interests fresh and varied. He has the wisdom and balance of his years, but with an eternally youthful spirit — youthful in the desire for achievement.

There was a period when Mr. Curtis had long-protracted illnesses in his family, and for years one or two nurses were regular members of the household.

'Never have I seen a man in a home,' was the unanimous verdict of these nurses, 'who is so even-tempered. He is absolutely the same on the last day of a year that he is on the first day.'

Which characterization is unerringly true. I have lived and worked with Mr. Curtis for over thirty years, in the closest association possible, and never have I known a man of such equable temperament — equable to a point almost uncanny, for he remains absolutely placid under the most trying conditions. There must, of course, be times when he is ruffled, but he never shows it. What irritates other people does not seem, in the least, to disturb the surface placidity of his nature. If he is worried, he keeps it to himself, and one has to know him long and intimately to detect his times of perplexity.

His sense of humor is unfailing, and his brown eyes are almost always twinkling. They can snap, but it is only on rare occasions.

His nature is essentially spiritual, although he makes absolutely no display of outward and visible signs. When he occupied his first home of any pretension, in Camden, New Jersey, and sat down for his first meal, he surprised his family by saying that they had much to be thankful for, and suggesting oral grace. From that day to

this, each meal at the Curtis home has been opened with simple thanksgiving.

His love of simplicity and dislike of formality were well illustrated in an incident that occurred when President Harding appointed him as a member of the Commission to represent the United States, in company with Secretary of State Hughes, at the Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro last summer. Mr. Curtis looked forward to visiting the Brazilian capital with the keenest interest, until, some four days before his scheduled sailing, he discovered that he would have to take with him, among his belongings, a frock-coat and high silk hat, for official occasions. All pleasure in the trip vanished from that moment, and he discussed with seriousness the question whether he would disarrange the plans of the Commission at such a late day if he were to withdraw. 'Fancy going around in such togs!' was his comment; 'and in summer weather, too!' His irritation and disgust with diplomatic usage was really delicious to watch, but it was thoroughly characteristic of the simplicity of his nature. Fortunately, and unfortunately, family illness at the last moment compelled him to cancel the trip; and his relief, so far as the diplomatic habiliments were concerned, knew no bounds.

He is punctiliously neat in his dress and most fastidious about his person. He is careful of his habits and regulates his eating to suit his years. His wants are of the simplest, his needs are few. No picture is more characteristic than that of the man seated in his dining-room, almost regal in its appointments, eating a bowl of milk and gruel for supper!

He forgets names, but he never forgets faces. As a little boy, he was taken by his mother into an ice-cream parlor in Portland, Maine, and treated to a plate of ice-cream. It cost six cents, but he did not know it. The ice-cream

tasted good to the boy, and the next day he went in, ate a dish of the ice-cream, and put two cents on the table — all he had. A Negro had waited on him, and was furious. Forty years later, Mr. Curtis was in Portland, in the winter, and saw a Negro shoveling snow. He accosted him and asked if he once worked in Robinson's restaurant. The Negro said that he had, and the year corresponded with the ice-cream incident. He recalled it to the Negro, who did not remember it. 'Well, here are the four cents,' said Mr. Curtis, as he gave the astonished Negro a dollar bill and walked away.

A day came when Mr. Curtis was to be disillusioned in a friendship. He was slow to concede it; in fact, he never did, in words, to anyone; but it was patent to his family that the realization had come to him. One of his strongest principles of honesty in thinking and action was involved, and he could not give way, much as he valued the friendship at stake. He decided, as only he could, to stand by his principles, and the friendship was shattered. Then came the only remark he was ever heard to make in comment on the friend or the situation. 'Well,' he said, 'there are some things more precious than individual friendships, precious as those are.'

His disinclination to accept any tribute to himself or to what he has done was aptly illustrated on one of his visits to London. He was to have luncheon with Lord Northcliffe in the London *Times* office. As he entered the building, one of the editors met him to take him to Lord Northcliffe's office.

'Nice compliment they've paid you, Mr. Curtis,' remarked the editor, 'raising the American flag over the *Times* building in your honor. First time it has ever been done, you know.'

'Yes, very nice,' returned Mr. Curtis, his eyes all a-sparkle.

As he was leaving, Lord Northcliffe's

secretary, Sir Campbell Stuart, spoke of the flag.

Mr. Curtis looked at him, and, seeing that the secretary was serious, he asked: 'What's the joke?'

'Joke?' answered Sir Campbell. 'There's no joke. Did n't you see the American flag flying over the building as you came in?'

Still unbelieving, Mr. Curtis looked up cautiously when he got outside the building, and there, true enough, was the American flag flying over the building of the Thunderer for the first time in its history.

'Thought all along they were joshing me,' was Mr. Curtis's only comment.

Mr. Curtis is known for the large and long cigars which he smokes; and, as he is often seen with a cigar, those who do not know him think he is a heavy smoker. But, in fact, he is as temperate in this habit as he is in everything else. He rarely smokes more than one-half of a cigar. Having got what he deems the best part of it, he throws the rest away. So, in reality, he smokes just one-half of the apparent quantity of his indulgence.

His method of smoking is indicative of his character. He allows nothing to master him; he carries nothing to excess. He is temperate in whatever he does, extracting the best out of any pleasure without tasting its dregs by carrying it beyond the point of moderation.

In his associations he is essentially democratic. He mixes with all kinds of people. He finds the same degree of pleasure — greater, if anything — in attending the ball of the carriers of his newspapers, and dancing with the wives and daughters of his employees, that he does in dining with the Duke of York at a formal British dinner.

Mr. Curtis asks that his sports shall have activity in them. Yachting he adores, particularly in rough weather.

Golf he enjoys because he can walk. Horseback he enjoys because of its motion. These sports suit his active mind and active body. He cannot, therefore, understand how anyone can sit quietly in a boat and fish. That is beyond his comprehension.

A friend persuaded him once to embark on his only fishing trip. It was arranged that the party should sleep on board Mr. Curtis's yacht, be called at three-thirty, have breakfast at four o'clock, and leave so as to be on the fishing-grounds at five. The friend was not given to early rising, and Mr. Curtis, thinking himself secure in this fact, assumed that the early arrangements would not go through.

But at three-thirty the next morning he was called by his steward. He went to his friend's stateroom, found him up and about, and asked: 'You really mean it, do you?'

Mr. Curtis dressed, ate his breakfast in silence, and allowed himself to be taken to the fishing-grounds. For two hours he sat in the boat, with indifferent luck so far as catching anything was concerned. At seven o'clock it began to rain. Mr. Curtis's eyes brightened with a gleam of hope as he said; 'It's raining,' and began to reel in.

'Now, there'll be some fishing,' said the friend; and put on a rain-coat.

'You don't mean to say that you are going to sit here in the rain and keep on fishing?' asked Mr. Curtis, in blank despair.

'Sure,' said the friend. 'Now the fish will bite.'

'All right,' said Mr. Curtis as he looked at the shore. 'You can have them. Let me get on shore. I'm going home.'

'But there's no vehicle. We have sent it back,' argued the friend.

'Never mind about the vehicle,' answered Mr. Curtis.

On shore he was put. And a happier

man never walked six miles to his home.

'Never again,' he said when he had reached home. 'Once is enough.'

IV

It is now a little more than sixty years since the little boy of twelve, in his Portland home, was first awakened to his earning capacity by his mother's remark. During that life-span, he developed his ideal, and kept it always alive in his mind. And back of it he put his will-power. Thus, early in life, he anticipated the auto-suggestion theory of Coué, that thought must precede determination; that the imagination must first implant the seed for the mind to work upon.

Cyrus Curtis did not do what so many men have done, to their physical and mental sorrow: develop the will-power first, giving the will no definite task of the imagination to carry to fruition. He was first the dreamer — then the doer. His ambition soared to leadership, and then his practical labor laid each foundation-stone joyfully and hopefully: he sought favors of no one: all he asked was that a fair field be given him. And the world, seeing that he meant to prosper and was willing to work to his goal, gave him, as it always does to the man of honest purpose and energy, the chance to make good.

It was his vision that gave to him the sense of joyousness of future accomplishment. It gave him at once that correct interpretation of business: the mental picture, and the soulful conviction that it is a wonderful game, to be played with all the confidence of buoyancy and enthusiasm, with a firm belief in human nature and one's self.

Anxious moments had he, but his spirit never faltered. When others showed a wish-bone, he showed a back-bone. He actually *did*, where others

dreamed, and always joyously, always full of a happy, light-hearted confidence. Where others faltered, he was firm, because, while they had the vision of a task, he had the vision of a game, to be as carefully and skillfully worked out as the most difficult game of chess. The forces which entered into his life were as the kings and queens and pawns and bishops. Full of confidence, he played the game.

Of men whose lives are written into the annals of American business, few there are who represent to such a marked degree the truth of the romance in business: of the thrills of adventure to be met and felt at every turn. Where other men have accepted their business lives as filled with dull, dry routine, Mr. Curtis has ever felt the enthusiasm and zest of accomplishment.

Hundreds of men, whose business affairs are not of the same magnitude, or whose problems are not so complex, as those of Mr. Curtis, have broken under the strain. Not he. Hundreds of men have made the bonds of business so heavy that they have found time or strength for nothing else, and have worn themselves out. Not he. Hundreds of business men have become heavy in body and mind with the years. Not he. Business has not enslaved him. He is master of his branch of it, and finds in it the spur, the delight of it, the thrill and adventure of it.

And what is the result of this wise interpretation of business?

He comes out of the game fresh and alert, after sixty years of participation in it; his mind keen and alert; with a vitality not only equal, but superior, to some of his executives who are many years his juniors.

'The youngest man in the whole outfit, in thought and in action,' said Lord Northcliffe after he had met all the Curtis executives.

He is.

APPRECIATIONS

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

It is an October day, and that is to say, in our West African forest — it is a day of spring. In the clearings, at three of the afternoon, there fell a golden rain from a sky of veiled blue, and all the fairy threads of that rain were drenched in sunlight. By this sign we know the rainy season draws to a close. The roof of the forest has not leaked under this little golden rain; the trail is dry, until we come to a swamp. There upon the trees is a new foliage like flowers — leaves that pale from a deep wine to a rosy ivory, from an ivory green to a green ivory. And all these colored leaves are still. The trees in the swamp are still, and the water in the swamp is still as death; there is movement neither of leaf on the tree nor of its bright image in the water; and there is everywhere in that stillness a vibration, delicate and indefinable.

There is a little boy in that swamp, quite invisible in a camouflage of reflected light and color. He sees me; he leaves his quest of frogs, or snails, or whatever minor prey has drawn him, and he sells his afternoon to the white woman. He besets me behind and before. Coming to the village, where his fellows are, he hails them, and they follow on. White people rarely pass this way; admiration still waits upon us, and I am pursued by lyric cries: —
‘Why such beauty! My mother! This beauty! I see her hair! I see her laughter! She laughs — how beautiful! I get the fragrance of her beauty!’

A long monotony of approbation has drugged my vanity; it sleeps until I hear my little boy exclaim: —

‘I have seen many beautiful women, but you are certainly the woman who excels for beauty!’

He speaks with an absolute conviction that affects me. I think I envy him to have seen so many beautiful women, and to have come, so young and so experienced, upon the very pearl of these.

Other little children attend this beauty-show, and one, though I have seen many beautiful children, does excel. Her little narrow body seems to fly. Running before me in the trail, there is a flutter of little arms and of little grass bustle, and that little creature is hung an instant on the air. She is caught up in an ecstasy of delight and curiosity. Like myself, she is infected by the ardor of our small connoisseur in women. I must be, she thinks, as beautiful as he says I am. And seeing this I am lost in thoughts of discriminations and appreciations.

I think about beauty.

Alone like this on the trail, you savor deliciously your solitude, and your own thoughts, so seldom given place in your heart. You speak then to your carriers about your curiosities, putting away some little honey of observation for your pleasure.

‘Of whom,’ I ask my carriers, ‘would you say that such a one has beauty?’

‘Of yourself! Why not?’

And I say that, having of necessity agreed that I am beautiful, what would they be saying, if not lying, of this matter?

Then they tell me: 'Ah Matchenda, we cannot truly see that you have beauty. But we always say of you that you have style; and this is a true word — we all say it.'

Bijang abwi — great style! But style of what sort? Because *bijang* covers the things of ornament — a necklace is *bijang*; and the things of manner — a studied gesture is *bijang*. A mannered person is *bijang*, and a man on a bicycle is *bijang*. And while a man on a wheel is undoubtedly consumed with pride, there is another word for this flaming emotion. The pride, I suppose, is the inner exaltation, and the *bijang* is the air of distinction which is the fruit of that spirit. I know *bijang* when I see it. It is a conscious emphasis in ornament, or carriage, or deportment.

I hear that my *bijang* is most to be observed when I speak the word of God. 'When you stand to tell us the word of God, then we say: "*Bijang abwi!*"'

Well, so they do — many a time I have heard them, under the thatch of the palaver house in strange villages, and under the great thatch of our church in the clearing.

I am left to make what I can of this; and I conclude that my *bijang* has to do with carriage and deportment. For while my clothes are, of course, — as are the clothes of the missionary the world over, — much to be admired, the style in question cannot be of that sort — else why does it so dazzle when I rise to tell the word of God?

My preoccupation with the mysteries of *bijang* gives an unfortunate impression. Ze Temba is sorry for me. He speaks to me very gently, saying that not everyone may have beauty. And I agree. I think of the young Edima —

there is a beautiful one! All world-weary folk sigh when they see the young Edima; her presence in the herd of commoner bodies smites them with the classic pang. The faces of middle-aged women yearn upon her. Her face is too laughing, her leaf-apron too fresh and green in this old world, her belt of beads too bright about her body, which is too straight and slim. I ask my carriers of Edima, who is known to them, if she is beautiful. I am assured that she is; she is certainly beautiful, and she has style. You see how unequal a dealing there has been. In my heart I agree that Edima does indeed wear her necklace with a difference.

There is Befege, who claims to be beautiful. 'I am so beautiful,' says Befege ever so sadly, 'that I am besieged!' And I know, when I return from my journey, Befege, stepping with that regal gait of hers that is Beauty on the march, will come to complain to me of her new offers of marriage. Yes, Beauty's gait is certainly to be observed in Befege, who is otherwise a bore.

'What would you say of Befege?' I ask; and that well-known young woman is considered. Ze Ngambe decrees at last that Befege is a 'leopard woman'; and all the caravan agree that she is a leopard woman. Not a person of beauty, nor a person of style, but a *ze minga*. And this is to say, a person of grace.

I think of the things of grace. I remember how many a time I have watched our blacksmith in the clearing at Metet, making spear-heads or dog-bells. And how, on a day when he was making a dog-bell, Ngelli the cook was there. Together we watched him. The bell was like a seed pod that is open, but not yet so open as to drop the loose round seed. There is the pod, as big as a big plum, still violet from the flame, and there is the rolling seed, as

bright as an ember, shining through the slit. I long to tell our blacksmith how beautiful this is; but Ngelli has warned me that, when the embers are red and the metal is red, it is then tabu for a blacksmith to open his mouth. So I am silent. And I know why our blacksmith has greeted Ngelli and me with two little blows on his anvil: Ngelli has told me that this is the correct greeting when the blacksmith is bound by tabu to hold his tongue.

I do not need Ngelli to tell me our blacksmith is clever: himself, like any other of his craft, will tell me that. There is not a man of the forest tribes who will compete with a blacksmith for that distinction; it is agreed that they are as clever as they claim to be, and there is an understood element of divinity in their skill. Ngelli, the cook, is not in their class at all — they have skill, and Ngelli has wisdom. Ngelli's wisdom is far-famed; it is an attribute entirely at the service of his fellow clansmen, who assemble constantly at the rear of our cabin, where they call upon Ngelli to come out and be a judge and a divider over them. The wisdom of Ngelli is one of our domestic crosses; his gifts carry him too far from the pot and the fire; here he is, who should be making bread, under the blacksmith's thatch, dispensing wisdom. And of the dog-bell Ngelli murmurs that it is a leopard thing.

Sparks spring out of this leopard thing, that will be so dull in an hour. African dogs are in themselves so unworthy of such inspired efforts; but the bell is for the hunt, and the hunt is the pursuit of freemen. On the day of the hunt nothing is sordid — not even the dogs. The long shafts of the spears, with their heads of brass and of bright iron; the long narrow nets that are coiled about the bodies of the hunters; the men who gather to the meet, dragging their dogs on leashes of three

— nothing of all this but has its glamour. When upon our journeys we pass them of an early morning, forgoing at some cross-road with laughter and with shouting, we workaday folk of the caravan sigh and say: 'Besom!' This is a word of envy; it is to say, 'The fortunate ones!'

II

Yes, some are wise and some are skilled and some are fortunate and some are fools. It is a rare caravan, indeed, in which there is no fool. Mbataka is the fool in my caravan on this journey beside the Nlong River. Ze Temba has said so for me, and the comment — tabu so far as I am concerned — was as fitting as an apple of gold. In my heart I had been saying: 'When you cross the Nlong River, pay fifteen centimes for Mbataka — that is ferriage for an ass!'

'Okukut!' says Ze Temba, with a malice that is brother to my malice.

This is our revenge upon Mbataka, who has harried our last night's camp with long tales of his life-history, and the history of his financial misadventures, and the income overdue from the sale of his sister, and the consequent delay in the purchase of a wife. It is a serious ass, about to set out on a beggar's drive. We tell him good-night and good-bye, secretly vowing to pass through his village in the dark before the dawn, when the veil of smoke is ever so faint above the thatch, and before the first door is open.

But there in the dark of the dawn, in the street of that village, is Mbataka. He hails our little creeping caravan in that windy voice of his. He cannot have slept at all. He has lain awake all night, thinking of most exciting personal grievances, of which he has not yet told the white woman. He takes his square of beaten bark-cloth from the ground, where it has lain all night in the dew, and he girds himself. He

tells us he means to walk in our company to the town of Mbita, where he plans to negotiate a loan.

And more of this he will tell us; but I walk away. I forget him in the dawn that is like moonlight, — a pallor and a shadow: a more radiant pallor and a blacker shadow, — and then the day. Now the huts are evident in the little clearings under the shadow of the forest walls. The man with the lantern puts it out. The little trail slips out of the open into that great shadow; the little caravan takes cover there, and is lost. The scent of dawn and of fallen leaves is in that place. It is the ineffable hour.

I hurry ahead of my carriers, and I think I am alone. In the deep forest, where the light will never be too violent and where the people will never be too many, I am released from the pressure of my profession. An enchantment of solitude too sweet to be enduring is broken by the hollow moaning of a horn. It is as if I did not hear it; and then I hear it and then it follows me. And when I come to a hut in the forest where I mean to breakfast, the horn, its anguish unabated, draws near and broods about the house and moans.

It is Mbataka, I am told. Mbataka himself comes in, and says yes, it is he — none other. And has he any particular meaning with his horn? And he has, yes, he is saying with his horn: —

‘It is I! I have arrived!’

It is not the custom of the white woman, he is told, to approach the villages with proud announcements.

‘But I must do it,’ says Mbataka, ‘because I am just learning it. This horn is new to me; I bought it on the path, and I paid a great price for it!’

We think it strange, and we tell him so, that he, who is so poor as to be abroad on a beggar’s errand, should yet be a buyer of horns.

‘But this horn,’ says Mbataka, ‘is a necessity — it is to call the people of my village to prayers in the early morning!’

‘Why not with a bottle?’ we ask him. ‘You who are a beggar, might you not have begged an old bottle, and breathing into that bottle, have called your brothers to prayers?’

‘Truly,’ says Mbataka; ‘if I had been as wise before I bought the horn as you have made me, I would now be walking without a horn!’

It is then the inspired Ze Temba tells me ever so lightly that Mbataka is a fool. And I think, there in that little smoky hut, of Malvolio, and am pleased to remember that he was cast in prison for a season.

It is pitiful of Mbataka that he cannot live without appreciation, for he is entirely without art. There is many another with the same hunger, but with better technique. There is a man on the Ngoé path who cannot live without approval; for this reason and for no other, he celebrates me when we meet — plucking at the strings of a kind of little harp he has, and singing extemporaneous, most vivid praise of the white woman. Never will I be able to resist this, he knows — singing about how wonderful I am, and thinking about how wonderful he is. And hardly has silence fallen between us, when he urges me to say that he is clever. ‘Am I not clever?’

I tell him that he is clever. I appreciate him audibly and at length. I make him happy for the sake of an old memory, and a regret for a little creature long dead and her skill gone with her into the grave. I remember that I never saw her dance her little dances or heard her sing her little songs, though these were many a time commended to me. I cannot think how this came to be. I caught her wandering about in the villages, — a creature ever so

little; the smallest adult ever I saw, — with a face the most shadowed, a face in the deepest shadow of the deepest jungle of the human mind. It took a hundred people to convince me she was not an ill-used and starving child. A hundred times they told me how clever she was; that she was everywhere welcome; that headmen begged her to visit them, promising her a present in the hand if she would dance and sing for them. And that her dancing was a thing of skill, her singing a thing to catch the heart. Not a thing of laughter, as I perversely suggested, but a thing of sorrow. 'You feel sorrow in your heart, her skill being of that kind. Her songs are orphan songs; and when you have heard them, you put a present in her hand and you beg her to stay in your town; but she wanders.'

Like a headman, I invite her visit. I offer her a roof, and a daily cassava bread, and pity. She brings her little shadowed face under the thatch of the girls' house, where she performs innumerable things of malice. I move her to the hospital — I have a civilized feeling that anyone so wicked must be ill. I cannot think why they would ever be giving her presents. I am tormented by her.

And — if you will believe it — I never ask her to dance or to sing!

And yet on moonlit nights she dances, singing her little orphan songs, to the delight and anguish of the entire assembled black population of our clearing. I hear of these things, that they

are things of wonder. Who would laugh, I am asked, at the things of beauty and of sorrow? All are struck to the heart!

Why did I never see her dance? Why was the white woman's heart so cold and so slow? Why did I never mark that little skill, so much acclaimed, and flowering like a poor little night-blooming cereus under the moon in our own clearing? And was it strange that she who ran away from headmen who approved her, giving her a present in that little hand, should run away from me?

Often I heard of her and her minstrel reputation. Word would come of her from local merrymakings, where she dropped her little tincture of bitterness in the common cup — as desired. And I wished for her return. I had a peculiar wish for her return. Once I met her on the trail; she considered me without words while I wondered what it was that I must say to her. And when I said: 'Come back to my town and dance for me!' I was glad, because that was the pass-word.

A quiver of light passed over the shadowed pool of that little face, and, 'Truly!' she said.

It was a promise, but she never came. Soon after, she died, taking her little skill with her into the grave. Many a time I have thought of her as, often, we think of the dead — wishing that we had dealt with them other than we did; finding other words to speak to them than the words we spoke.

THE JUNGLE CHILD

BY CHARLOTTE CHANDLER WYCKOFF

A SCHOOL courtyard in Southern India, paved half with cement and half with yellow river-sand, with here and there a curving cocoanut palm and squat lime tree growing up through sand and cement. A school courtyard, open alike to blazing sun, magic moon, and roaring monsoon rains, but shut away from the outside world on three sides by a single story of rooms opening in through low-roofed verandas to the court, and on the fourth side by a high white wall with a door in it. A school courtyard — the heart and centre of a school.

Starlit night in the courtyard. Ares and Antares, pushing up the branched head of Scorpio, look down over the eastern gable, at the sleeping children who sprawl by scores over the cement, stretching bare, brown limbs into the breathless night.

One small form, stirring in the heat, rolls over and then over again. Dark eyes fly open under a tangled mass of black hair; fly shut again, dazzled by the brilliance of the spangled sky; then open slowly, widening with awe at the vast splendor and stillness of the night. Gone is the dream of the home-hut, cozy and safe, with the warm and heaving bodies of the family pressing close on either side.

In all this silence and wide openness, who is Kanthy? Who is Kanthy? One tiny speck of life lying alone on the cement — alone! With one convulsive movement, she is back on her grass-mat, her eyes buried in the comforting

stuffiness of her rough sheet, her hands reaching out to touch the next huddled child. But those myriad flaming eyes of the night pierce through her sheet, through her tightly closed lids, and compel her to meet their gaze once more, slowly and steadily, fascinated, paralyzed, calmed, and soothed. When Scorpio drags his long, jeweled tail above the eastern gable, Kanthy lies once more asleep.

Gray gauze curtains of dawn over the courtyard. Kanthy is sitting up, bewildered, rubbing the mists of night out of her eyes, and rousing her senses to the strange new sounds of day. School! Thirty miles of tree-shaded road and wilderness paths away from the home-hut, where now the *rangi* would be cooking, and the baby would be crying for her and Amma¹ —

Kanthy pulls her wet fingers from her eyes and looks about her. With a scrape and *slap-slap-slap* over the cement, the mats all about her are rolled up and carried off, leaving her on a little island of solitude. The children are about the courtyard in dozens, combing out their tousled hair, tightening the strings of their long, full petticoats, buttoning up their calico jackets, hurrying back from the kitchen with water-pots on their hips, and their mouths black with charcoal. Chatter, chatter, chatter! In all this giggling, jostling crowd, who is Kanthy? Kan-

¹ *Amma* (pronounce like *Mamma*, with accent on last syllable). Mother; but also a polite addition to the name of any older woman.

thy! Alone. Nynah² went back yesterday, after putting her hand in the hand of the white Missie. By this time he is with Amma! Kanthy is alone.

‘Time to get up, child!’

A strange voice is in her ear — no, it is the voice that told her where to spread her mat last night. A firm hand lifts her to her feet, and turns her wet face upward, to look into kindly eyes above wrinkled cheeks, and beyond at a circle of grinning children.

‘It is one of the new children,’ the voice goes on. ‘You, Jeeva, take her as your little sister. Go on, children! You were new once.’

‘Matron Amma always picks out the stupidest ones and the dirtiest ones for me,’ a new voice grumbles. Kanthy is seized by an efficient hand, which helps her to roll up her mat, — scrape and *slap-slap-slap* over the cement like the rest, — and leads her away through the staring children. They become a part of the bustle. The familiar crunch of a lump of charcoal between her teeth reassures her, as, clinging to the red gingham skirt of her guide, she waits her turn at the well-curb.

Pot after pot drops over the squeaking pulley into the depths, to be hauled hand over hand, swaying, dripping, to the top. In the midst of the chatter and splashing and laughter, Kanthy finds herself suddenly stripped of the beloved orange-calico petticoat and sleazy pink jacket that Nynah bought for her only yesterday in the market. Reaching out a hand for it, she is grasped and held, while a douse of water, — oh, it’s cold! — pours over her; then another and another. She is gasping, she is crying, but the firm hand rubs on, and the determined voice is threatening the wrath of the white Missies if she appears at school

² *Nynah*: a name for Father, corresponding to ‘Daddy.’

dirty. Tortures upon tortures! Water in the eyes, water up her nose, water rinsing charcoal out of her mouth; the secret sores on her arms and legs mercilessly pricked and scraped and anointed with liquid fire, — ‘It burns, Sister, it burns!’ — her hair yanked and pulled and strained, while her naked little body dries in the morning sunlight; and at last, — crowning ignominy, — her head shingled, till her prized black locks lie in a matted heap on the grass; then more water and liquid fire, over and over her shorn head and in her blinded eyes.

‘Ah-pah!’ ejaculates the executioner, scrubbing her dry, and flinging over her head a clean cotton petticoat handed over by the matron, who stands beside them. ‘These children from the refuse-jungle —’

‘Come now!’ remarks the matron, buttoning up Kanthy’s jacket, while Jeeva wrings out the orange and pink garments and hangs them over a bush to dry. ‘It is not so very long since you, too, Jeeva —’

Sitting, a few minutes later, in a line of merry children on the stone flags of the kitchen veranda, sucking up warm, sweet *ragi* porridge through her fingers, Kanthy looks across at Jeeva-Sister, trim and dainty among the big girls.

Hot, golden sunlight, blinding the eyes and scorching the bare feet of the girls who run across the courtyard at the sound of the school bell. Kanthy has been happy since a bundle of yellow broom-straws was thrust into her hand. She can sweep as well as any of the snickering, noisy children, who stare at her and call her ‘Baldhead Kanthy.’ This has been a very festival of sweeping — not a solitary performance in the narrow home-hut, but a campaign against the dust and dried leaves of the wide courtyard, with a score of other

small backs bending to the battle. At the sound of the bell, she straightens and stretches herself, looking about for her next cue; then, adding her contribution to the dust-box and broom pile, follows the crowd. She is one of them now. She is a schoolgirl. Let them laugh as much as they please, and she will laugh, too. She giggles noisily, although they are all silent, till she is fixed by a look from a spectacled woman standing at the open doorway, and a hand jerks her into the line with a warning hiss.

Long lines of children wait at the doors — black pigtailed sleek and smooth, jackets pulled straight, petticoats stirred by small bare feet, marking time in their places. The line moves forward and a strange new sound catches at Kanthy's feet and makes them want to dance, as at a wedding procession. Her back straightens, and she tramps along in step with the others, down the long veranda, over the door-sill, and into the great, light room from which the music comes.

Children and still more children pour in, rank on rank, followed at the last by the tall, dignified 'big sisters,' in their graceful *sarees*. The music still pours from a huge brown box against the wall, which the Missie is hitting in a most sprightly manner, with her two white hands. That is the Missie who spoke to Kanthy yesterday. She has hair the color of the sand in the river-bed when the sun shines on it, and it is all fuzzy about her pale face, like the hair of the village women, not neatly combed and oiled, like the hair of the teachers.

There is another white Missie over there among the teachers — 'That is Lang Missie, who has newly come and speaks only to the big sisters in English,' a child whispers, pulling back Kanthy's pointing forefinger. Her hair is black and smooth, but everything

else is white — face, arms, clothes, shoes, and her wide hat.

The music stops suddenly and then begins again; but this time there is a new sound with it. The children are singing! Kanthy knows that tune. They sing it often in the mud-walled prayer-house at home, where all the Christians meet at night. She joins in now, shutting her eyes tightly and swaying from side to side with the effort. She is part of it all. But her neighbor pokes her in the ribs, and she starts suddenly, and sees the children turning around and smiling as they sing. Obediently she stops, and her soul soars upward with the melody her voice cannot reach. The singing, the psalm, the prayer, the Missie's speech, more marching and singing in a smaller group, blocks, beads, seeds, a new slate, a new story from 'Mary-Teacher,' and through all pauses the droning, chanting, singing of classes hidden away across the courtyard — Kanthy goes through it all in a sort of daze. One thing she knows: she is part of it and she must stay — on and on to some mysterious time when she will be Bee-Yay.³

Rose-gold-gray twilight in the courtyard. Mammoth pots of white rice steam and bubble over the earthen fireplaces in the kitchen, watched by active girls, who alternate between blowing the smoky fires and crushing yellow pulse on a flat stone beneath a stone cylinder which they roll between their hands. At one end of the courtyard two big sisters face one another over a stone urn of raw *ragi*, one bringing her brass-topped wooden pestle heavily down upon the reddish grain, while the other lifts her pestle high over her head in both hands, ready for the next blow; and so on, *plump-plump*, *plump-plump*, till the husks are off and

³ B. A.

the grain is transferred to another couple, who grind it into gray flour at a circular grindstone on the floor. A fifth is skillfully winnowing, and all are full of talk as they work. The children have just come in from the playground, to place their enamel plates and tumblers in long rows on the veranda; and, this done, are playing *kummi*, a rhythmical clap-dance, in a swaying circle about one of the palm trees.

Kanthy has investigated all these various occupations, and is distinctly bored. The courtyard that seemed so wide presses in upon her now, and she longs to go out, — out beyond the playground to the bazaar, — to see the wonderful lights and crowds of people. She sets out for the door in the rear wall. Big sisters, carrying in pots of water to the drinking-water tank, push her aside impatiently as she blocks the door, and she slips out. At the well she is hailed by Jeeva-Sister, whose temper is somewhat ruffled by the faults and failings of her 'water-set.'

'Where are you going, baby? To the bazaar! Listen to the child! These children from the refuse-jungle!' With a tight grip on the shoulder, she propels Kanthy back through the door with a shake and a warning: 'Listen to me. You are not in your jungle now, to run here and there like a wild goat. You must not go out of this courtyard after we come in from play. And if you run away to the bazaar, the Missie will be *very* angry, and she will beat you. She has a big stick for jungle children.'

Kanthy stands pouting on the yellow sand, gazing vengefully after Jeeva-Sister as she rounds up her water-set to count the pots. Jeeva-Sister is a cross old thing! Listen to how she is scolding those big girls! And she was just lying! Kanthy wants to go to the bazaar and she has two annas, tied up in a corner of her jacket, to spend on sweet *palagarams*. This time she pro-

ceeds more carefully, edging her way out little by little, till the well is passed and the wide, tree-shaded compound lies before her. From beyond the Missies' bungalow comes the sound of voices and laughter. Hidden behind the potted crotons that edge the bungalow veranda, Kanthy watches, open-mouthed, the white man, — the *Dhorai* it is, who came once to Periya-chary, — and the two Missies, all of whom run shouting about with flat pieces of wood after a ball. The ball flies in among the pots, and Sherman Missie, hunting about for it in the gathering darkness, comes upon the little girl before she can run away. In her hand she holds the broad stick with which she hit the ball, and Kanthy remembers in terror Jeeva-Sister's warning.

'What are you doing here?' the Missie is asking sternly, in her strange, jerky Tamil. 'You should not be out here now. Go home at once! Go home!'

Kanthy is away with a bound when released, and stands panting below the pillared veranda at the front of the school. From far inside, in the courtyard, comes the hum of voices and the sound of a bell; but the front of the building is silent and empty. Oh, to be back in there with the children, eating rice and pepper-water and ground pulse from her own new plate! Darkness is dropping swiftly about her. Kanthy is alone. Kanthy must go home! Just as Jeeva-Sister said, the Missie is angry, and the Missie has sent her home, and the Missie has a big stick to beat her if she does not go.

In terror she runs down the driveway to the white gate, and out upon the lonely road. In the distance tom-toms are beating; twinkling lights shine out from the bazaar, but that is not the way home. Where are Nynah and Amma? Far away in Periya-chary — thirty miles away in the 'jungle.' But the devils are about at night and

they will catch little girls who stray alone. The underbrush at the side of the road rustles, a grazing donkey suddenly heaves out an agonized bray, and Kanthy runs screaming toward a glimmering light at the side of the road.

It is a hut, just like the home-hut; but the woman who comes out of the door is not Amma. A loud and friendly voice questions her; then she is pulled inside the hut,—ah, the familiar, smoky warmth of it!—and in another minute she is eating a handful of brown sugar, and telling the whole tale to the astonished old woman.

‘The Missie sent you away — at night? The white people do strange things sometimes, but I never heard the likes of this. She does not know our language and you have mistaken her. That is what it is.’

‘No, no!’ Kanthy assures her, between sobs. ‘She told me to go *home*! And it is very far. And Nynah said I must stay at school and learn and learn till I am Bee-Yay. And he will be angry.’

‘Eat, eat! Do not cry!’ says the old woman soothingly; and soon Kanthy is playing happily enough with the wee grandchild who swings suspended in a long saree looped over the rafters. In time she consents to being carried back on the old woman’s hip; but as they approach the lighted bungalow, she buries her face in a fold of saree on the motherly shoulder, to shut out the flashing of the Missie’s angry eyes.

‘Fear not! Fear not!’ her protector assures her comfortably; yet at the sound of Sherman Missie’s surprised voice, she clings and hides her face all the more stubbornly. But, before she knows it, she is transferred to another hip, clasped tightly within the circle of another arm. She opens her eyes, blinking in the bright light of a big room, and finds that the arm is the Missie’s, and that the eyes so close to

hers are not flashing at all, but full of laughter and tears, while she is squeezed again and again.

‘Poor little Kanthy!’ the Missie is saying over and over again, in her strange, jerky Tamil. ‘I did n’t recognize you at all. I said, “Go home,” it is true, but I did not mean home to Periya-chary. The school is your home now, of course. Don’t you know the children all call me “Amma,” because, when you are in Satthyapuram, school is home and I am Mother!’

‘Said I not so? Said I not those very words?’ exclaimed the old woman.

The foolish child looks abashed, but happy. They go over to the school. Long bars of light shine out to them from the study-hall windows. Inside, the children are singing. A distracted Matron Amma and Jeeva-Sister meet them on the threshold, with cries of relief, and the whole story is told again.

Night again in the courtyard. While the children are bustling about, spreading their mats out on the cool cement, — ‘quietly now, because the big sisters are studying,’ — in rides the lost Kanthy on Sherman Missie’s hip! She slips to the ground in the rush of the affectionate onslaught that follows, but keeps her grip upon the smooth hand that still holds her close.

‘Children, children!’ Sherman Missie is saying, as she bends down to gather them in, an armful at a time, — the jealous little tykes! — ‘I think you forgot to tell Kanthy that this is home! I think you forgot to show her that she is your little sister.’

‘No,’ murmurs Kanthy sleepily, an hour later, — in response to a solicitous whisper from one of the new ‘prends’ who has pulled her mat closer than the law allows, — ‘no, I don’t want to go home to Periya-chary. I am not a jungle child now. I am going to stay here till — till — I am Bee-Yay.’

BEYOND THE STRIFE OF TONGUES

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

THE strife of tongues should be distinguished from the confusion of tongues. The confusion of tongues signifies the absence of all ascertainable meaning from human speech, while the strife of tongues signifies the conflict of meanings — a conflict that may be pushed, by debate, to victory on the one side or the other. Babel is hopeless from the start. Meribah admits of readjustments and reconciliations.

Ecclesiastical debates in the interest of religion justly appear to intelligent laymen as tedious, if not trivial. Carlyle's description is not without point in its humorous exaggeration, when he regards these disputes as quarrels over 'Hebrew old clothes,' and 'miserable Semitic Anti-Semitic street riots.' Not less severe is the opinion of the great Gregory Nazianzen, to whom the debaters, on one high occasion, seemed 'cranes and geese.' To a mind concerned with the really fundamental issues of faith and despair, the Oxford Movement must appear as strangely superficial. As if the Eternal Spirit were funded in any church, — Jewish, Apostolic, Greek, Roman, Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregational, — and not in the life of humanity; as if the presence of God in the life of the race could be denied without canceling the affirmation of that presence in the Church. The earth is not based on the mountain, but the mountain on the earth. Humanity does not rest on the Church, but the Church on humani-

ty; and when the Church fails to carry to their highest expression the spiritual forces resident in humanity, it becomes merely an extinct volcano.

In these days, among ourselves, certain writers and speakers hotly affirm as fundamentals what no reasonable man can believe — the absence of error from the books of the Old and New Testaments, the necessity of expiation in order to be forgiven, the dependence of the future life for man upon reunion with the body vacated at death, and the return of Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh, no longer as Saviour but as Judge. One may sympathize deeply with the zeal of these persons, even praise their passionate desire to vindicate what they believe to be true, and yet hold that the ideas cited are not only wanting in the character of fundamentals, but that they are simple foolishness.

There is, however, a debate as old as the awakened intellect, between those who believe in God, and those who are unable so to believe; between thinkers who hold that man's being is of the same substance with that of the Absolute Soul, and those who refuse thus to affirm; between writers who find in the human personality universal significance and, therefore, permanent worth, and those who cannot share this vision; between those who cherish the hope of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and those who can discover no grounds for this expectation. Such were the

debates in which Plato and Democritus took different sides, Athanasius and Arius, Kant and Hume; and in poetic form, Virgil and Lucretius, Dante and Leopardi, Wordsworth and Swinburne, Emerson and the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. To live where one may hear the thunder of this debate, is to gain one of the best disciplines in intellect and moral passion anywhere to be found. To stand outside this debate, to be indifferent to it, to have no part in it, to care not at all which side waxes or wanes, gives signs of winning or losing, is to be outside the central movement of the rational and moral life of mankind.

Christianity began in controversy. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies.' The teaching of Jesus was, from first to last, in the teeth of opposition: it was a subtle and victorious debate with the mind of his age and nation. The letters of Paul are, again, largely controversial. Is the Master's Gospel a mere local interest, a lake, or an ocean whose tides visit all shores, whose waters serve the world? Our age would never have heard of this Jew, but for his great and triumphant debate. Apostolic Fathers, Apologists, Greek and Roman theologians, Schoolmen and Reformers, all the great spirits in our American history, from Edwards to Channing and onward, have shared in this contention. Christianity is largely an evolution through debate. The witticism of the pacifist scholar is the simple truth: 'Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.' As the cultivated land of the world has been won from Nature in her wild estate by toil and trouble, so these fruitful and peaceful fields of religious faith have been reclaimed by the aggressive mind of man. Where the religious mind is unanimous to-day,

this unanimity has been achieved largely by discussion; as was our Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, which, although to-day accepted by all good citizens as something forever settled, came into existence through the keenest and most impassioned debate. Our sure religious possessions were at first matters of doubt and protest, and only after much violent controversy did they win their way to general assent. There is, therefore, hope with reference to the debates that still divide thoughtful men. There remaineth much land to be possessed, and who shall limit the size of that tract of religious truth which may be finally secured for the spirit of man through the sincere and scientific conflict of intellect with intellect?

There are debaters who have done their work so well that it does not need to be done again. In the eighteenth century, those who believed in a God of nature, but who refused to believe in Christianity, were forever silenced by Butler's great argument. There is nothing that can be said against the reality of the God and Father of Jesus that may not be said with vastly greater force against the God and Father of nature, as understood by Butler's antagonists. Out of that controversy came something still greater — the sense of the crudity of the whole issue. The conception of God was revised, and the sphere of his presence enlarged. That old debate has swung out into something immeasurably more significant. The universe, nature and humanity both, is the expression of the Absolute Spirit, and all reality is ultimately to be measured by the degree in which the Eternal Soul is present in any and all of its expressions. In less than two centuries the old debate has become vastly greater, vastly richer in rewards, immediate and prospective.

Within the memory of the older generation, another great debate has come to fruitful issue. The collision between science and religion, from the middle of the nineteenth century onward for a period of more than thirty years, was fierce and constant. As the controversy went on, both parties to it became deeper in thought and wiser. Science loomed larger, and its spirit became less dogmatic, more receptive. The sense of ultimate mystery was faced in science as surely, as completely, as in religion. Religious thinkers became hospitable toward science, looked to it for light, received from it new ideas as to the greatness of the universe. They were not slow to discover new possibilities for faith in the teachings of science, and new hopes for mankind. Tennyson's use of evolution, in *In Memoriam* and other poems, will serve as an example. At length science came to see that its first duty is to deal with facts, and that religion is the sovereign fact in the life of mankind. A new brotherhood has since arisen between scientific men and religious teachers, full of promise for the future.

The conspicuous field of religious debate to-day is history. The attempt is to recover ancient environments, and to set the persons and the records about them that have survived in those recovered environments, and then to look at those persons and events in what would appear to be the original and unfailing light. It may well be doubted whether that which takes all time to develop can be understood by its initial history; whether, indeed, the original environment is recoverable, and whether modern eyes could see what ancient eyes beheld in it. Is it possible to see the world of Isaiah as he saw it, the world of Jesus as He saw and felt it, the world of any ancient race as it appeared to that race, and again as it appeared to ancient men of genius?

After a lifetime of study, who is there who would dare affirm that he saw Greece, and the universe of the Greeks, exactly as Plato and Aristotle saw them? These thinkers record and interpret an amazing human experience; and students to-day are able to see, to a certain extent, that rational experience; but that any scholar will ever see the world of Plato and Aristotle as these thinkers beheld it, is past belief. Too many things are wanting for that achievement, above all, the transcendent genius of these men.

This applies with singular force to books upon origins in general, to those that deal with the origins of the Old Testament in particular, and, in a still more urgent way, to those that deal with the origins of the New Testament. Much error may be cleared away, some new knowledge may be gained; but a new batch of opinions is not necessarily knowledge. Besides, that ancient world has largely forever vanished, and cannot by any modern device be brought wholly back. Much has hitherto been believed about that ancient world without historic warrant; all that is written to-day against traditional belief is not science; and, after research and candor have done their utmost, this old world will still remain overhung with mystery. All sorts of contemporary assumptions, prejudices, conceits, disturb the vision of the discerning eye; above all, the genius is wanting of the men who made their experience and their universe of everlasting moment to mankind. Still, much may be done here by scientific scholarship and discussion, even if the ideal cannot be attained.

Such is the concession made to the necessity and fruitfulness of worthy debate. The burden of this essay may now be defined: it is, that the chief interest of religion is in the region that lies beyond the strife of tongues. It is

now asserted that there is for religion a truth beyond reasonable doubt, a goodness beyond dispute, and a hope for humanity whose light no moods of uncertainty or despair can quench, or even dim.

II

What is that transcendent and unassailable Truth? our doubting Pilate may ask — willing enough, in this case, to wait for an answer. Can it be the idea of the Supreme Being, the thought of God as the sovereign object of worship? It is this idea, this thought. It is at once admitted that round the conception of God of the speculative thinker rages the fiercest form of the ageless strife of tongues. Is He One, or Several in One — a bare unit, or a Society in Himself? Is He to be known through human personality, or through some abstraction of that personality — force, mind, matter; is his best name 'it,' or 'all,' or 'the unknown'? What is there here that can possibly lie beyond dispute?

God may be known, assuredly known, as the ideal strength of men morally in earnest over the passionate pursuit of righteousness. Let the distressed speculative thinker become a moral idealist; let him set for himself a mark 'above the howling senses' ebb and flow'; let him demand of himself the progressive realization of the Christian ideal of manhood, likeness to a perfect Character, and he will profoundly feel the need of help. Let him call upon teacher, friend, society, history: help will answer his call, but he will become aware of a further need. Let him call upon the Infinite, and open his whole being to whatever response may come. In the power out of the universe that enables him progressively to realize his moral ideal, God, as the ideal strength of men, enters and, in the moral process, always strenuous, sometimes

critical, even tremendous, declares his reality. The ship at anchor in the harbor may know nothing of the engine that sleeps at its heart. When this ship is at sea, met by gales, struck by terrible waves; and when, in spite of wind and wave, she keeps on her way, how can she help knowing the power by which she prevails? In Judah God is known; in the tempestuous environment through which the moral idealist moves upon his goal. For such men God is not a mere speculation or poetic dream, nor is He a mere working hypothesis: He is known in the adverse hurricanes of passion as victorious moral power, as Eternal Reality, in whose declared sympathy the personal soul struggles, survives, and thrives.

It would seem that a morally potent Deity can be found only by morally earnest men; moral inertia would appear to take one out of the stream of reality. It is doubtful if any man ever found himself except as he became a moral idealist, except in so far as he thus came to himself. If Fichte was not misguided; if Matthew Arnold was not mistaken; if there is in the universe an Eternal Power not of ourselves that makes for righteousness, it would seem that the trade winds and the tide of his spirit are to be found only in the path of moral struggle. A God who does nothing cannot be known; a morally indifferent Deity would not be worth knowing; a Deity who is the maker of men in the tragic movement of their existence, the creator of character, the self-revealer in the moral victory that allures the brave, is one whose presence and sympathy may be attested by the witness of immediate experience; the experience carried in the phrase, 'the peace of God that passeth understanding,' could never come from a Deity who is only the essential head of a system of ideas, nor from a hypothetical Deity, nor from any sort of a Su-

preme Being outside the clear and peaceful possession of the human soul.

There is the vision of Jesus of Nazareth. The records of his career are under severe and fierce scrutiny to-day, and many things hitherto accepted as settled are now in debate. While this discussion is under way among scholars, can there be, for laymen, anything in the vision of Jesus that is sure? There is his humanity, the moving image of the Eternal humanity, the one supremely authentic witness of what lies behind him in the Universe that brought him forth. There is, too, his knowledge of men: He knew what was in man, his high capacity no less than the depth of his need; his aptitude to take the Eternal Rectitude as his ideal, because in his rational and moral being he is kindred to the Infinite Soul. Jesus' knowledge of his kind is a sort of X-ray of the inmost nature, the hidden depths of the spirit; and this X-ray shows a world seriously afflicted, indeed, but wholly curable and full of hope. With those competent to judge, so much may be said to stand outside reasonable question; and it may be added that, next to the consciousness of a moral Deity in the courses of life, this sure insight concerning Jesus is the most precious possession of mankind. All beliefs about Jesus other than this central insight, all controversies about Him, all opposing philosophies of his person, are things on the circumference of human concern.

The reality, the richness, the elevation, and the splendor of the humanity of Jesus, is that toward which the eyes of the serious world look with hope, so far as they look to anything; He is the world's pillar of cloud by day, its pillar of fire by night, its screen from the blinding glare of sensuality, its prophet in the mystery of its pilgrimage.

Can religion be socially effective without a church? And if we confess

the social necessity of the church, must we not at this point bid farewell to the expectation of an unanimous public mind? Do not most men, educated and free in their thought, rest in the conviction that two thirds or more of what all the churches believe is the product of a crude imagination? Think for a moment of the claims put forth by this church and that — claims and pretensions which are preposterous to every sane intellect outside the circle of ecclesiastical delusion; and then ask where one may find, in this heap of ecclesiastical opinion, anything universally clear and sound? Skillful special pleading may be able to impose upon the simple; for the acute mind, it is vain.

Someone called upon Robert Hall, the great English preacher of the first half of the nineteenth century, and said, 'I have heard the most remarkable sermon of my life, and from an Anglican minister. He said, "The Catholics have a church, but no religion; the Wesleyans have a religion but no church; the Anglicans have both a religion and a church."' "

Hall replied, 'You did not think what that preacher said was true, did you?'

The answer was, 'No; but it was so well said that it was almost as good as if it had been true.'

The idea of the Christian Church, properly conceived, should indeed be a self-evident necessity. The Church is simply the assembly of like-minded men and women; and this like-mindedness may be extremely simple and, at the same time, completely adequate. It need cover no more than the faith and service, the essential faith and service of Jesus. What is the essential faith of Jesus, freed from antique forms, and delivered to us in the idiom of this generation? That the Universe in which we live is of infinite compas-

sion toward human beings, and is ready with the fullness of its benignity to help them to attain, and to be, their best. Or, as a highly honored friend of the writer, no longer living, — one passionately in earnest in a morally listless world and not really given to profanity, — expressed it: 'This Universe is full of pity for every damned sinner in it, and is intent upon making him, inside and out, a gentleman.'

So much for the essential faith of Jesus. His service would, at its highest, seem to be to join the Eternal in his compassionate purpose to lift man to his best. Faith in a compassionate and redemptive Universe; passionate, availing sympathy, on man's part, with this mood and movement of the Infinite, would, it should appear, provide all essential grounds of union for the General Assembly of believers which, as here conceived, is the Christian Church. Ritual, whether rich or severe; modes of worship, whether predominantly of the mind or of emotion; the proportion of expression in teaching, music, and prayer; the form of social service into which the awakened energy of this General Assembly shall run, are, all of them, matters of detail; still more so are the questions as to the orders of the ministry. The sovereign fact is faith in the mood and will of the Eternal toward capable and needy human beings, and passionate co-operative sympathy with what the Universe longs to see brought to pass. The overgrowth of ecclesiasticism, so vastly dear to multitudes of emotional, but largely unmoral, men and women, is a sort of penumbra, and in reality implies an eclipse of faith, the obscuration of the luminous substance of all high insight.

What about the destiny of the individual? When Plato and Paul, Butler and Kant, have reasoned, and the spiritists have told their tales of

wonder, is there anything upon the question of destiny, one way or another, beyond reasonable doubt? It must be repeated that much is possible, even probable, and therefore a proper object of belief, which is still open to dispute. Brave minds have always been ready to take risks when the causes seemed to them to justify this venture. Our question is not whether, with J. S. Mill, representing the negative mood of his time, the future is open to hope, and whether, if it should be for our good, existence after death is likely to be granted; but whether any clear and sure word can be said upon the subject.

Anterior to the fact, it is less likely that we should exist at all, than that, existing, we should continue to exist; and, again, it is less likely that our sacred family circle should be drawn than that, having been drawn, it should be redrawn in the invisible. Before existence, there is absolutely no ground of expectation; after existence is a fact, there is the whole propulsive power of this fact upon the future. We exist against all the probabilities of the case. We have met, although separated by the diameter of the world and the universe; and this fact makes it more likely that we shall go on, and go on together, than that we should ever have been, and been together. Here Emerson's word strikes one as clear and sure: —

'T is not within the force of fate,
The fate-conjoined to separate.

There is, of course, no such thing as destruction of energy. That which constitutes the force of a human being, whatever it may be, must persist, operate, and in some way count in the sum total of things. Shelley's 'Cloud' sings for itself, and for the force that constitutes man, a strictly scientific song: —

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
 I change, but I cannot die.

Since, of the force that constitutes the human being, there can be no destruction, it seems not too much risk to assume, with Matthew Arnold, that this force still works, 'Conscious or not of the past.'

Many words of trustworthy insight may be built upon this foundation. The saying of Socrates has stood the test of time: 'No evil can happen to a good man, living or dead.' We join with this the insight of another great prophet: 'Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.' Render this in the idiom of our day, and we have the clear and sure conclusion: We belong to this Universe; whether we live, therefore, or die, our being is in its being. To these many would add Emerson's line, —

Lost in God, in Godhead found.

Men are children of the Universe, form of its form, mind of its mind. Forth from the Eternal we come; while here, by virtue of mind, we may be communicants in the fellowship of the Eternal, passing many high moments each day in dialogue, articulate or mute, with the Universal Mind; and when for us the pageant of space and time dissolves 'like the baseless fabric of this vision,' we enter, in one form or another, the Eternal, to abide there. Man was ever a wanderer, ever an adventurer.

He was born in a ship on the breast of the river of Time.

Time is the stream of his experience, of the history of his race; and when it bears him to the point whence reach him 'scents of the Infinite sea,' he is reminded of the Eternity from which he dates, and of that in which he finds his home.

So much seems clear and sure, and we are seeking here only for what may be conceded to lie beyond debate. Reverence in the presence of the mystery of the Universe is justified in its lofty affirmation: —

The Eternal is thy dwelling-place,
 And underneath are the everlasting arms.

III

Since questions of the intellect cover but a part of man's life, we are led to ask if there is a goodness, solace, satisfaction, beyond reasonable doubt? This is, in reality, the question considered with analytic power so great and sure by Aristotle, in the first book of his *Ethics*. Man's satisfactions are in his ends; these ends are of ascending worth; the worthiest end is an activity of the mind in the line of its highest excellence; the highest excellence of the mind is the vision of what is real and true; man's supreme blessedness in this Universe is as a beholding intellect, thus imitating, as far as possible, the Eternal Thinker upon whom all worlds depend.

Human ends, and the activities inseparable from them, are the main sources of the goodness of life. About the question which end is highest, there may be much dispute; about the worth of ends for human beings, there will be no dispute. Nor will there be any objection to the statement that certain activities are in themselves ends, like sight, thought, sympathy, love. It is usual to rate low the legitimate satisfactions of sense; yet this is a mistake. Color, sound, and form represent worlds of beauty, which in nature and in art appeal with happy power to all normal persons; and the extent to which our life is enriched and exalted through the legitimate use of the senses is surely immeasurable. Milton's great lamentation, one of the

most pathetic, both in its personal and in its representative aspect, in English literature, reminds us of what we owe in the way of satisfaction to the senses, by describing the bereavement that follows the loss of one: —

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank.

We pass to the satisfactions of family life, which are the mainspring of the world's industry, and the source of much of our interest in the history, fortune, and hope of the world. Burns here puts his finger upon the great key in the organ of the common heart of man: —

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies;
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies.
Ye ken yersel' my heart right proud is —
I need na vaunt.
But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies
Before they want.

And in this same poem occur lines that admit of no dispute over the satisfaction they describe for normal human beings: —

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, —
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

What we owe to our causes in the way of satisfaction is beyond estimate. Doctor Hale's powerful story lays life open to the heart here — *The Man Without A Country*; existence has for him shrunk to a painful as well as to a guilty thing; and we have only to extend this bereavement and speak of 'The Man Without Humanity,' to know how the best things that we can experience are given through devotion to these various groups to which we are related, from our own fireside to the

uttermost bounds of our human world.

All this leads up to the ultimate and infinite goodness. There is Plato's ideal, to be like God as far as man can, and joy evermore in the light of that ideal. There is Paul's solace, in a world of contradiction, as he looks, not upon the things which are seen, but upon the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. There is Marcus Aurelius and his solace, as he fights the battles of a falling Empire, writing his journal, meant for no eye but his own: 'O Universe . . . Dear City of God'; and Augustine's blessedness; 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we repose in Thee.' Nor must we fail to add Dante's immortal line, a refrain from the Highest, and one which the humblest human being may sing: —

His will is our peace.

Earlier than all these voices is another, in whose piety and victory one notes the supreme consolation of a whole ancient and forgotten world: —

Whom have I in heaven but thee?
And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth:
But God is the strength of my heart,
And my portion forever.

True religion is life's great transfiguration; and, as in that recorded in the Gospels, there are no debates in it — only the common passion, voiced by the leader, Here let us build and abide forever. That may not be; there is a duty to be done, a sorrow to be relieved at the foot of the mountain; but it nevertheless points to a region forever beyond the strife of tongues.

The case for the social hope that cannot be blown out may be stated in a single sentence. The man who has won his battle against folly and passion, and who has found power that

enables him, in terms of self-respect, to live and move in the light of his moral ideal, will find it impossible to deny to other men over the wide world the hope of a similar victory. The only person who is justified in his despair of mankind, is he who, in his own life, is a morally humiliated and defeated soul. The personal defeat may well forbid the hope of the social victory; the personal triumph, in everyone who is not a wretched Pharisee, should lift high the hope for society. Social despair, therefore, is much more significant as a symptom for the despairing person, than it is for the object of that despair; indeed, it cancels the personal victory. It is the moral vitality, the sense of a personal victory, which must throw its light over the universal struggle, which one hears in Browning's last great bugle-call: one who

'Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph.'

Christianity, as the religion of moral hope for the world, rose up out of the moral life of men who had won their fight against sin. The New Testament has been called the book of hope; it is such: first, because it is the record of morally triumphant men and women; and second, because it enshrines a faith in the possibility of a similar triumph for every human being.

There is a hope that inheres in all morally victorious human character; the hope that men may do good, benefit others, avert sorrow, cancel suffering, promote rational happiness, create and diffuse moral enthusiasm, defy wickedness, confederate to beat down and more and more overcome all forms of evil and wrong. For an enlightened and morally vital person, there is no such thing as an invincible wrong, an absolutely incurable evil. Those that seem such turn out to be blessings in

disguise, as Plato saw when he wrote, 'All things work together for good to the man who is dear to God'; and as the Christian Apostle sang in a similar strain: 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'

Endless vexation and turmoil are not the necessary lot of the religious mind. The enduring debates between what is true and false, essential and unessential, fundamental and trivial, may claim part of a wise man's time, but only part. Some grains of gold there must be in the immense heaps of opposing opinions; and one should come to them, as the Highest came, 'whose fan is in his hand,' to winnow the wheat from the chaff. Much may be left to the winnowing wings of time. Toward this side of the Christian religion, and all other religions under debate, one may live with a hospitable, an expectant mind; a mind, too, of utmost respect for those who sail where two or more seas meet. All honor to such scholars and thinkers; brave mariners are they, and they may, likely enough, bring back at length stores of treasure for the General Assembly, whose life is justly lived elsewhere.

There was a time, so we are told, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The social hope at its highest is that this primeval song may be sung again in celebration of the ultimate and universal triumph of good over evil. The tradition is great, the hope is sublime; the one takes on authenticity for the past, the other high possibility for the future; as the ancient celestial hymn, the mightiest as it is the oldest of all Victor records, repeats itself, morning, noon, and evening, from the human spirit that has conquered sin, and that knows, in terms of life, the Absolute Soul as moral power and triumphant joy.

‘THE TWO AND NELSON’¹

BY E. BARRINGTON

A violent scene is said to have occurred between the two women. — SICHIEL.

A FEW years ago I wandered through a little country churchyard in Devon, far away across the sea. It was an afternoon of golden silence, a very small breeze bringing the scents of clover and buttercups from the meadows about the ancient church, to lay them before the dim altar. So still it was, that life might well be in love with death and envy the dream of those quiet sleepers. And, even as I thought this, I saw a tomb beneath the trees, where the grass grew rank and luxuriant — a tomb old and forgotten, the lettering half filled with the close-coined gold of a little lichen, the shadows of the elmboughs coming and going upon it very softly. And this was the inscription: —

FRANCES, VISCOUNTESS NELSON
DUCHESS OF BRONTË

As I read, the deathless thunder of the guns of Trafalgar broke upon me in those thunderous names, and I beheld ships locked in death grips on the far-off coast of Spain, and a dying man, already more spirit than body, who whispered in agony to his friend: —

‘Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton.’ And again: ‘I leave her as a legacy to my country.’

But never a word of the woman who lay at my feet. And through the tolling

of the great guns in my ears, I thought this: —

‘In life this woman was scarcely less silent than in death; and because she would not speak, the world has called her harsh and cold; and as in life her lovely rival flung her from the throne, so it is also in death; and the fair face that wins all hearts from the canvas of Romney shows like a strong sun, in whose rays the wan moon of this woman’s memory perishes. Her silence is eternal.’

The peace of the quiet grave-place was broken. I sat by the grave, dreaming less of great empires and dynasties than of one woman; and the shadows moved and lengthened, and the thoughts sealed within her buried breast thrilled in my own, and I heard — through the muffled thunder of the guns — I heard!

Now this is what I ponder night and day, the reason why I was not only cast off, — for that is a common lot of women, — but why, being cast off, I might not suffer in peace and with the decency of pity, but all tongues must call me harsh and cold, that they may find excuse for a great man and a worthless woman. She put it about that he never loved me, and all the ardors of his soul and body were sealed until she came from the hands of many men to his; and at first this so stung my wounds that night after night I sat in the dark, my mind, like a wave that returns to break itself on a rock, resolving to overwhelm her with my wrongs, and again failing from the re-

¹ With the exception of that purporting to be written by Lady Nelson, the letters quoted in this story are authentic. — THE AUTHOR.

solve, because I must needs hold him up with her to shame, and I would not. And a voice said in my heart: —

'The time will come. Profligate and coarse in grain, she has but her beauty; and when that is gone, the world will see what it cannot now see, for dazzle. I have beheld the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and I passed by —' And so it was; but, with it all, the world had no pity for me.

But he loved me — I swear it. Why not? Nelson's heart was easy won. He would have left the service and all for Molly Simpson at Quebec. Did not his uncle, Sir William Suckling, tell me he was ever in love, and his father say that he was ever open to the assaults of the tender passions? Then why not for the woman he made his wife? My misfortune was that I supposed marriage would fix his heart. A common mistake, but folly, not crime. But all was objected to me later — even that I was a young widow with a child. He felt it no objection then; but all I did and was must ever be in the wrong now.

I collected that the world entire, led by this woman, accused me that I did not take a wife's part in his glory, nor rejoice in it as I should. I have searched my heart and memory, nor can find this is so. If true, I might, I own, deserve what befell; but the truth is far other. It is this.

My Nelson, for once he was all mine, was fire, whether for the woman he loved, or the country he loved better again; but — was there ever a human nature perfect? I was of that disposition that where I loved I saw the faults more plainly than where they concerned me not. It is so with many mothers; and God knows that, though several years his junior, I was always a mother to him, as a wife must with some men be to the end. For he who conquered the world at sea, was at home a very simple person, easy be-

guiled and accessible to flattery. Though I loved him none the less for this, I knew it, and 't was needful I should act answerably.

Flattery. Now here I touch a sore place — and one I know helped to sever us. She who would hold Nelson must choose to speak none but soft things to him. His genius fed, as it were, on honey; it would only expand its wings in a caressive sunshine. It will then be said: What is a wife's part if not to provide this, especially if mated with a Nelson?

The matter is not so plain. I knew he had in him that spirit and courage to carry him to any point; but knew also there was in him a love of flattery to be traded on by the cunning. To myself I must add, a boastfulness also in word at times, that set him at a disadvantage with men unworthy so much as to follow where he led. It is true that I have felt my face redden when he would unloose himself in speech, and tell of his great deeds. If I had not a value for him above all earthly, would this have troubled me? And his glory needed no words — none. They could but lessen it. And I would see other men wink aside and draw him on; and I own that, when I had tried in vain to turn the talk, I would shed tears over this in secret. I would not say this but to my heart. I knew — I knew it was, more than half of it, eagerness and the other half simplicity; but I thought it must increase as years came, and be unlovely. I broke it a little to him with delicacy that other captains did not so vaunt.

'Let them do the like deeds,' was his answer.

An unpersuadable point. Whenever I touched him upon it, I had anger. Now, should I have encouraged this and fed it, as the woman did later?

It sickens me to remember that I was grateful for her obliging attentions to

my husband and my boy when first they were at Naples. Josiah writ warmly of her; and Nelson, that she was a young woman of amiable manners that did honour to the station she was raised to. Then they left Naples, and for five years I heard no more of her than the talk of her influence over the Queen of the Two Sicilies, and her fine looks, and the power she had in that Court, and how she put forward to be noticed. Much of the talk displeasing to a modest woman.

Then came the victory of the Nile, and his sore wound, and his return to Naples; and again I must be grateful that these Hamiltons took him to their house to nurse — so frail and worn with wounds and hard service, and I so far away. Must not such a thing touch a wife's sensibility? But, on reaching Naples, he sent me a copy of the letter she wrote to him upon the victory, and 't was when I first read this my heart was heavy as lead. I saw she had fathomed his weakness, and I could not flatter against a practised hand like hers. She claimed her share also in the victory, making him credit (and I know not if true or false) that she was the sole means of forcing the Sicilian sovereigns to water and feed his fleet. True or no, he believed it and all else she said; and there was I — only his loving, far-away wife, no more, and there was she with him for a constancy, the foremost figure, swelling with her own importance, beguiling and flattering him as I think no man was ever beguiled before.

From that time the tide of rumours flowed into a torrent. What could I do? I knew every word I wrote — and indeed I wrote feelingly as a wife should — must seem cold water beside this bubble of intoxicating champagne. She had all the beguilements of the kept woman; I, nothing but honesty and love.

And this was how first he wrote of her when he returned to Naples, and the last letter that carried me anything of his heart. I never had another that did. I may well prize that.

I must endeavour to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were affecting to those only united to me by the bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything that is most dear to me in the world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea. . . . They, my most respectable friends, had really been laid up and seriously ill, first from anxiety and then joy. It (the victory) was imprudently told to Lady H. in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead. . . . Alongside came my honoured friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting. Up flew her Ladyship and exclaiming, 'O God, is it possible!' she fell into my arms more dead than alive. . . . I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady H. She is one of the best women in the world. She is an honour to her sex. Lady H. intends writing to you.

I saw her drift in a minute, coupling it with what was talked of. Modest Englishwomen do not so behave in public. But I saw also that this was the sure way to her hand on the helm with him. On that letter I might now endorse, 'Here died all my hopes, and I looked for no resurrection of the dead.' It undid the work of years, to say no more than that. It showed me that she would hold him by a handle I scorned to touch — his weakness, not his strength.

Can I express the agonies I suffered from 1798 onward! From his letters, from every word that reached me, — and many, many did so, — I knew his whole soul was now possessed by that bad woman. My son was blamed for speaking his mind when, on one occasion, her behaviour passed bounds in public, and because it was the Queen's and the Admiral's favourite he af-

fronted, they put about the story he was in liquor — he, that saved Nelson's life at Teneriffe, that would have cheerfully laid down his life for him at any hazard, until he saw his mother insulted and neglected! I think a son is scarce to be blamed that he takes his mother's part, even if not so wisely as more years than he had might have taught him. A boy is not wise when he is angry, and he was little more than a boy.

So, as the news came pouring in (and for all I heard I knew fifty times more was kept back by Nelson's friends and mine), the long and the short was that I resolved I would know what her true self might be behind the masking beauty; and to that end I set myself to find out what was known of her life — work very little fit for a virtuous woman, but needful. My God, what a blackness met me! There was no vile experience unknown to her. From hand to hand she had gone, until the nephew Greville passed her to the uncle Hamilton, as a pawn for the payment of his debts; and because the dotard wedded her, she was now to be received like an honest woman and put where, by the aid of the profligate Queen of the Two Sicilies, she could flaunt herself in a court and draw more men into her net. A man of the world might laugh and leave her, but my Nelson was never that — he believed like a boy; where he trusted, he trusted entirely. She would play on him as she did on her harp. Indeed, I was horribly afraid, and it made me the sterner, as they temper hot steel with water to make it hard.

I visited the studio of Mr. Romney, and saw her face on many a canvas, the man ranting of her beauty and inspiration, and already unsound in brain as any calm observer might take notice. But, except from him I never heard a good word of her; and once, in company with Mr. Charles Greville,

though he spoke not with me, I heard her name mentioned and saw the summing-up smile he gave to her; and had I known no more than that, it had been sufficient and too much. Finally, when I had gained all I needed, with testimony that fixed it for true, I writ thus to Nelson: —

You commend constantly to my gratitude Lady Hamilton and her husband, and I am in a difficulty, because what service is there done to you that I must not acknowledge with gratitude? But, as you know of old, I am not quick to make friends, though, I hope, faithful when made. I have made enquiry what like is this woman that I must take to my heart, and this is what I learn.

I then plainly set forth her history; for what less was my duty, seeing what I knew, and being informed that Lord St. Vincent and many more were passing jests on his infatuation, though of this I did not speak as yet. I put the truth, however, before him, and ended thus: —

Such a woman you would have forbid me in the old days to take by the hand. Who so strong as yourself condemned the women who make light of light behaviour in their acquaintance? My own Nelson, I entreat you that you would not lay such a command upon me. It is more than flesh and blood, can bear and you yourself would regret it later. You was never wont to encourage such persons about our house and table. I hear great talk and rumours I won't inflict, but believe me I don't write without warrant.

And so concluded with fond talk of home and meeting, and words of his good old father, that trembled only less than me at what reached him of the doings at Naples. More especially the high play. Great God, what I suffered!

I had the misfortune to visit a friend of my Lady Minto's, and thus to hear what her Ladyship writ in a letter

from Palermo, where the Royals and the Hamiltons were now fled from the Revolution in Naples, with Nelson. She writ that Nelson and the Hamiltons lived together in a house he paid for — the money running like water, and the gaming like a gaming-house, and my poor Admiral sitting half-asleep, with heaps of gold before him, and that harpy dipping her hands in the gold without counting, and playing to the tune of five hundred pounds a night, she having the Neapolitan rage for play.

And this I might not have credited, indeed scarcely could, but that the dear Troubridge, his faithful friend, writ a letter to him remonstrating (this I had, with the very words, from a relative of Troubridge's), and my heart was cold as death as I heard.

Pardon me, my Lord; it is my sincere esteem for you that makes me mention it. I know you can have no pleasure in sitting up all night at cards; why then sacrifice your health, your comfort, purse, ease, everything? . . . Your Lordship is a stranger to half that happens or the talk it occasions. I beseech your Lordship to leave off. I wish my pen could tell you my feelings. I am sure you would oblige me. Lady Hamilton's character will suffer. Nothing can prevent people talking.

Lady H.'s character! That could not suffer. It was too sunk already. But Nelson's! I suppose there is not one that reads but would call Troubridge a faithful friend for his pains; but if the miserable wife made any objection, or ventured on warning, — she to whom it was her all, and her utter ruin involved, — then she was cold and harsh to a promising passion that she should take easy and no harm meant! O pitiless world to me and mine!

I saw where I should be, and writ instantly to my husband that I desired of all things to come out and join him — seeing we had been too long

apart. Indeed, for many days I had neither eat nor slept for terror, while half the world envied my Lady Nelson, wife of the greatest man alive. And he was that — and I knew it, and I a poor trembling creature that saw her all slipping from her.

He answered me thus — and I don't doubt she leaned over his shoulder to bring the matter to bear according to her liking: —

You would by February have seen how unpleasant it would have been, had you followed any advice which carried you from England to a wandering sailor. I could, if you had come, *only* have struck my flag and carried you back again; for it would have been impossible to keep up an establishment either at Naples or Palermo.

So I was successless and dare say no more on that head, but asked when I might hope to see him. He writ: —

If I have the happiness to see their Sicilian Majesties safe on the throne again, it is probable I shall still be home in the summer. Good Sir William, Lady H., and myself are the mainsprings of the machine which manages what is going on in this country. We are all bound for England when we can quit our posts with propriety.

Good Heavens! — what had he to do with their Sicilian Majesties and their affairs? 'T was a question many asked besides myself. And 'we'! I was too sick at heart with dreadful alarms to say more, but could only think that opinion at home might reach and move him; for I knew through naval friends to us both that there was anger at the Admiralty that Nelson should so tie himself to a foreign king, more buffoon than king, and a queen who deserved rather a prison than a throne. But what opinion can help a forsaken wife?

'T was about now his father came to me, very sunk in spirits, and to say he

understood that publick and private affairs fretted his son, and his letters revealed his disturbance. I was shook to the heart by the lowness he could not conceal.

‘Fanny, my dear,’ he said, ‘I do not like what I hear. You are aware that Horatio’s heart is susceptible, and ever will be, to the tender passions. It will become you then to receive him with a cordiality that shall evidence his wife’s heart is unalterably his own; and I am much mistook if that will not bind and seal his affections where only they should be fixed.’

I promised with all love and duty, and he continued: —

‘Horatio is still a comparatively young man and you five years younger, and long life and honours lie before you both if you behave at this juncture with conciliatory wisdom. If you consider, my daughter, that you have a right to complain in some points, yet do not exercise it. View your own knowledge of your husband and you will admit me in the right.’

I knew it. Indeed, Nelson could be cruel to those that opposed him. Go with him, and all was sunshine. Go against him, and fierce anger broke out; easy bent, but impossible to break. I resolved to act conformably, bridling and hiding my terrors.

I sent to the Admiralty, to learn at what date and where I should expect him, and prepared to meet him and make a last struggle for him as well as myself, knowing well how deep his reputation was now involved with the loose-behaved wife and the doting husband.

Then came the news that, after all my agonies, all the long waiting, he was decided to make a tour across Europe by Vienna, dragged in their train. I had thought that even for decency he would take the straightest way. But no. And then came word that he en-

joined me not to meet him, but to wait his return in London. Could he not be cruel — if to none other, to his wife? Let the world own there may be spots in the sun.

And still I thought, ‘When I see him — when we are alone!’ Hope dies hard, it would seem. Mine should have been dead and buried by then.

The time came. I saw him. We were alone; and I, who had been used to the volcanic warmth of his affection, was now to know my day done. All his talk was of Lady H.

She was the dearest, most beautiful of women, the most devoted of friends! A queen had sanctified her position abroad; all London would repeat the homage of Naples. Surely I could never have the foolish, ingratul heart to repel one to whom he owed his life and also the glory of the Nile, for ’t was she had procured the ships to be fed and watered, and thus made the battle possible! I would see how the good Queen Charlotte would honour and reward such merits! The country also.

His thin face, all worn with the sea, was flushed and strained as he poured out his story. It was a bitter taste in my mouth then that I had wrote to Yarmouth a polite billet, saying I hoped at some future date to see them at Round Wood. I knew not at that time how utterly I was supplanted. He should not have permitted me to do this.

Good God, what was I to do? I would have fled from the room if possible; but his father’s words rang in my ears, and I resolved to still constrain myself to silence. I believe I am blamed that I could not receive this with enthusiasm, and partake in the acclamation of a woman who had robbed me of my all and made him a jest for the vulgar. I think the wisdom of Solomon had scarcely carried me through.

My nature is a silent one, to my misfortune, and I was silent. At last, I said with gravity that it would not become me wholly to neglect his recommendation of Lady H., and I would therefore meet her and form my own judgment of whether there was like to be mutual politeness betwixt her and me; and meanwhile, I begged not to be hurried, but to wait on events.

He shut his lips and his heart, and made his disappointment very manifest, but presently said the Hamiltons would wait on me next day. Was not this to hurry me? But still I said nothing. I only signified I would await them; and then, having no strength for more, I fell a-trembling with such a seizure of pain about the heart as I was forced to call my maid and go to my bed, and there trembled all night, distracted to think what was best to be done.

When I heard their step on the stair next day I thought I must have dropt — what wonder she could spread to all her party that I was stiff and ill at ease in manners? I own it. The very skin of my face tingled. Is there anything so disconcerting to a wife as to be in company, and know there is a secret understanding betwixt her husband and another? What shall she do?

She was a fine woman, I admit, but inelegant in her address, and full-blown as if with too generous feeding and drinking, which was indeed the case; her colour high but clear, her eyes blue, and auburn hair. But going off. Two years younger than me, but I knew I wore better. Her manners overblown like her figure. Her hands and feet large and coarse.

She stood a breath at the door, in her handsome pelisse, and then ran forward, both hands extended, very red in the face. Frightened, yet bold.

'Do I at last have the felicity to see my dear Lady Nelson — the lady of

our friend of friends. We were Three joined in One, but henceforth it will be Four. Four hearts united to perfection.'

I drew back and curtsied. I could not do more — I felt it disgustingly repulsive. I believe I smiled, however. I saw Nelson's angry eye, but Sir W. H. came forward.

I shall never comprehend — 't is impossible I should — how a man of breeding could endure the woman. She said 'as' when she meant 'has,' and her voice corresponded to the spelling of the letters she favoured me with from Naples. A Wapping Wench's spelling.

I beheld Sir William — a clean-faced old man of aristocratic features and marvelled. How shall a woman ever comprehend? 'T is to be understood men would have such a woman serve them a dram at the tavern, and chuck her under the chin for her good looks. But marriage — or love! Yet I was in presence of both. Her proper sphere was in my kitchen; but here she sat, and Nelson had no eyes but for her, and Sir William the air of expecting my compliments on such beauty and accomplishments. A virtuous woman can't understand such things in men; but the Moll Flanders that was Lady H. — she knows and plays on them like a musician on the forte-piano!

It is very true I showed to little advantage, and so made my own case worse. 'T is the wife's fate in such cases. I must be conscious he compared the mistress to the wife without pity, yet think he should have made allowance for the agitating meeting that all but overcame me. Still, I designed to do all in my power, and sat to listen while, in her loud voice, she flattered my husband to his face and mine in such a manner as I could have wept for rage and shame. 'Great Jove,' she called him, explaining obligingly that his

title of Brontë signified thunder in Latin — Sir W. mildly correcting her to Greek. She told of the fêtes celebrating his victories at Naples, —

‘And ’t was I myself in effigy crowned our hero’s waxen effigy with laurels, my dearest Lady Nelson, in the presence of their Majesties and all the people. The only miss to our immortal triumph was your Ladyship’s absence. ’T was not, for it could not be, worthy of the greatest of men, for never was such a saviour in the world. Her Majesty, Maria Carolina, said to me with her own royal lips, “What can we offer, Emma, that’s not dust beneath his feet? Alexander, Cæsar — what are they beside him? And I vow I don’t think the upstart Corsican worth a snap of my fingers when I think of the immortal Nelson!” Indeed, your Ladyship, her swollen heart would scarce admit her to speak. She ’as a noble sensibility, though it don’t surpass my own and Sir William’s.’

’T was a dose that had been too strong for my husband a few years since. Now he sat all ears and eyes, feasting on every word she spoke. I knew not which way to look. Surely, I thought, Sir William must check her. He sat leaning his chin on his cane, and not a word but this: —

‘Indeed, Lady Hamilton does not overrate the occasion, Madam. It was beyond expression splendid, though far below our invaluable friend’s deserts. I can show your Ladyship an elegant print of Lady Hamilton as Victory. The classical robe was judged to become her. It is the general opinion that she appears to greatest advantage in the dress of Greece or Rome. I have called her my Modern Cameo, and the name is not misjudged, as you’ll allow when you behold her famous Attitudes.’

‘The robe was white and I held a wreath of laurels in my hand,’ she interrupted. ‘The laurels was decorated

with dymonds, with which His Majesty later crowned our glorious hero. He also placed laurel wreaths on Sir William’s head and mine, and we all wore them during the entertainment. Your Ladyship can’t conceive anything more splendid and heart-raising. Was you to have been there you must have died of joy.’

‘Then it is possibly fortunate I was not present’ — The words came before I could restrain them; but indeed I was near dying of shame to see her so puff the incense in his face and he accept it. Can even such glory as his — and there is none, none like it! — be made to appear foolish? I could picture Sir William and the woman flaunting in their laurels, but not him — not my husband. Indeed, I thought us all mad together, so were things reversed from the right. She it was that owned and showed him off to his wife, and me that was but a listener on her suffrance. And to all this Sir W. and Nelson subscribed. I know not which or what bewildered me most. ’T was like seeing things upside down in a looking-glass, enough to make a woman giddy. I felt I could not bear it longer, and should not be present, and half rose.

Sir W., mistaking me, rose also, politely.

‘Pray do not fatigue yourself to rise, your Ladyship. I will bring the print to you.’

And did, laying it in my hand, while she stared, all uneasy smiles. ’T was as he said — a wax effigy of Nelson on a plinth, and she, in a Grecian habit, extending a wreath over his head. The artist had softened the outlines and gracefuled the big hands and feet I noted ere she was five minutes in the room, so that I admit it beautiful. But, oh, when I saw the drawn cheeks, the worn face — the tears blinded me that they should so strip him of dignity. A

woman of bad life to crown him — she the cast-off of many men! And he what he is.

What I experienced then was not selfish; my own soul knows it, if no other. 'T was the passionate desire to rid him of these sponging parasites, even were I never again to see him — that he might stand alone, great and simple as he truly was. But I constrained my lips.

'Indeed, a graceful picture, and the robe becomes her Ladyship —'

'Graceful! Becomes!' cried Nelson. 'These are cold expressions, and worthy only of woman's envy. It's divinely beautiful, and to be crowned by that hand greater honour than the King's crowning. I should have supposed,' he added with bitterness, 'that my wife would be grateful for the distinction. But I was mistook, it seems.'

Indeed I almost despaired. How could anyone compete against her floods of honey. She had spoiled his palate for simple fare. She spoke apart with him while Sir W. addressed me; and his brow then cleared — at her bidding, not for me.

'I must not be hasty, Fanny,' he said. 'It's not every woman has Lady Hamilton's political genius, nor comprehends what my victory of the Nile has accomplished for the world. I am aware I am undervalued in my own country and 't is not singular a woman should share this ignorance —'

I protested, with beating pulses, but he went on, —

'The saviour of Europe is better treated anywhere than in his native land. I could wish never to have set foot —'

She leaned towards him.

'Indeed, you say true, Nelson. Your statue in pure gold should be in every part of London, had I my way, and the Admiralty compelled to salute it, and the niggardly politicians to lick its feet.

Never was so great a soul as yours; and if they don't know it, we'll despise them together — we three.'

By this time the room was going round with me, and I did half believe I must sink where I sat, so much was I made an intruder. I knew not where to look, while she overwhelmed me with loud professions of regard and service. Luckily, the carriage was shortly spoke for, and they went, and he with them.

So of all our meetings — need I record them to myself? At dinner, it was she who helped him, saying she must do it, 'until your Ladyship shall learn his likings'; and in all things, little and great, I was supplanted. Will it be believed that he spent his Christmas with them at Mr. Beckford's palace of Fonthill Abbey, and I left to my melancholy thoughts? And so in everything. When the world blames me as harsh and cold — I ask, was it in my power to seem free and content, and cannot tell. Let the world judge honestly, as it has not yet done of the sad case of an openly forsaken wife.

I had also to endure that my husband's family, his brother, his sisters, betwixt whom and myself there had been kindness, went over to her party in a body, and paid their court in the face of day. They knew how to keep well with the risen sun, and that they might lack their share of his bounties if this was omitted. Only his old father showed me kindness. She and the others nicknamed me and mocked my sorrow. He remained kind.

The night my eyes were finally opened, and that ended all, was at the theatre. My husband had commanded me to be present in publick with the Hamiltons, and I sat, enduring the stares of the fine company. There happened an allusion in the play to a secret birth; and as it was spoke, I saw her redden up and go dead white.

Nelson leaped up, and Sir W., for she swayed aside, and her head fell on the arm of Sir W.’s chair, and she fainted. The two helped her out of the box, and I sat dead still. He did not return, nor did I expect it. I knew now. I understood. After a decent interval I left the play and went home.

I won’t recall my feelings that night, tossed on a sea of despair. What profit to dwell on my sorrow and shame that I had given him no child. That was the hidden sore that had bit into my soul before she came. There are some men — I think not many — that desire a child with as strong a longing as any lonesome woman, and he was so. I would see his eye soften when it fell on the boys of twelve aboard his ship, so proud and strutting with their dirks and gold buttons; and I knew too well why. Never a harsh word to me of it. And he was kind to my boy. He was never harsh until she stole him; but it came out in a thousand ways I could but feel in the inmost veins of my heart. It possessed his spirit and mine, and once I thought to speak of an adoptive child, and dared not raise the sleeping grief.

And now this was upon me! It would make bonds unbreakable betwixt them. I knew it imaginable ’t was not his, for with such a woman what cheat might not be possible; but the thunder of God would be powerless to oppose her if she so told him. One who knew her well said later: —

‘Nelson was infatuated. She could make him believe anything.’

No. I pass over that night.

Next day, I sitting alone, the door opened, and she came in unannounced, as she had done of late. Unbearable, but I had bore it as best I could with much else unbearable.

I rose instantly. Her colour was high and fixed. She had the appearance of having slept ill, which I could credit.

Now I saw her with open eyes, I marvelled I had been so blind.

‘Your Ladyship gives me no invitation to sit,’ she said boldly. ‘If my visit is inconvenient, I’ll do myself the favour later. I come to enquire of your health after the alarm I gave you last night.’

‘Your visit,’ I said, cold as death, ‘is and will be unwelcome. It is what your own conscience should forbid you to inflict upon me.’

We looked at one another a minute. Finally she spoke as a woman of her class must do.

‘If your Ladyship means any slur on me that have been the companion of your betters, speak it out,’ she cried. ‘I don’t know what you hint, but I don’t fear to face it, whatever it is. The bosom friend of a Queen, and an Ambassador myself, I need n’t shun to look any woman in the face, even if she does wear titles she never did a hand’s turn to earn.’

As she spoke, I hardened and took courage. I believe I now dreaded only that Nelson, that Hamilton, should come in before I could speak once for all. It was the locked-up things that ached in me, and I yearned for delivery like a woman in travail.

And first I turned the key in the lock and pocketed it, and she looked at me, furious and trapped. Then I stood with the table betwixt us.

‘Lady Hamilton, before ever my husband returned to England, I knew your character. Did you credit that, because the profligate Queen and Court at Naples did honour to a woman of their own kind, that it would be the same in England, where the decencies are still respected? You are much mistook.’

She choked with rage, interrupting:—

‘What — my Queen. The daughter of emperors! And you dare — a miserable doctor’s widow that Nelson stooped to — to belittle Her Majesty

and her condescension to me. If I was good enough for her, I'm good enough and too good for you.'

'Madam, apart from my own cruel wrongs, one who is not good enough for my virtuous Queen Charlotte is not worthy of my own reception. I decline your acquaintance. She whom my Queen refuses is no fit company for the matronage of England. She sets an example in all things to be followed.'

For it was now known that Sir W. was forced to go to Court alone, the Queen entirely refusing to receive the woman. Indeed, she was livid with passion, to hear this on my lips.

'You had best heed what you say,' she cried, losing all restraint. 'I have it in my power to make Nelson kick you from the house, without a penny but your hoardings to keep you. And I promise you I will, if you insult a woman that saved the fleet for the Nile, and helped your glorious husband to his glory, as he owns daily. You miserable upstart — that dares —'

'Madam, it does not need your admission that, apart from the Service, you rule my husband. That unhappily is known. But you do not rule me.'

'I'll make you crawl to my feet for pardon. I'll have you stript of all but the name he gave you, and with good luck I'll strip you of that, too. You don't know — a dull fool like you — what is the due of one that acts on a great stage with queens and kings and great men. There's nothing between him and me that all the world may n't know, and I glory in. You could not hold him, for you never knew what he was. Don't blame me if you've lost his heart and know its worth too late.'

I grew colder as she hotter. 'T is the effect rage has on me always — it had served me better with him could I have wept and pled.

'I know your secret. I am well aware you'll turn it into a weapon for cutting

the last bond betwixt my husband and me.'

'What secret?'

'One I disgrace not myself to say. Let me be plain with you. I know not only this, but a former secret of the like sort that I had from a cousin of Captain Willet-Payne's.'

She shrieked at the name. 'It's a lie — a lie!'

I closed the window quietly, that her violence be not heard in the street. She made at me like a wild cat — then drew back, glaring, her breath coming and going quick. So we stood what seemed like minutes, and then she fell back into the sofa.

'Go on. I'd best know what you mean. I won't part with him — if that's your price. I'm an innocent woman, but there's a few of us can stand mud-throwing at us without some sticking. What do you want?'

'Only that I may never see you again. And one thing more.'

'I'm sure I have no hankering to see you again; but if you want to see Nelson you'll have to take me along with him, for he'll have no scandal and won't break a friendship as does us both honour. But I don't desire you should carry your tales to him, though he won't so much as hear them if I give the word.'

I said nothing awhile, and she sat there, big, sullen, handsome, with dangerous eyes, but did not frighten me any more. Oh what a fate was mine! A man may face the guns and all applaud his courage; but who values a woman fighting against all odds, desolate, no refuge, her own hearth shut against her. I tried to gather a final strength to end it all and face Nelson's wrath after.

I sat, as I think it must have been, a few minutes, for I had need of silence to recollect myself, for I had still a thing to say and I conceived there

could be no woman so vile but she must hear. She now was as if revolving some hidden thing in her mind — as turning it over and over. And I feared her once more, — I could not say why, — she sat so brooding, and a hid thing in her eyes. Presently she spoke again.

'For my part, I don't see why all this fighting and abusing is needful. There's better ways by far. His Lordship praised you as a wise woman when first I met with him. "A very valuable woman," was his words. Why not be friends? And if not friends, see we have a mutual interest. The way you're going, you'll ruin yourself and drag him in. Why not have a little sense. I'm apt to blow out in a temper, but I cool as quick, and a thought comes in my mind that we're better friends than enemies. I'll not be wanting to my part if you won't neither.

'You're right about my secret, and I can tell you as much as that I'll guard it safe from the world. No fear of that. I now desire your opinion whether you won't do wiser to meet what can't now be helped and turn it to your advantage. If you was to act the part of a friend and acknowledge the child for your own, you would give him a child he loves with passion already, and take his undying love and gratitude, and my faithful service to my life's end. There's no heir to his glorious honours, and 't would give him his heart's desire. Consider of it. Here's your way straight back to your husband's heart, and not a soul the wiser.'

I sat still, listening. Her hands spread out, she continued, as eager as if the first part of our interview had not been.

'Here is us two women that have cause to think of him before ourselves; for look at it as you will, he's the world's hero. This notion of mine will give him comfort and quiet, and he'll never

think of you but to bless you when he sees his own flesh and blood grow up under his own roof. And if you'll come so far to meet me, I'll swear that for the future I'll be no more to him but an honest friend. You won't grudge that much? And indeed this was a thing entirely unforeseen, and —'

She went on, but now I did not hear. Was it a temptation? Could I endure such a situation, if it gave me back his love and confidence? If I be thought even baser than she, I own for the moment it tempted me. My soul had ached for a child, but fate denied it and flung him into another's arms. Should I hate it for her sake, or love it for his? She said true. I knew he would worship that child — and a child is sweet even if found in the gutter. She saw and spoke with frantic eagerness, while the two passions fought in me of love and hatred. She continued, her face working with eagerness: —

'Forget our hatred, and give him the child he'll bless you for with all his heart. If you did this — 't is but to affect a friendship (that we may feel one day if this should be), and you and I go off later to Italy or elsewhere, and the thing is done. Oh, if a son, he'll worship you, or a girl cling close about his heart; and then, with his soul at rest and seeing the babe in your bosom, who's to say he won't forget me except as a friend, and I'll help him to it. And Nelson yours once more and a babe in the house, my dear Ladyship, I'll give you leave to forget the unhappy mother while you go on your way attended by the respect of all. Don't value me in the matter, but think of his Lordship and yourself. Surely Sarah and Rebecca did the like, and took the children of their husbands for their own. Consider of it, I beseech you.'

Much more she said. I was like a

woman drugged. Through her talk I could see my husband — I could hear him: 'Fanny, my angel of forgiveness, my child's more than mother.' I could see a hearth, with a man, a woman, and his child beside it in great contentment.

Then sudden, like the sun bursting from a cloud, the truth. He knew nothing of it. This was a trap — another of her Attitudes — a plot to save herself and lower me to a baseness that, if I accepted, neither he nor any decent person could look upon me more. Why, what should I be? — and if he choose such an offering, what would he be? She had dragged him down in all she could touch, though the spirit in him escaped her and will for ever; but this, if done, would complete her triumph, and never again could he hold up his head with the rest. And if he refused, — and he would, — I had flung myself in the mud in vain, and then indeed he might say, 'Let me be rid of this plotting woman.' No, better loneliness and misery than crime. The secret ways of vice were familiar to her, but I had never trod in them, nor would. Better he should hate and honour me, than love me with a shameful secret for bond betwixt us.

'Madam,' I said, 'I refuse your offer. But not with the rage and scorn I felt awhile ago. It would be impossible to explain to you why this is so, and how you have opened my eyes to another view than my own wretchedness; but so it is. Your proposal, however, leads me up to the last words I shall ever utter to you.'

'Your Ladyship needs but time to consider,' she exclaimed, evidently believing she had made an impression that might be turned to account later.

But I continued calmly: —

'I comprehend your motives, and refuse. But to the mother of Nelson's child, I say one word. His name is, as you justly say, very glorious. You pro-

claim aloud that you value his glory —'

'As you with your blood of ice can't never know. He and I are fire, and you freeze him at every turn.'

'If this intrigue continues, you will cling to him in life and death —'

'In life and death.' she repeated proudly.

— 'as a deadly shame and disgrace. When men speak of his glory, they must remember it clouded. A man can't cut his private life from his public, and he least of all who is so open to slights and griefs. Oh, set him free — have pity on him. Set him free, — not to come back to me: I see that's done for ever, — but to a loneliness that's honourable, and where he can devote his undistracted heart to a love that's more to him than you, or any woman. You know what it is. If you do indeed love him, spare him.'

It had all turned so different from what I meant at the outset. I pleading to her, and after a shocking insult! Oh, what are we but the thistledown blown in the wind and dropt, we know not where — but in strange, strange places. She did not, however, understand me — not at all.

'Is it your meaning,' she said at last, 'that you would have done with him if I promise the same?'

'It is my meaning.'

'My poor Nelson is certainly unfortunate in a wife that loves him so little as she can offer to part with him to gratify her spite, and sever him from one that loves every hair of his head and that he adores. No, Madam, you can't part us at that rate, nor at any other. I was a fool to make the offer I did. You have it not in you to love any man, nor make any sacrifice for him. You'll respect my secret, for you can't ruin your own husband, and it's as much as your position's worth to offend him. Let me tell you you've lost a chance to show yourself a true

woman and wife, and now you can do your worst. I told my poor hero long since that his cold wife did n't know what love is, and I don't need to tell him again what all the world sees now. You think of yourself only. I that you scorn have risked all for him, and you not so much as your little finger. Take your own way, alone in life and death. My generous heart gave you your chance, you cold coward!'

She said much more, but I did not hear. I took the key from my pocket at last. She stretched her hand for it and, unlocking the door, went out without farewell. I sat down and hid my face, weeping for the temptation I had resisted, yet knowing I had with me the right. Does this console a woman?

I tell my story as lame as I lived it.
But I have suffered. God knows it!

The passionate voice in my heart had ceased. The shadows were long and cool. Even the breeze had nearly dropped asleep in the evening calm. I sat musing.

There, by her tomb, in the sunset and its golden calm, it may well seem that, in the cloudland of all the faiths, where the guns of Trafalgar are forgotten and glory is an outworn toy, a very wearied man may dream that all love is reconciled in a divine unity.

And, as I rose to go, the breathing air gathered the faint sweetness of the meadows and laid it upon the unseen Altar.

HAUNTED SOLITUDE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THERE is the solitude of gypsy tents,
Abandoned fires and forgotten graves;
The solitude of clangorous conclaves
Of rocks when night is gray in cerements:
And then the silence death left desolate,
The candle in a stupor, the locked gate.

You, who have broken bread with beauty, know
The lonely grandeur of departed feet;
They pulse against the traffic of the street;
You hear their music through the blinding snow:
The passionate indifference of the dead
To all pursuit, the rich taunt of their tread.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES

BY JOHN STERLING

I

LESS than seventy-five years ago there was no day in the seven so distinctive of the real New England as its Sunday. This, we know, is no longer true. Little enough distinguishes Sunday from any other day in the week. Men work or play, as their mood suggests. Women do the same. Young people live in a whirl of their own, and all of them speed the world over in their cars.

But in New England village life, mingled with the modern, there is, now and then, something of exception. In a few of their old churches, their people, and tradition, still lingers a flavor of the vanished years. Faint though it be, it is an interesting reminder of the last stage of a passing history.

I confess this was in my mind when, on a Sunday morning not long ago, I decided to attend services in the village church and sit in my grandfather's pew. I had to ignore the lure of the world without — its 'green hills and far horizons.' But I knew the compensations of my choice. There is a peculiar charm in the quiet revery, the meditative appraisal of men and things, which is always a part of this hour in the village church.

As I waited on the old porch for the family carriage, I heard far off the tolling of the bell. Deep and melodious, it rose and fell, a splendid overtone to the beauty of the midsummer morning.

But why church-bells in August? you may ask. The reason is simple. The

minister's vacation is not only unknown, it is unneeded and unwanted. Seventy years the old bell has swung above this village of Fairport, but its voice has never been silent because of the minister's vacation.

Summer is the golden time of the year to church and community; for their numbers are increased by many a native son and daughter, who have come back to the old town as one of that vast New England company known as 'summer people.' Colloquially perhaps, they are 'Martin's folks,' or 'Cap'n Dyer's boys,' or 'The Chicago crowd.' Simultaneously, many an old homestead, which has been transformed by its screened porches, stepping-stone paths, and rioting flowerbeds, till it could not be recognized by its ancestral founders themselves, opens its shutters and wakes to life after its long winter silence.

These people went away years ago to make money. Some of them have done so, in varying degrees, even to actual wealth; and although they return with abundant evidence of it, they do not return with a *y* in their Martins and their Carolines. They were named for their grandfathers and grandmothers; and for two generations, at least on the patronymic side of the house, there will be no departure from the literalness of the fact. There is a sane, self-respecting simplicity about them, an unspoiled strain of the old stock, which makes discrimination be-

tween natural change and what they call plain foolishness. It is a reflection of something — would that the gods could cherish it — which belongs with the few and diminishing influences that would still stand between their money-spending, fast-living sons and the high-powered pace of a generation which must start importantly where its fathers left off.

It might be claimed that these people are not in reality Fairport people; that city life has made them what they are. But exception should be taken to this. Intrinsically, they are the product of Fairport and what it stands for. They drew from its earnestness and simplicity, and its universal law of work, especially the latter, an invaluable grasp of *essentials* — realities as distinguished from inclination. They perceived the fact of their own personal accountability, and became mentally adjusted to a balanced existence, which, first of all, eliminated — or, rather, never knew — the pernicious philosophy of getting everything for nothing.

There is a moral discipline in such a life, which subsoils human character to its lasting good. It is always a short road to understanding through denial — through getting rather than receiving. They have rendered, and were willing to render, an equivalent to the world; and that principle and spirit came out of Fairport.

In their present lives the money they have made is, of course, the great determining force. Yet it has issues which fall even more vitally on the succeeding generation than upon their own. Because of a curious blindness, and because the pressure of modern standards so easily force it, that generation is prone to be brought up out of joint with the idea of work. Work is at a discount. They must reap where they have not sown. It is a generation that

has been elaborated rather than developed.

Now there are villages and villages, some of more and some of less importance, as illustrating their own particular part of the many and diverse features of village life. But the two of which I write, one large and the other small, are not composite pictures. They stand as portrayed, and are typical of a large class, which is representative of New England village life. In fact, there is a slow homogeneity creeping over these places, due to the automobile, the telephone, and the farm bureau. There is a closer community of interest throughout a county in these days than existed between adjacent towns twenty-five years ago.

Yet villages have their own psychology as distinguished from that of the country proper or city life. Of course, in certain phases, there are individual variations. As, for instance, there is not precisely the same degree of unity, of placid calm, in most cases, probably, as obtains in this particular Fairport church. Yet one knows that it cannot last indefinitely, or even much longer. In looking into its underlying causes, one realizes that its cohesive element has been the character of the generation which is slowly passing. That has been the foundation, the substratum of its identity, held together by many subtle forces other than its religion — by memories, old association, kindred experiences, joys and sorrows.

Speaking strictly, its religious views have undergone more change than anything else; although, whenever this particular subject threatens to come to the surface with these good folk themselves, it is managed with a gentle, deprecatory dismissal — an attitude alike mysterious and fascinating to the thoughtful observer. Because, although they are not given very much to conscious introspection or other self-

analytical processes, they do know when they have lost such an ancestral possession as hell, or any similar Calvinistic legacy. They do not know when, or where, or the process by which, they lost it. They only know that they have.

But it is in a much more unconscious way that their shyness in admitting such facts has anything of that spirit which, juggling with reason and moral sense, would make a virtue out of holding to the outward form of an orthodoxy whose substance is dead. To an age that demands almost instinctively the facts of knowledge and truth, it is increasingly difficult to square this attitude with one of strict sincerity.

But lack of sincerity has nothing whatever to do with the two churches, one Baptist, the other Unitarian, of Fairport village. Questioned directly, their answer would be plain.

The shifting of the old fundamentals of religion to the new bases of liberal thought and the uncompromising decrees of science, to the exigencies of modern life and truth, is a new interpretation of human destiny and the universe, which is still a word in a foreign tongue to many people. And it is perplexity over the mere fact of the open door in their own little religious world, and the inescapable consequences that it plainly lets in, which give to Fairport its hesitancy and silence. Dismayed that their one ancient point, the absolute and literal authority of their Bible, is to them no longer valid, they are dumb before the realization that all their eternal verities have a new and strange evaluation.

II

I wonder if my reader ever had the privilege of riding to church of a Sunday morning in a family carriage? If his experiences all lie on this side of the

world's transition from carriages to cars, then he has been denied one of the rare pleasures of life; for, in the passing of the horse and carriage, there is almost a national misfortune. One has not the temerity to decry, by ever so little, the great place of the automobile in the present age. I am as dependent on one as anybody. But it has brought a new psychology into the world, and in the bringing has discountenanced and thrust out an old psychology which the heart of the world will never cease to need. There is probably no price to pay; but if there is, humanity will pay it.

Now, leisure goes with a family carriage — time enough. 'Time enough,' you vaguely echo, 'time enough for what?' Well, for most of the things that most of us are missing — time enough for meditation; time enough to rest; time enough to discover the beauty of the world; time to grow a little finer and mellower, to be a little plainer and more moderate and contented.

I do not know the name or species of our carriage. I only know that from the time you step onto its broad guard and sink into its foot-deep old broadcloth upholstery, you have before you a little journey of utter peace and comfort. Black Major, the big handsome old horse, full of years and philosophy, is as unmoved by the passing show of this world as anything still alive can be. Whether it is the oncoming blare of a brass band in front, or honks and wailings in our rear, he jogs heavily along on his own side of the road, too well aware of having charge of his own family to be moved by trivial matters.

It is two miles to the village, through as beautiful a bit of scenery as lies on the Atlantic seaboard. The family Fords and Franklins are parked in dignity under the magnificent pines at the back of the church, and a few grave

steeds keep Major company, as he moves to his own particular tree. This tree has an ingrowing ship's bolt for the looping of his rein, which my sea-captain grandfather placed there forty years ago. In a little while now it will be out of sight, buried in the heart of the pine.

This church is admittedly one of the best pieces of church architecture in the state. White as snow, with dark-shuttered windows of just the right size and position, its tall spire gleaming against the rich darkness of the pines, it is a delight to look upon. Its inset porch is upheld by splendid fluted Doric columns, and the gable and entablature above are of such perfect and suggestive proportions, that, for a moment, one thinks of a pale vision of Athenian maidens passing in ghostly panathenæa across it. Within, restfulness abides. Subdued color and soft light and decorous quiet reign.

It may be said that this church, in the past, was long under a sort of tradition of music. For more than two generations, the town and many surrounding towns were subject to some of the best musical training which it is often the fortune of country people to obtain, in two singing masters and violinists. One was a native American, the other a naturalized foreigner. The former was a native of Fairport, the latter a resident of a neighboring town; and both, by education and natural endowment, past masters of their art.

Young men and women, who in turn became fathers and mothers, and sometimes the children of these children, both in their homes and in the old-time singing school, — a stable institution fifty years ago, — were for years under the instruction of one or the other of these men. It was an age that valued learning of every kind for the old love of learning itself, and that listened with deference and respect to its superiors. Its very spirit of appre-

ciation led it far toward perceiving and acquiring many a finer phase of these men's musical knowledge. Ragtime and jazz had not then descended upon a troubled world, and no high-heeled miss, home with her violin from her first winter's tarrying at some 'school of art,' ever played her little rôle on this country stage. Instead, what they had they intelligently understood, and possessed an insight, at least, into the dignity and beauty of a great art.

So that, as I listened, this Sunday morning, to the little cottage organ played with consummate skill, and to the simple but perfectly rendered music of the service, I wondered if it were not the last faint echo from the lives of the two old masters whose violins have long been mute.

The sermon was that of a man who had never seen the inside of a college or divinity school; who laid down the yard-stick, when in the midst of his forties, because he had a call; and who, at sixty-odd, was preaching, fervently and devoutly, the necessity and efficacy of beliefs, — or of *belief*, — rather than facts, or knowledge, or history, or science, or philosophy, or ethics, or their reasonable application to modern life. That the church has or could have any essential function or secondary office concerning the human race, other than the saving of your soul from eternal perdition, and the worship of God by the prescribed means and methods embodied in the church, is to him the borderland of heresy.

Yet, notwithstanding the strength and sincerity of his own belief, one still feels that, because of some intuition of its need, his attitude is one of defense. The one thing that would give him assurance of having accomplished the greatest life-work would be the keeping of his people 'strong in the faith,' secure from inward questioning, from any toleration of liberal thought

or 'higher criticism,' of which he knows little save the sinister sound of its name. And, with sincerest inward concern, would he save them from Unitarianism.

There is not a shadow of selfishness or jealousy in his motives. Every man is his brother, and he would give of his time, his substance, and his strength, for what he believes is his soul's safety, although proselyting in the narrow sense of the word is not the way of this good man's Christianity. Indeed, there is a mutual tolerance in these two churches, whose overstepping is carefully guarded. Barring the few exceptions which exist always, everywhere, and in everything, there is a refinement of neighborliness and brotherhood throughout the place, which values harmony and peace in the highest.

It is perfectly well known that at two-thirty, a goodly number of the morning's congregation will wend their way to the Unitarian church, to listen to a sermon by a man whose name perhaps is illustrious; for this church has not a settled pastor the year round, being open practically only through the summer months. But its privileges then are sometimes great. But there is entire forgetfulness of this church-going flexibility by the Baptist people themselves, not excepting even the very small number of those still remaining of the original body. As against human fellowship for each other, creeds are thrust into a sort of impersonal background.

This is what, as a whole, I have referred to as the unity, the 'placid calm,' of the Fairport churches, the religious psychology of this particular village.

The minister has been retained for nearly ten years. This is not only because he fills the bill as well as another might, but because, with the few of its more prominent citizens, there is a little

prideful responsibility of running the community properly. And, therefore, so handsome a little church calls for a settled pastor, both for convenience and tradition's sake, and for the general look of things. If there are other reasons, my reader may draw, as I do, his own conclusions.

The minister's salary is five hundred dollars a year, but his manner of life is quite out of proportion to that surprising sum. He lives in his own house, which he has bought since coming there — a home of comfort and attractiveness. He owns his own horse and carriage. His clothes are suitable to his calling. These things, as may be guessed, are the fruits of his earlier life. His business, outside of the ministry, is that of his village farm, his cows and poultry. These yield him his entire living. His five hundred is the surplus of his income.

But as an expression of religious realities, with nine tenths of its congregation, the attendance at this church is a custom only, a Sunday habit. It is a pleasant meeting-place, — Fairport is always cordial, — a restful change from the routine of the other six days, an occasion for the donning of other raiment, and, withal, an opportunity of hearing some form of speaking. It is an interesting phenomenon — the readiness, nay, eagerness, of people outside of the cities, for this 'speaking'; and their denial of the strong meat of thought and truth is all but pathetic, in view of the fact that their minds, given the opportunity, grasp much of the best, in spite of what they often accept with uncritical pleasure in place of it.

But the church, as a church, is not a positive force, it is not vital, it is not convincing. It is a survival, and a steadily diminishing one, plain to the most indifferent, and voiced in the words of one of its old members when he said to me, 'I hate to think of this

church in a few years from now. There will not be a soul to keep it up.' In other words, its membership will be nothing, its present supporters being such only in a social and unclassified sense. During the last decade, one or two children have been accompanied to the river, baptized, and made passive, non-understanding members. The addition of an adult is of rarest occurrence. As the old member foresaw, when the present generation has passed, there seems no source of replacement.

Yet, after all, I question if this will be exactly what will happen. That it will not be kept up in anything remotely like its original form is a foregone conclusion. But as an undenominational, twentieth-century meeting-house, it is an ideal possibility, and may survive as such, for many years to come.

That the world steadily changes, that nothing is exempt from that law, either religious or secular, no more vivid examples as proof could be found than those which present themselves here. The sedate business man, a Westerner, sitting across the aisle from me, was born in Fairport. At intervals of a few years, he visits his native town. In his youth he worked on the home farm. He ploughed and sowed and reaped. He built fences and picked up rocks. He cut the year's firewood in winter. He went to the Grand Banks at eighteen. He taught fall schools before he was twenty-one, walking the ten miles of a winter morning, after his week-end at home, as often as he rode. A diary kept at the age of thirteen, abounds with such entries as these: '— Oct. 5. Ben and I dug potatoes all day in lower field. Good crop. — Oct. 6. Wheeled in wood all day. Heavy frost last night. — Dec. 14. Went to Milton for load of ship timbers. Stayed all night. Brought down eight knees. Very cold. [This was a ride of forty miles in all.] — Dec. 16.

Went to church in A.M. Full house. Evening went to church.'

Never again in Fairport, or any other place that I know, can there be a boyhood like this. Its day is past. The coveted education which this man sought and obtained, although receiving all the parental aid and encouragement possible, he earned himself. Consider, in passing, the education of his son, with its three years of fitting school, four years of college, three years of professional school, with money for every demand of the modern college régime, from clothes to convivialities, and every bill paid by father. But — and here is a sequel too logically a part of things to be omitted — with this difference, the seriousness of purpose, the moral fibre and stability, which it would seem should have been the son's birthright, he utterly lacks. He is mentally brilliant, amiable, generous, handsome, likable, immoral, irresponsible, a free drinker. Though the purpose of this paper is to record rather than to moralize, it is not fair to leave the subject without reminding the reader that the fault is not the son's, but absolutely the upbringing and environment. Too much money and no work.

If, as an illustration of change in two generations, the case seems somewhat extreme, the world has changed quite as much, proportionately, for the man who has remained in his native town, a citizen of Fairport all his life. His boyhood was much like that of the first man. But the old farm, more intelligently worked, has been a reasonably profitable business. The old house has many comforts — a pleasant porch, piped water in the kitchen, a furnace, daily papers, a telephone, a modest car added to the baggage-wagon and the Concord buggy. He sees his grandchildren carried to the town schools by public conveyance, where he himself

walked a mile in zero weather. Those of his own children who have remained near him have widened their earlier education by many books and magazines, and at least a Saturday-night trip to the movie theatre, ten miles away. As he remembers, the magazine habit did not much prevail in the country, forty years ago. He read Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, which in some unaccountable way fell into his hands when he was twenty-one; but it was kept far under the mattress of his bed, out of consideration for the religious principles of his father and mother. Now his family may very likely discuss the evolution of man, of a Sunday morning, at the breakfast-table.

The trip to the theatre is one of the two events of the week. The other is the weekly dance in the Grange hall, being the climax of the social gayety of Fairport and, of all innovations, originally taken the most dubiously by the town fathers and mothers. The patrons of the dance are the younger married people, which lends a sort of chaperonage to the affair; and long before their own children have outgrown their braids and knickerbockers, they consistently take them along and teach them the art.

It must be confessed however, that these dances have brought to Fairport its most undesirable acquaintances. Their 'orchestras' alone are a sin. But they are popular, for they furnish a needed occasion for specific pleasure and relaxation.

The Grange meeting affords a social evening for all ages and classes, while the Grange store and the other two grocery stores are still time-honored places, where the middle-aged fathers foregather on rainy afternoons, to descant on the questions of the hour. The young men are always away somewhere with the family car.

But the village has no clubs or gath-

erings for the pursuit of literary subjects of any sort. There has been even no sewing-circle for years. Its Sunday school is the nearest approach to any organized effort in the line of study. And this might be enough, a source of much intellectual interest, if its reactive questioning could but be met with a little more light, a little application of modern truth and understanding; if, in addition to the study of the Bible, subjects not collateral might be accepted as legitimate material for study inside the walls of a church. One would rather see a class on almost any subject gather in this church on Sunday mornings, than see its fine old doors close against life, the end of its use to the world.

Thus runs the tale of Fairport.

To those who know it best, it must always be distinguished for its sincerity and kindheartedness, its right-mindedness, and good-will to men. It might be a pattern for many a more pretentious but less righteous community.

III

It would be profitable, indeed, if more of the Fairport spirit prevailed in the larger village, including the churches; for the village of Dale has four — Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist, and Methodist, — supposed to stand in its social organization about in the order named, and forming a very considerable part of it.

Now this social organization, or, speaking more concisely, 'Society,' with its big S, in Dale, is not only the difference between Dale and Fairport, but it is the one difference in general between the large and the small village. Fairport has nothing of the sort; in Dale there is little that is not touched by it. It is to be reckoned with in general and in particular, always including the churches. So that to consider it

here, to the exclusion of other points, is to get the clearer view.

In itself, however, its history is not an uninteresting page; for Dale is one of the oldest villages in this part of the state, and its origin held much that was delightful. But it passed — Revolutionary ancestors, titles, Colonial homes and all. There is not, by claim, a D.A.R. in Dale.

Years later Dale began to make money, a good deal of it; and for a generation or two mills hummed and its river raced to the sea bearing fortunes in lumber. Then arose a social order very wise in its own conceit. Monstrosities in architecture took the place of the Colonial homes, when they were not built over; and the ostentatious display of wealth flourished for a season. The Winthrop Joneses became quietly the common citizens, although to this day, every last one of them is stamped, in the poise and charm of his manner, with the hall mark of his old blue blood.

But in its final results it was an unfortunate era for Dale. Its prosperity was only temporary, at least not extending far into the second generation. The mills grew silent, for the sons had learned only how to spend money, not how to run mills; drink and waste-fulness ran riot; and, from good old red-blooded, twelve-hour-a-day stock, nothing of permanence or excellence remained. There was actually but the one proverbial exception.

Then, by accident, Dale began another era, the echoes of which may still be heard, when it awoke one day to find itself possessed of a millionaire. But it was a period not founded on itself. It was not indigenous. There was hardly a drop of real New Englandism in it. It was imported, and arrived complete, with the butler and lady's maid and liveried coachman and colored household personnel.

But Society took a new lease of life. It allied itself assiduously, taking to itself a sort of vicarious foundation, of proportions; for there was not only the money, but there were brains and some fame and a great deal of genuineness. Henceforth, it was epitomized in the uprisings and downsittings of its one great house. But its real identity was lost.

It was a wrong standard from any point of view for Dale; for nobody could afford it, and the town was not large enough for its interests and good-fellowship to be divided. But imitate and pretend it did, to its own foolish enjoyment, but not to the upbuilding of common sense and broadmindedness and the cherishing of old ideals and things worth while in general.

The millionaires were in nowise to blame. They could not help having their wealth or their fame or their way of life. They were sensible and democratic. They accepted the friendships and attentions offered them, in perfect good faith. They scrupulously kept up their own side of every social obligation. They were faultless as citizens, for they were resident during that part of the year when their residence made them citizens.

Through all these years — more than a hundred — in the midst of its ancient elms, stood Dale's oldest and finest church, the Congregational. It is and always has been Society's church, and is always called the 'Orthodox.' Not that it is orthodox — not if by church is meant the people who belong to it, who go to it, who manage it and support it. It is sophisticated — for want of a better word — to the last degree. Individually and collectively, it is fully aware of all its outworn theological ideas. Its distinctive forms and customs are observed with unlimited private reservations, or not observed at all. It defends no precious convictions

or faith for the *faith itself*. Its very oldest male member said to me one Sunday morning, in passing out in the midst of delighted comments on a sermon liberal to the last ditch, 'Oh, we are all Unitarians now'; this being to him the last word in religious limits, rather than knowledge of Unitarianism.

But the old gentleman meant it cheerfully; there was no latent fling in the words. Long life and experience had brought to him reconciliation to what he knew was his own vastly changed outlook; and he knew it also as the index of what had gone on all about him. He had not forsaken his religion, or felt that it had forsaken him. It was simply as he saw things.

But he had, nevertheless, committed a solecism, because such an admission is the one point zealously guarded. Whatever their changes, the result must be regarded as strictly Congregational. Their delight that morning was self-congratulatory over the brilliancy of their minister in preaching such a splendid sermon. Emersonian, they called it, meaning rhetorical. And Emersonian it was, but in quite another sense—the very sense whose truth and power they felt so keenly.

To the wealthiest and most partisan supporter of this church there is, privately, no choice whatever between the creeds and beliefs of these two churches. Yet the partisanship is tense, notwithstanding it is not founded on religious reasons.

There is little to produce envy in the smaller membership, the absence of wealth, the lesser social prestige, the quiet unaggressiveness, and the not always interesting ministers of Dale's Unitarian church. But there is something in its reasonableness, its intellectual sureness, the possiblens of its faith for human beings, and the fine patience with which it pursues its way in the midst of a cold-shouldered com-

munity, which suggests an elemental strength, to which the sister church is not blind. Blind it doubtless must be to the fact that its own house is not in order, that it is not running on the inner force of Christianity; blind to its own coldness, its ideals of exclusiveness, and superiority, and intellectual supremacy, its better-than-thou spirit—the one church of Dale which is never appraised with the faintest touch of fellowship by its own townspeople who are without the pale.

But it can hardly be unaware of certain of the present anomalous conditions of its existence. One of its most dependable spokesmen at parish meetings and times of critical pressure is, on his own word, privately, an absolute unbeliever. Another, a member for forty-five years, said to me six months before her death: 'There is nothing beyond the grave; death ends it all.'

Skepticism is in the air they breathe. As a church, it is not able to teach the end of man acceptably, and it would not dream of teaching his beginning authoritatively. It is not without the enlightenment of truth and science; yet it gets nowhere with it. It seeks no adjustment with truth as it is, because its moral hunger is drugged. Such an adjustment is not popular; the result might be un-Congregational; it is too much trouble to find it, or to get anybody interested in it if it were found.

In spite of the Emersonian sermons, their author had a short pastorate. Whispers concerning these sermons arose from without, difficult for the body politic to explain away. A successor was appointed—a man after their own heart.

Thus the church is left to burn out its light under a bushel, its extinction foredoomed, and well on its way, as is affirmed by its own people.

Perhaps the other greatest difference between the large and small village is,

in briefest terms, the question of beauty, the cultivation of the arts, to use a worn phrase, especially in its more practical aspect, the home. Dale possesses some of much excellence.

Now, the cult of the 'antique' has long had its disciples and wise men in this village. Beautiful Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and Chippendale give the key-note to many a house and room; and one who has evolved to the subtle understanding and admiration of these things knows how satisfying beyond all other household gods they are to possess. But there seems no way of making these correctly beautiful homes an object-lesson to those who spend goodly sums of money to gather a medley of yellow oak and near Davenports and hybrid Morris chairs into their rooms — the great majority of rooms in Dale.

Now, Fairport possesses its own ancestral mahogany, but without any awakened artistic appreciation of it. Grandfather's desk and grandmother's highboy are still doing service in living-room and chamber, cherished because they were belongings of the old folks, and because of their usefulness; and, though they are rarely ever restored externally from the marks of a hundred years of service, they would as rarely be parted with, for the two reasons above named.

But Dale possesses not only all that was its own originally, but all of everybody's else that it can lay hands upon. And there is something fundamentally wrong in the situation, because many of these antiques originally came out of the very homes that are so wrongly furnished.

Here arises a query: is not the person who buys from its uncomprehending owner a fine old piece of mahogany for five dollars, and pays fifteen for having

its surface refinished, — a piece whose market value he knows to be a hundred dollars, and perhaps twice that, and which he may himself eventually sell for that, when he has no more space in his house for another antique, — is not this person a profiteer in the intelligence and happiness of his fellow man?

I know a houseful of such examples, worth thousands of dollars, every one of which was obtained in just this way.

Can there not arise a philanthropy which shall enlighten people against themselves, shall teach them the significance and beauty of their own ancestral possessions, rather than leave them to gather, by a sort of slow accident — or never gather at all — that indefinable understanding and love of them, with its accompanying revelation that money does not represent their value to themselves?

In any case, the initiated have no franchise in appreciation of the beautiful, in learning the good from the bad artistically, against the uninformed. It needs only opportunity and awakening.

The answer always is, they do not want their mahogany, they would rather have the money. But it is a specious argument. The point is, they should be given a chance to want it before it is too late. Then they may do as they please. It is, at least, not then a transaction between a blind man and one who can see.

Dale is not different from other places in this matter. It prevails in every place that ever harbored an antique. And that is the pity of it, because this particular thing might so easily and naturally be made a concrete starting-point for the evolution of beauty in the home — that magic key which unlocks so much else in life.

THE BEHAVIOURISM OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS

BY ELIZABETH A. DREW

SOME years ago, an English weekly paper for ladies was published, called *Hearth and Home*. It was full of good advice on dress, complexion-preservers, invisible toupees, how long to wear mourning for your great-aunt, where to stay abroad in safety, and how to make hashed mutton look like lobster mayonnaise. Every week there was a section headed 'Social Snares, or Trials in Tact'; and here, week after week, the readers of the paper were faced with a problem in conduct and asked to contribute solutions. I remember only two of them.

In one, Mrs. A. makes a first call on Mrs. B.; and on being shown, and shut, into the drawing-room, finds her hostess fast asleep on the sofa. What can Mrs. A. do? In the other, Mrs. A. goes to a dinner-party, and as she is being taken in to dinner, exclaims, 'Oh, dear! I have come without a handkerchief!' Mr. B., who is her partner, immediately says, 'Oh, please allow me to lend you one; I have two.' Mrs. A. accepts gratefully, but on getting home and washing the handkerchief, she finds it full of holes. What can Mrs. A. do?

Prizes were given every few months for the greatest number of correct solutions; but our family soon discovered that invariably the safest answer was, 'Mrs. A. can do nothing.' Very occasionally action of some sort was recommended; but far more often an attitude of wise passiveness was poor Mrs. A.'s only escape from social suicide.

Very different in spirit is a small book picked up for twopence a few

weeks ago in the market of an English provincial town. *Instructions in Etiquette for the Use of All* is its title; published in 1847 for John Butcher, author of the *Scriptural Pronouncing Dictionary*. The book arose from questions asked by the pupils of the authoress at a 'considerable school,' where she was engaged to give instruction in propriety of behaviour; and she hopes that, after a perusal of it, no persons will be at a loss how to conduct themselves in all circumstances.

There is nothing trivial or superficial about its treatment of social problems. The 'How to be a Perfect Gentleman' of to-day is merely practical:—

Do not mop the face with the serviette, but take it between the finger and thumb of both hands, and draw it lightly across the mouth. Should the mouth be too full for speech, lay the finger on the lip and shake the head slowly —

and so on. But here the niceties of table-manners are shown in their proper relation to the moral conduct of life.

Q. If at dinner I am asked what part of a bird or joint I prefer, is it polite to make choice of any part which is esteemed a delicacy?

Ans. Young persons are, in general, from bashfulness or timidity, too apt to use that very common but improper phrase, 'Any part will do, sir,' or 'I have no choice, madam'; when, in fact, they have a preference. From false delicacy, or the ridiculous fear of being thought an epicure, they thus violate Truth, one of the brightest virtues of the human soul. . . . It is not improper,

therefore, to make a choice, though you ought on no account frequently to select the choicest pieces.

Here it almost looks as if the brightest virtue of the human soul is being tampered and compounded with; but the issue in the question of the propriety of shaking hands with gloves on is quite clear.

Ladies are allowed to keep on their gloves, but I should not advise them to avail themselves of the privilege; for friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence.

Although the main subject of the work is etiquette, and the correct behaviour to adopt in special cases, the authoress has outlined for us those general occupations which are most suitable for her pupils on leaving school, together with the reasons for their suitability. Needlework holds the place of honour, and, as she says, has held it 'since the days of Eden, when its humble process was but to unite the fig-leaf'; but the tending of flowers is not without its points too. 'While you eradicate the weeds that deform and the excrescences that endanger them, is there not a perpetual monition uttered of the work to be done in your own hearts?' Or, looking for a moment on the bright side, we find that 'Connected with the nurture of flowers is the delightful study of Botany, which imparts new attractions to the summer sylvan walks, and prompts both to salubrious exercise and scientific research.'

From this we pass naturally to other studies and the importance of serious reading, for 'the casket of memory, though elastic, has bounds, and if surcharged with trifles, the weightier matters will find no fitting place.' History appears to be the best material

to place in the elastic casket, for 'History is replete with moral lessons. The instability of human power, the tyranny of man over his brother, and the painful truth that the great are not always good, mark almost every feature of its annals.'

The subject of occupation for solitude, however, is very soon dismissed, for the all-important topic is that of behaviour among others and toward others. In no circumstances does the heroine of these trials in tact, like Mrs. A., do nothing. She must act at once, but act correctly. Problem after problem presents itself. How should you pass a person whom you meet on the stairs? How ought you to demean yourself when you accost a relation? If you meet an older person, is it proper to speak first? Should the toes be pointed to the ground when you walk? What apology is necessary if I happen to take another person's seat when he is out of the room? How am I to give commands to servants with ease, mildness, and dignity? What is the most graceful position in which to hold a book when reading? One sees the teasing thoughts rising in the young mind that yearns to act with perfect propriety.

If, in company, an elderly person should address me whilst I am answering a question to a younger one . . .

If walking in the garden of a person with whom I am not particularly acquainted, is it proper to help myself to fruit without being first invited to do so?

But, however ensnaring the problem, there is always the right thing to do, and it only has to be known.

Qt. What movement should be made by a lady who meets a person to whom great respect is due: as, for instance, a bishop?

Ans. If she have only to make him a passing salute, it must be by an elegant bend of the body, rather low, and with a

serious countenance, and, in order to make her respect more obvious, she may, if intimate, kiss her hand at the same time. To other gentlemen it is seldom, if ever, proper to kiss the hand. To an intimate friend, you may wave your hand, but should not kiss it, as a young gentleman might possibly put an improper construction upon your politeness. . . . This mode of salutation is never allowable to a gentleman who is not at once much your elder and your very particular friend.

Naturally, the subject of the proper behaviour toward young gentlemen is a fruitful one. It is the only topic with which the talented authoress finds any difficulty. Even she, however, has to confess that no rules of decorum avail with the classes she defines as 'coxcombs' and 'scoundrels': 'for a coxcomb is too full of himself to observe the rules of etiquette, and a scoundrel will break through every rule, to accomplish his design.' *Safety first* is the motto in all affairs of this kind. Never stop and speak to anyone in the street (whether you know him or not). Apart from the risk of finding yourself (helpless) in conversation with a coxcomb or a scoundrel, it is highly improper;

for you attract the attention of all who pass, and expose yourself to their unfavourable remarks, and perhaps even incur their censure. It must always be highly indecorous to stand and hold a conversation in public.

As to the question whether it is permissible to cross the street to speak to a friend on the other side, a point may be stretched in the case of a lady, but it is never consistent with decorum for a lady to do it to a gentleman whose age does not greatly exceed her own.

Here an inexperienced miss inquires innocently: —

If, in a place of worship, I should observe a friend whom I have not seen for a long time, would it be proper to move to him?

And the answer comes with merited severity: —

I should consider it highly improper to greet a person in church; yet, should it be an intimate friend, whom you have not seen for some time, it may be allowable to greet him at the door, but not with vivacity.

As a preventive measure to any such problem arising, it is better to take the authoress's own advice.

For ladies, when attending divine service, I approve those large poke bonnets, inasmuch as they conceal the face, and by confining the view, prevent that distraction of mind which is so unfavourable to the proper performance of religious duties.

In the street or in the drawing-room, the young lady's chief difficulty in deportment, like that of the amateur actress, seems to be the question of what to do with her hands. She keeps coming back to it. First of all, it is when walking that she feels puzzled.

Qt. How should the arms be placed when walking in the street?

Ans. Let them hang gracefully by the side, but not dangling. A lady may place one arm across the waist, the hand being open to receive the other arm if necessary. But the propriety of the position much depends upon the dress. If a scarf is worn, let the end of it flow gently over the arm that is raised.

But that does not go far enough, and the next stumblingblock is: —

Qt. In what position should I hold my hands when in company?

Ans. There are several ways which are equally graceful. You may place both arms across the waist, or, one arm being in that position, the other may hang down easily by the side, or you may place one hand within the other, suffering both to rest upon the lap.

But the question whether you shall let your right arm know what your left arm doeth, or not, is not all. These

elementary instructions are only the preparation for the young lady's most suitable social rôle. In the drawing-room, no less than in church or when bowing to a bishop, vivacity is hardly in place, and the first essential lesson which must be mastered is how to *listen*.

To do this with an appearance of unwearied attention, and as far as possible with an expression of interested feeling on the countenance, is a species of amiable politeness to which all are susceptible. It is peculiarly soothing to men of eminent attainments, and is a kind of delicate deference which the young are bound to pay to their superiors in age.

There is, however, a right and a wrong way to do it, and the demeanor of the perfect listener is by no means an easy feat to master. It must need time and practice to bring it to perfection.

Qt. If in company, a person to whom I owe great deference, accost me, in what position would it be the most graceful, and at the same time the most respectful, to stand?

Ans. Hold your body perfectly upright, but not stiff. Turn a little to the right or left, with the face completely toward him, looking a little over one shoulder, the arms across the waist, the upper hand open, or the hands clasped and hanging down in front: one foot advanced a little. If the person who speaks is giving directions, incline the body and head gracefully forward. Should the individual present anything, keep the body bent until you have received it, and when you leave him, slide smoothly away, sinking at the same time.

How, one wonders, did the pupils at the considerable school go through the

drill necessary to perfect themselves in these evolutions? Perhaps the instructress in decorum impersonated the parts in turn. One day, she would be a bishop walking in the street, while rows of elegantly bended bodies and serious countenances saluted her, and a few intimates combined this with kissing their hands. On another day, she would be a friend, greeted without vivacity at the church-door. Poke-bonneted, with arms not dangling, and scarf flowing with perfect propriety, she would 'move toward' a relation, or a person sitting in a window, or she would personify an elder person whose seat had been taken, or an eminent character being passed on the stairs, while her young charges demeaned themselves duly before her, and slid and sank, and pointed their toes to the ground.

Did she ever represent a servant being commanded with ease, mildness, and dignity (or without), or (we say it with bated breath) did she ever go so far as to impersonate a coxcomb or a scoundrel — or a gentleman on the other side of the street? We shall never know! Enough that she trained her pupils so excellently in listening that they wished to hear her afterward in print; that John Butcher apparently made enough out of the *Scriptural Pronouncing Dictionary* to stand the expenses of printing; that her book went into at least three editions; and that a copy of the third fell to a twopenny stall in Newark market, where it found a modern listener who had no need at all to simulate unwearied attention, or an expression of interested feeling on her countenance!

GERMANY

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

I

'I WAS in Germany two entire months, and liked the people.' So wrote Landor in the year following Waterloo: and extending the period by a month, I can say the same. But let me hasten to add that I was never in my life in a country where I did not like the people. This is not Internationalism; it is simply love of mankind.

Returning travelers have not greatly enlightened us upon the state of affairs in Germany. The ordinary tourist is singularly gifted with lack of observation, and financiers sum up what they see and hear, in some broad generalization.

But we are hungry for particulars. How does a sick nation look? Are the Germans rude to Americans? What do you see in the streets? In the churches and theatres? Are they fat? How's the beer? Do they still love the Kaiser?

I can best answer these natural questions by quotations from a journal, written on the spot, in German, the major portion of which consists in transcription of conversations held in that tongue.

Fresh from the ruins of Montdidier, Noyon, and the bleakness and horror of Verdun, I found myself in Karlsruhe. Immediately my journal became a hodgepodge of nothings: the flood of novel impressions was overwhelming; there was too much to record. The traveler should, we know, be an artist; he should divert himself only with the significant. But was it significant that

the elevator boy in the hotel wore a ring with a coat of arms engraved on it? That the beer was thin? The police polite? And that there was no 'night-life'? What did it signify that the people one saw in the street were extraordinarily grave and extraordinarily quiet? The continental peoples are all grave, compared with our jocose fellow citizens, and especially in their hours of business. What I seemed to observe, however, was not so much seriousness of demeanor, as a certain lethargy and listlessness; complexions inclined to be yellow; men moved slowly, spoke in low tones. The pride of life was not in evidence. What did it mean?

If Karlsruhe resisted definition, Munich was ten times worse. At first sight the exterior of the town was not strikingly altered: the Ludwigstrasse was as bare, broad, and empty as ever; the Theatinerstrasse as crowded; and the crowd looked well-dressed and well-nourished. The town was full of people spending money. Were they Germans, or foreigners? In the theatres it was impossible to get a seat, except for a performance three days later. The expensive hotels, the Vierjahreszeiten and Regina Palast, were jammed. The shop-windows displayed furs, lace, and jewelry, and the restaurants were inconveniently popular. London was drab and dismal in comparison. In Paris nearly every woman wore black. Were these Bavarians then as well-off,

as unconcerned as they seemed to be?

Walking in the Hofgarten, I met Baron X. whom I had known in 1912. He had lost an arm, and a son, in the war — the latter killed by a shell from our American troops. After the agreeably formal salutation which all continental peoples accord you, he replied to a question of mine in regard to the condition of things, that it was very bad, and though I might not see it at first, I would, later. 'And, by the way, your American troops, though they exposed themselves too recklessly, were better soldiers than we had any idea they would be.'

In the Theatinerstrasse I met one whom I shall call Smith, to avoid giving him notoriety. He was a young fellow, with a sterling record in the war, of a kindly disposition, and now on his way to Oberammergau.

'Well,' he said, 'can you beat it?'

'Beat what?'

'Why the Germans! This burg is a riot. It's just one big spend. Where do they acquire the shekels? They say they can't pay the reparations: why, they're rotten with riches!'

Was he right? My other American acquaintances made much the same comment. But then, they spoke no German.

The fact was — and you had only to open your eyes and ears to discover it — that the town was filled with foreigners: Italians, Swedes, Slavs, Czechoslovaks, and, above all, a legion of Americans. Our fellow countrymen are easy to distinguish: they and the English only among the races of the earth wear their hands in their pockets; and our fellow countrymen, only they, bump you as they pass on the sidewalk. Having to report to the 'police,' I questioned the Chief of Police, and he told me that on a day in July there were sixty-seven thousand foreigners in Munich, a town of five hundred thousand.

These were the well-dressed, easy-looking people one encountered, these and the German war-profiteers, who had taken possession of the two famous hotels.

Of this latter class it is difficult to speak without some acerbity. They were loud, coarse, pushing, insolent, and overbearing. To the white-faced, haggard-looking servants of the hotel, their manner — but no, it cannot be described. Had the Revolution taught them nothing? On the very corner where a certain countess had been raped, robbed, and slain, I saw a vulgar-looking woman, sitting in her high-powered car. She was covered with diamonds, and, red with either passion or paint, she was scolding her chauffeur, who stood at attention, coldly indifferent, looking rather like a demi-god; and there she sat, flaunting her riches, and losing her temper — there, at the very corner! — So soon so bold!

II

But one's own riches likewise arrested one's attention. On entering Germany, one became suddenly wealthy. In Paris a dollar was worth two; but once across the Rhine, the rate of exchange staggered belief. Breakfast cost eleven cents, luncheon twenty-three, and for half a dollar you had an excellent dinner of several courses, with a bottle of light wine. In the strictly German and reactionary hotel to which I presently betook myself, I had a large, clean, comfortable room, which cost me twenty cents per day. When it came to buying, your best hat cost a quarter, and a heavy woolen overcoat three dollars. If you tried hard, you could spend two dollars during the twelve hours of a day; but to get rid of a third dollar, cost effort. Things were, at last, as they should be; you had more money than you knew

what to do with, and you were merry with reason. But you were only a millionaire of the moment, for presently prices rose. In September they shot up prodigiously, and at the same time the shop-windows began to look empty of goods. Production had ceased. In the three months of my stay flour rose four hundred per cent, and leather six hundred.

What with this rise of prices, and the blunting of a novel pleasure which follows upon its repetition, one presently acquired a degree of callousness to this new wealth and I observed in myself even a certain sort of meanness setting in. I began to be able to look about me more narrowly, and to ask myself what was the true state of affairs among the actual German population.

In one of the delightful narrow streets which give on the Frauenkirche, I saw a child of seven or eight years, dressed in blue, with russet leather shoes, who seemed to waver in her walk. Presently, she stopped and sank slowly down on the sidewalk. There was no sound, but a decent-looking woman picked the girl up and gave her to a policeman, who carried her in his arms to a drug store. When I asked the woman what ailed the child, she said, with no special feeling: 'It's not had anything to eat.' Odd, that a well-shod and well-dressed little girl should want food!

Later, as I sat in the great Hofbrauhaus, drinking a glass of fairly thin beer, a student of the University and his mother, took their places at the same table. They were people of refinement, and bore the look of quietness I had noted in Karlsruhe. The lad took from his pocket a package and unfolded it, and the two shared the contents — rye-bread and a sliver of cheese; hardly enough for one person. As the lad looked a trifle pale, I asked him when he had last eaten, and he replied at

six that morning. 'We don't have much to eat,' was his after comment.

A week later, I shared as an on-looker in a singular ovation given to a university professor. His friends had gathered to celebrate his departure from the University. As we stood on the sidewalk there came out a young man dressed in workman's clothes, carrying his tools and a nondescript bundle; and my acquaintances at once began to laugh and to congratulate him; for this was the professor. The salary attaching to his professional post not being sufficient for the support of his family, he was joining the industrial class.

On the same day, a certain Lutheran minister, in a small town near Munich, locked the church-door, bade his assembled flock farewell, and walked off into the country to become a farm-laborer.

Now, it is true, all bodily labor is a satisfaction, and to some of us, habituated to its use, a delight: but these two men were leaving the works of the intellect behind them for good and all. They could have no hope of returning to their previous occupations.

These, and a multitude of less unusual events, indicated the true state of things: the middle class, the so-called brain-workers, were being starved out and down into the Industrials — not for a day or a year, but permanently. The clerk, the lawyer, the man of science, the woman with a small income, were betaking themselves to the factory, the forge, or the field. Among these was a poet whose verses I had long known, and a biologist known the world over. At this rate, what was to become of the nation?

The pallor, slowness, quietude, and almost apathy I had observed in Karlsruhe I now saw on the side streets of Munich. Every third or fourth child had boils or blotches on its face; all the children born since the outbreak of

the war were either spindle-shanked, or seemed to suffer from rickets. This could mean only that one class of the townspeople was severely underfed. You could buy diamonds, expensive dinners, and other luxuries at a price too high for any but the profiteer, or the tourist. The motor-cars of exiled kings were for sale and in use, the Royal Arms still visible on them; but, plain, necessary rye-bread was, for most Germans, terribly expensive, and you could not come by a glass of milk save through a doctor's prescription; milk was reserved by law for children in the hospitals.

In this class of brain-workers must be included the families of former army officers. The wives and children of these men were as insufficiently clad and as undernourished as those of the professional class. After eating at their tables, you stole off to a restaurant and ordered a second meal.

III

How about the other classes? I took pains to see something of the industrial workers, especially in the smaller towns, on whose ancient pavements no tourists cast a shadow. The men I met were discontented, even savagely so; but they had work, and were fairly well fed, for I saw them eating. When, later in the fall, factories began to close down, the situation altered for the worse.

But the peasant class contrasted still more strikingly with the mental workers; for food prices were rising, and they had, many of them, saved money, in actual gold, during the earlier years of the war. To-day, I was informed, they had it, not in banks, but in stockings or coffers, hidden in the hay-mow. I spent some time with certain of these small peasant proprietors, working with them by day, and at night eating and drinking with their families. The

supply of eatables and drinkables in their several homes was lavish. In the towns, among those fairly well off, one egg a day was considered an extravagance; cream was never seen; in fact, throughout all Europe, it was the hardest thing to come by at any price. And in Bavaria wine was not drunk, and cheese was eaten sparingly. But at the tables of the farmers a bottle of wine was a matter of course, and on one occasion champagne was drunk. They ate cheese in quantities. I saw a man eat six or eight eggs at one meal and drink all the cream he wanted.

Congenial as I found them, there were signs of demoralization; they showed the effect of this chance-come prosperity by their rude and heartless attitude to the poorer classes in the towns. When these latter came out to the country to market, the peasant refused, as often as not, to sell his goods, and the manner of his refusal was neither pretty nor polite. Why should he sell to these poor devils, when the great hotels, catering to the profiteer and tourist, would give him three times as much? One wishes it were not so; but this peasant piggishness must be put down with the rest.

As experience grew more and more complex, I wondered not a little what the general state of things really was. In Munich, on an evening in September, overhearing three workmen speak of a Communist meeting to take place an hour later, I put on my roughest clothes, found the door, and began to shoulder my way in with the crowd. My card being demanded, I said I had none, but was an American; and, insisting upon this in the English tongue, I pushed my way in with the rest.

It was a roughish crowd, of perhaps fifteen hundred men, in a poorly lit hall, with many standing and much interruption. The speakers spoke to the point, especially the orator in chief.

The Republic as constituted was a shadow, bourgeois, makeshift; inefficient, idle, corrupt. The dictatorship of the Proletariat should take its place.

There was but one question debated while I was in the hall. When should they abolish the Republic? Between speeches, men spoke together in knots, and questions were put me in regard to American democracy. Having heard all I wanted of the Red Sunrise rushing up the political horizon, and neglecting common prudence, I answered plainly, and perhaps shortly, that American democracy was much more than a thousand years old; that it was an ancient, historic phenomenon, based on the temper of a single race, inimitable by other races, and no more to be understood of a class-conscious German proletariat than the Laws of Manu, to which indeed it bore no small resemblance.

I was promptly hustled out of the hall. If I recall the phrase correctly, an Irish orator on a like occasion stated that he was 'ejected with contumely and contusions.'

The following day I was permitted to attend a meeting of professional, military, and other highly educated men, where opinion on the whole was conservative. But here again there was only one subject under debate: 'Shall we wait for the inevitable revolution, or shall we anticipate it? In case the Reds rise, what action shall be taken?'

The general sense of the meeting was that law and order should at any cost be upheld; the Republic sustained; and the revolution dealt with to the best of their ability, when it came about. But no one had a good word for the administration, or the Republic as constituted. On the other hand, there was fiery denunciation of the murderers of Rathenau.

There were eminent men present, and what most impressed me was this

certainly that revolution was to come and must be prepared for. Much was said of the difficulty of putting down possible riots with the means left at their disposal by the Interallied Commission of Control. I was not surprised, for in looking over the barracks of the Landwehr, or country police, I could not fail to observe that the machine-guns, three in number, lacked carriages; that there were no bayonets for the rifles; and that the permitted number of rounds of ammunition was incredibly small. I am told that they hide their weapons of war. I imagine we should do so in like case. But as I write these lines, I see that the English general responsible for the finding out and destruction of concealed weapons of war makes light of any serious concealment.

IV

At the noon hour of a cold September day, I ate my lunch with some ten or more factory hands, on the outskirts of a small town. We sat about on boilers, barrels, and kegs, and discussed the Kaiser, America, Hindenburg, and the Revolution. With one exception they were a genial lot, extremely curious as to America; the best of companions, as indeed their countrymen not infrequently are. The exception, a handsome, burly, sour-looking youngster, silent at first, presently spoke up.

'I don't know who or what you are, but if you're an American, you must be a revolutionist!'

I smiled and told him to go on.

'Well, this Republic we have is nothing; it's no Republic; it's a bourgeois; we're going to kick the guts out of it; and soon too; we [the proletarian industrials] are going to be the governing class, and nobody else is going to have a look in — not your educated kind, nor any other kind. You'll see! Your educated people have made a

nice mess of it. We're done with you, damn you! We workers' — here he showed his hands — 'make the world, and we're going to rule the world.'

As he spoke, I recalled a gray morning of 1913, when I had met a gang of robust-looking workers in the meadows and beechwoods around the monastery of Andechs. Innocent of evil intention, I addressed them in the customary Bavarian phrase; 'Grüss Gott' (God keep you).

Their reply was instant and energetic: 'To Hell with God!'

In the Prinz Regenten Theatre that evening, I sat next to a young and delightfully dandified officer in civilian clothes. Between acts I conversed with the young man, and he presently said this: —

'You find fault with my country because we don't bow our heads in dust and ashes, because we are not repentant. I never heard that your Southern States repented. Did n't they simply accept the fall of the dice? Or did you Northerners compel them to weep in public, and acknowledge their transgressions?'

Before we parted, he said simply and seriously: 'I admire your countrymen, especially for their energetic conservatism. But in foreign affairs you seem to be wanting in good sense. Look at what is now happening. Your government and the English are driving us into the arms of Russia. I loathe Trotsky, but I had rather be a soldier in the Bolshevik army than an economic slave to the French.'

As October drew on, the evidences of suffering were more readily discernible. Women no longer young told me they dreaded the cold of winter more than the gnawing of unsatisfied appetite. Said one lady: 'I lie awake for hours and shiver and cry.'

'I fear we are a people about to be destroyed,' a Lutheran minister was

saying in the course of his sermon. 'I fear we shall go the way Austria has gone. It is sure that we have sinned as a people; let us bow our heads and submit to the suffering God administrators; worship God.'

Calling on my physician, a man eminent in science as well as medicine, and handing him his fee of two dollars, I was pained and embarrassed by the expression of his gratitude, for, on thanking me, he burst into tears. 'If you had not by chance come in,' he said, 'and consulted me, I should not have known where my children's dinner to-morrow would have come from.' And in the course of conversation he told me that he had just been at the death-bed of a patient, a lady of refinement and culture. She had not sent for him, though she had been down with pneumonia for ten days; but when she had lapsed into unconsciousness, her sister had called him in. It was too late. People of her class, he added, can no longer afford a physician; they die without one.

V

But the actual state of well or ill-being, the degree of wealth or poverty in the German Republic, is not to be guessed at by a tourist. I saw only what I saw, and that in South Germany.

They exhibited as much warmth toward the English as you could reasonably expect, since men are not inclined to feel over warmly to a nation which has defeated them in war. Their attitude to America was one of hope for the future; they were extraordinarily solicitous of being understood by us. For the French, as foes in the open field, I heard nothing but plain and high commendation. But the French policy since the war arouses their deepest indignation. The Treaty of Ver-

sailles, the determination — so they put it — of the French government to destroy the German nation, fills them with a passionate hatred of France.

Turning to our own history, we know that the period and process of Reconstruction embittered the South more than the four years of war which preceded it. Must injustice and tyranny follow on every defeat? Is this what is happening in Germany? I am at one with Dean Inge, in the belief that all the nations of Europe must bear, each in its degree, the guilt of the Great Disaster.

The Germans deny that they were the authors of the war; but for them, as once for our Southern brothers, the war is over; they accept their defeat, and they desire, as our Southern brothers once desired, a return to the works and ways of peace; some sort of common understanding; some sort of economic coöperation between nations; they look to time and trade as the great healers; they want peace, but they also want justice; to their minds, the Peace of Versailles is a peace contrived for the ruin of the Teutonic peoples. They may be wrong, but a good deal of the higher English opinion appears to agree with them.

I heard more pacificism talked in Germany than anywhere else in my life. The former Kaiser was spoken of with indignation, his flight with contempt. I met almost no one in any class who wished to restore the Hohenzollerns. Amongst military men the general desire was for a constitutional monarchy, and they looked to England for a model.

Von Kaiserling, the greatest of their present-day thinkers, a man of increasing influence, suggests in his latest book an elected king, with the executive powers of an American president. I have recorded the dissatisfaction with the Republic as constituted, and

this is natural enough. For the administration is weak, and the official chiefs do not embody and represent German character to the Germans themselves. Many Frenchmen regard their Republic in the same way. It irritates them that their political leaders should be men so wanting in the more brilliant and engaging French qualities. But the French Republic survives; the German one may possibly continue to function.

But the question of economic condition, the relative wealth or poverty of Germany, will not down. Are the Germans in bad case, or are they seeking to delude the world. The question goes to the root of the matter, but it is one for men of finance to answer. Our American tourists return in shoals to their native country, and report the Germans to be busy, fat, rubicund, and rude; the exterior of things to be unchanged, and all classes equally prosperous. I did not find it so.

There was everywhere the sign of carelessness, dirt, and decay. Civilians of both sexes wore old and rusty garments; or, because of its cheapness, had adopted the Bavarian peasant costume, with its bright contrast of colors. Apart from profiteers, the people on the street looked either anxious, or sour and embittered, or listless, or abstracted, or in a dull despair. There were respectable persons, persons of refinement, who begged of one. One learned from prelates, physicians, and officials certain facts:

Suicide was on the increase, and abortion, hitherto the most infrequent of crimes, had appeared. The children's hospitals were overcrowded. The children in the towns had very largely ceased to play games, or to play at all. The faces, as the human current swept by you, were gray and bloodless, and none more so than those of the University students.

In September, the children and the aged showed signs of feeling the early cold of north Europe. There was, too, more sourness, more cheating, more surly and ugly rudeness from German to German than, with my previous experience in view, I could have dreamed possible. If you moved among the poor of either sex, you were met at once with the assertion of 'equality'; and throughout the continent, equality is asserted threateningly, and with insult.

VI

The general impression received from three months in South Germany was of a people on short ration, mentally distressed, and living from hand to mouth; a people terribly shattered, terribly demoralized. They were industrious without hope; their moral nature was weakened, their courage undermined, or worn to the point of irritation. Had I hated the Germans when I entered their country, I should have left it with my thirst for vengeance satiated.

I saw nothing of North Germany, where the race is possibly more powerful, more willful, and at the same time more highly industrialized. Let me, therefore, leave any summary of conditions to others, and report upon the one sinister phenomenon that impressed me most — the fall of the middle class.

There was painful evidence of the decay of that class, on all sides. Lawyers were leaving the law, ministers the church. In September I accompanied an eminent man of science to the door of a pawn-shop, where he was to sell his most costly and delicate instruments, expecting to receive for them about one twentieth of what they had cost him. He wanted food for his children; he sold his tools, thus ceasing to function in his chosen profession.

Multiply his case by the thousand, and you have a picture of things as they now are.

The professional class, which creates and sustains civilization, is being rapidly abolished. It needs no Trotzky or Radek to destroy it; the tyranny of circumstance suffices. Owing to the fall of the mark, the rise of prices, and the general dislocation of things, the salaries of these men are not sufficient for their support; and if, in addition to their salary, they were recipients of an income, this is now no longer forthcoming. The scholarship, science, medicine, and art of Central Europe are actually disappearing.

The discoverers of the spectroscope, of the antitoxin for diphtheria; the creators of the Ninth Symphony and the inventors of the higher criticism; a race that produced Kant and Goethe in modern times, and to which the whole of Northern Europe is indebted for the Protestant Reformation; the people that produced Luther, must necessarily perish as a creative force. That is, their civilization will cease to exist. But, civilization once rooted out and gone, cannot be wished back into being. There is a dream among men that this is not so. We think of Civilization as of the Earth or Air: — it cannot conceivably suffer diminution, or be absent, but it must be recalled that modern science and its child, modern civilization, or progress, are not like the Roman state and culture, robust and enduring things, iron and granite, which only time and erosion can destroy: they are as frail as any weed, and yet more frail. For they depend on money; on a class of highly bred human animals with well-trained minds; on a degree of leisure in that class; and on a selfless enthusiasm. Let the educated men and women of a community become hewers of wood and drawers of water — all is over; the thing ends; you have a dark age.

The more prosperous nations must then carry the people which is thus depleted of its mind, as the living tissue carries dead matter. That, in as far as it affects us, the loss is potential and in the future, does not make it any the less a loss.

If the forces now active in Germany continue to play on the social system, her hundred millions of people will cease to function in that state of things we call progress; and it needs no prophet to foresee that we and the whole world must suffer a secret, but actual and progressive impoverishment. The general body of mankind will want what it would have possessed. The mind of man will be so much the less productive of values, and hence there will be that much less of good to share among the peoples of the earth.

VII

A due regard for our own welfare and that of our children should awaken our interest and move us to action. For my own part, I hold no brief for Germany. But neither do I for France. No, not even for England. These romantic enthusiasms for this or that country are out of place in America. A man may prefer Italy to France, or France to Italy; but such private and personal predilections are not a ground for any general policy or action. The only solid ground for such action, the motive which would inspire alike interest and action, should be, not the good of France, or England, not the good of Germany, but the welfare of all Europe; and no enthusiasm less large, less generous, and less prudent than this should satisfy us. What we Americans owe to France or England is not to be underrated. None the less, our general civilization and culture are not derived solely from England, or from France; but from Europe as a whole.

We Americans are the spiritual sons of Europe. Her past is ours, and it is no dead bond which unites us; the relation is living and continuous. Our roots of to-day are in Europe; and unless the sap of her mind and heart feeds American growth, the leaves on our tree of life will wither and fall. This conception is not always altogether relished by some of our people, but it is none the less true that the world is to-day one, and that our connection with Europe is vital in the sense that energy is given and received; and by energy I mean life. If Europe declines, we shall share in the declension. If she is weakened, we shall be. If she falls, we shall stagger; and if we fail to consider her lessening welfare as affecting our own, we shall pay in moral, physical, and intellectual stagnation.

The sum of the matter is that unless Europe prospers, we cannot progress; and unless Germany prospers, Europe cannot prosper; and without her middle class, Germany cannot exist, much less prosper.

The feeling of our people is, no doubt, adverse to our entering into the field of European politics, adverse to our joining the League of Nations as it now is constituted; and I believe that in so feeling our people evince great political wisdom. I see nothing shortsighted, or foolish, or selfish in such an attitude. But, on the other hand, we cannot wash our hands of European affairs, declare ourselves self-supporting, and totally unaffected by the precipitate decline of European civilization. The main question, is, not whether the French have done well and wisely in taking over the coal-fields of the Ruhr, and not whether we shall side with them or the English. The main question for us is whether, in the first place, we think it advisable to sit still and see Germany compelled, forced,

thrown violently by the stupidity and chauvinism of other nations into an alliance with Russia. And, in the second place, whether we feel that we can and ought to permit the *mind* of Germany to decay, her mental activities which support and enforce our own to cease.

I cannot, and do not for an instant, believe that such is the temper and desire of the American people. Men of known probity, of the highest eminence, have spoken, with knowledge of the facts; but our people do not hear them, do not know who they are. Adolf Harnak and Georg Brandes have told us of the abyss into which German science and learning are falling; but their words reach only a very few. We remain without knowledge; and a few of us remain resolved, passionately and blindly resolved, to stamp upon everything German, to continue our hate, our fear, and to destroy and abolish, if we can, everything Teutonic. And yet, already, half France and all England are far from this mood. Already England is on the road to some sort of *modus vivendi*; some sort of good-will, and arrangement to live peaceably together. Certainly, the situation is desperate, and the need immediate and pressing. Delay on our part can only mean the prostration, it may almost be said the annihilation, of all learning, all cultural values, all science, of all that is great and life-giving, not only in Germany, but throughout Central Europe.

But, to heal the sickness of the world there is more needed than loans, or credits, or moratoriums. We must have, and must show confidence in the human

virtue of the human being. Magnanimity to a fallen foe is our tradition, and we have every compelling reason not to break with our own past in that matter. If there is no reconciliation we know what the outcome will be.

The progressive impoverishment of the brain-working class opens up strange vistas and awakens apprehensions that are of the gravest. It is natural to ask, Where will it end? Do all highly educated men sell the tools of their trade, and become hand workers? Or do they sometimes take another course of action, a course honorable to them, possibly, but which if pursued will bring us within measurable distance of the wreck and downfall of European civilization?

On my last night in Munich, I dined opposite a gray-haired man of sixty with a scarred face. As we fell into conversation, he told me his training had been that of an engineer; he had served in the war; was a major-general, retired. There was no work to be had; he was now a clerk in a bank; was studying Russian. A Russian grammar was on the table. Asking why he was learning Russian, I received an answer which caused me grave reflection.

'As things are now going,' he said, 'our only opportunity to rehabilitate ourselves, to get on our feet, — to get on our feet, — to exist at all as a nation, — not to starve, — is some sort of alliance with Russia. I mean to go there, and offer myself as an engineer, and of course an officer in any future war. Yes, we are being driven into the arms of Bolshevism. Of course, I don't like it but I have to support my children.'

BRITAIN'S NEGRO PROBLEM

BY JOHN H. HARRIS

BRITAIN'S Negro problem is limited almost entirely to the African Continent. The territorial responsibility in the whole continent covers about 3,500,000 square miles, equal to the United States of America, including Alaska and Hawaii. Within that area, 40,000,000 Negroes present hundreds of problems, of ever-increasing complexity. It is true that, up to the present time, Great Britain has been spared the odium of racial riots and lynchings; but racial antagonisms are, in some respects, more violent in character, and, in certain areas, are more deep-seated, and the economic effect more widely distributed, than in the American Continent.

But easily the most striking fact is that within the British African territories can be found the most antagonistic policies, with the most diverse results. In one territory, white men own all the land, and the natives none at all; in another territory, the natives own all the land, and the whites can only with difficulty obtain terminable leases; in yet another territory, the natives have the franchise, while, in the adjoining territory, under the same Government, they are denied the vote; in one territory, well-to-do Negroes rejoice in luxurious motor-cars, and travel where they will, while in another region, the Negro may not walk along the footpath; in one area, there are 'Jim Crow' cars; in another, most Negroes ride first-class on the railways. To the student of British Negro problems, there seems little hope of avoiding a great upheaval, with disastrous consequences to Negro and white alike.

I

Britain's most successful efforts are in the Dependencies of West Africa and Basutoland. In the Victorian era, colonial territories under the British Crown were placed in the following categories: (a) Dominions (self-governing); (b) Crown Colonies (annexed territories); (c) Protectorates; and (d) Spheres of Influence. With the absorption of spheres of influence, and other changes, the colonial territories are now grouped under the two *D*'s—Dominions and Dependencies.

The West African Dependencies—Gambia, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, and Nigeria—are occupied by about 17,000,000 Negroes, of whom, only some 5,000,000 are British subjects. These Negroes are intensely loyal to the British Government; they are now quite peaceful, and their affluence has become the wonder of Africans throughout the Continent. It is probable that several hundred Negroes possess regular incomes varying from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a year. I know one of these who made no less than \$200,000 in one year!

The basis of Negro prosperity in British West Africa lies in a recognition of native land-rights, and in the illimitable value of the vegetable products of the primeval forests and the native plantations—chiefly the oil-palm and cocoa. The vegetable oil and wine trade goes back to the time of Pharaoh Necho, whose flotilla journeyed to West Africa for the wine so essential to the embalming of Egypt's holy dead;

doubtless, a good deal also went overland by caravan, but the boat journey was the quicker of the two. This trade started in the pre-Christian era, passed from Egyptian into Phœnician, then Portuguese, later into Spanish, then Dutch, and now into French-American-British hands; the oil and wine from the palm trees, used originally for preserving the dead, now finds its way into margarine and scented soaps, while in cash value it represents about \$50,000,-000 per annum.

First among the trees of Africa is the oil-palm, first in beauty, first in utility, and first in fertility. Queen of forest and plain, the *Elaeis guineensis* fascinates the traveler she so loves to befriend — her graceful fronds, like some fluttering banner, greet him from the hill-top; she stands friendly sentinel on the outskirts of the native village; while her graceful beauty is equaled by her overflowing bounty. Is the traveler athirst and weary? her luxurious foliage gives him shelter, while from her tree-trunk pours forth a draught of foaming wine. Is the traveler without meat? then her nut-oil and palm-cabbage provide a meal fit for a sylvan prince. What will you, merchant, traveler, native? a loin-cloth, a tool, a mat, a roof, a wall, a house, a fortune, or a sylvan picture? These, and more, are to be found in the oil-palm of West Africa; and it is estimated — so numerous and prolific are these palms — that less than five per cent of the harvest is gathered to-day!

The oil-palm of West Africa rears herself in straight cylindrical form, her porous trunk scarred by fallen leaf-bases, to a maximum height of about seventy feet. At the base is the enormous root, resembling a huge cocoanut mat: in tracing out individual roots, they are found to reach thirty-five feet and more from the base. The lofty stem, from thirty to fifty inches in diameter, is

crowned by twenty to thirty leaves ten to fourteen feet long, each leaf carrying scores of leaflets arranged on both sides of its flexible midrib. At the base of these leaves, firmly embedded in the crown, is to be found the source of West African wealth, the bunch of oil-nuts. The nuts, about the size of a walnut, cluster in hundreds, sometimes as many as 2000, round the central cone, and together form a single head of fruit as large as a straw beehive, and weighing well over half a hundredweight.

The kernel of the nut, the size and shape of an almond, gives a white oil, which forms the basis of much of the 'pure Spanish olive oil' of commerce. The kernel is enclosed in a hard shell, not unlike, but much harder than, a peach-stone, which is in turn clothed with a mass of oleaginous fibre, the whole encased in a strong red and black skin. It is from the latter fibre that the railway constructor of the Victorian period obtained his lubricating oil; that the soap merchant of twenty years ago obtained his raw material; that the chemist of ten years ago produced margarine; and from it, in 1916-18, Sir Douglas Haig obtained his high explosives for the battles of Vimy, Passendale, Cambrai, and the 'Drocourt Switch.'

The second main source of Negro wealth in Africa is cocoa. The romance of the West African cocoa industry is now common knowledge, but its magnitude is little recognized. The Gold Coast Colony and Nigeria are the two British cocoa-producing areas, and the Gold Coast is the more remarkable of the two. Export from the Gold Coast began in 1891, with a single bag of beans weighing 80 pounds only; but by 1903 the Colony was tenth on the list of the 23 cocoa-producing countries of the world. In 1906, it was seventh; in 1909, it had crept up to fifth; in 1911, it assumed the world's lead, with 120,-

000,000 pounds, or sufficient to supply over one third of the world's consumption. The total value of the output of cocoa from the Gold Coast alone, for the years 1911 to 1920, was close upon \$200,000,000, the whole of which has been produced by the 1,000,000 Negroes of the territory, as Sir Hugh Clifford, late Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, says.

When it is remembered that cocoa cultivation is, in the Gold Coast and in Ashanti, a purely native industry; that there is hardly an acre of European-owned cocoa-garden in the territories under the administration of this Government — this remarkable achievement of a unique position as a producer of one of the world's great staples assumes, in my opinion, a special value and significance.

The wealth enjoyed by British West Africans during the last decade has been lavishly spent by parents upon the education of their sons and daughters, with the result that each Dependency possesses some hundreds of men of quite exceptional education and ability. How to satisfy the legitimate political and professional aspirations of these Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh sons of Africa is one of the most difficult problems in the territories of West Africa, whose governments are still autocracies. These men already control the legal and medical professions, own and direct the newspapers, and dominate the activity of the mass of the people in all the centres of local government.

In the interior regions, Britain has adopted the method known as indirect rule, namely, that of governing through the chiefs. In none of these West African territories have the natives yet received the franchise; but a beginning is about to be made in three of the principal towns of Nigeria. British West Africa is contented, first, because the natives own the land; secondly,

because there is very little race prejudice; and finally, because considerable effort has been made to meet the demands of the ever-increasing ranks of educated Negroes.

II

British South Africa is, in almost every respect, a violent contrast. The total Negro and Negroid population in Africa, south of the Zambesi River is, approximately, 7,000,000, of whom some 500,000 are half-castes (British-Negro, and Dutch-Negro). In the four provinces of the Union territories — Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State and the Transvaal — race prejudice is much more pronounced than in the adjacent Protectorates of Basutoland, Swaziland, Bechuanaland, and the two Rhodesias (North and South). These territories constitute for Great Britain a problem of such magnitude and grave potential danger that a brief outline of their history and status is essential to any clear grasp of the problem.

From the discovery of the Cape by Diaz, in 1487, until 1795, the territories were dominated by the Dutch. British influence commenced in 1806; the Great South African War closed in 1902; and in 1909 the Union territories, as they are called, became a self-governing Dominion, under the Campbell-Bannerman Act.

The 'color bar' is the major problem of South Africa, and it excites bitterness in three main directions, either of which must, sooner or later, bring South African statesmen to the very position which confronted Abraham Lincoln, when he made his famous speech in June, 1858. South Africa cannot secure permanent peace while she pursues a racial, economic, and political policy, half-slave and half-free. The three racial directions along which South Africa is attempting to

find either salvation, or a *via media* are:
 (a) Land; (b) Industrial Occupations;
 (c) Franchise.

The supreme issue of life to the indigenous African Negro is his land; franchise, cattle, industry, labor, and polygamy each involves its difficulties; but, relatively, land overtops each and all of them. Take from the African his political or personal freedom, take his cattle, or even his wife and children, and he will tolerate the injustice; but touch his land, and he will stake all in battle, no matter what the forces arrayed against him. Take the land, back the robbery with rifles, machine guns, and 'heavies,' and the African will still face the 'bloody music' with primitive spear and bow and arrow. The terrible odds make the struggle hopeless; but, as the African has said so many times in history, 'Take my land, and you take my life'; therefore, he argues, as well lose life by bullet or cannon-shell as by being robbed of land.

The European conception of the commercial ownership of land is totally alien to primitive native thought; a century ago, almost any of the tribes in Africa would have looked upon the sale of tribal lands as an act of the most revolting kind. Land, to the primitive African, is one of three component parts of African social and economic life — sun, water, land, represent to the native mind, not three elements, but a single element, the supreme object of which is the provision of human sustenance. This machinery is so interdependent, that the primitive African would be as horrified at the alienation and sale of land as of water or sun. It thus follows that the ownership of land is nowhere vested in the individual, but in the whole race inhabiting a particular area, while every member of the tribe possesses as much right to the usage of adequate land as he does to the usage of an adequate share of the warmth of

the sun, or to a draught of water from the local spring.

It may be assumed that such tribal ownership precludes immigrant settlers, but it does nothing of the kind. It precludes monopoly, it shuts out self-interest, it is true; but there are adequate means by which any man, no matter of what race, creed, or color, may obtain secure title to occupancy-right of adequate land. The immigrant entering tribal areas would be confronted, not with a question as to what land he requires and at what price, but with the initial question, whether or not he is a fit and proper person to become part of the tribal order. If it is decided that the immigrant is a suitable person to enter the community, the allotment of land follows as naturally as the gift of a wife; for the African believes it to be the first duty of man to multiply and replenish the earth.

Europe and America knew General Botha as a great military leader; South Africa knew him as a great statesman. When General Botha first came to power as the Prime Minister of South Africa, he found land-tenure in the four provinces of the Union in well-nigh hopeless confusion — whites living on native land; natives living on the land of white men, upon every conceivable tenure, just and unjust; natives owning land, and occupying land upon bad tenure, and no tenure at all; native ownership and native occupancy almost everywhere undefined and irregular.

General Botha decided upon a policy of disentangling Negro and white tenures; he marked off large areas on the map, and labeled them black or white according to the density of population. These areas form a sort of irregular checker-board; but there are 40,000,000 acres of black squares, — that is, land which may be occupied only by Negroes, — and 260,000,000

acres of white, or land which may never be leased or sold to Negroes.

The total population of the four provinces within the Union was approximately: —

	<i>Whites</i>	<i>Natives</i>
1890.	620,619	2,577,169
1904.	1,116,806	4,059,018
1911.	1,376,242	4,697,152

(latest available figures)

To these must be added the following populations of the Protectorates under the direct control of the British Government.

	<i>Whites</i>	<i>Colored</i>
Swaziland.	1,000	100,000
Basutoland.	1,000	*400,000
Bechuanaland.	1,500	*200,000
Southern Rhodesia } Northern Rhodesia }	35,000	1,500,000
Total.	38,500	2,200,000

*(Estimated)

Taken together, the total South African population under British rule — and allowing for normal increase since 1911 — must be not less than one and a half million whites, and seven million colored people.

Within the white areas of the Union — Cape Colony, Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal — no colored man may purchase or lease land; within the black areas, no white man may either purchase or lease land; but, in both cases, exceptions may be made by the competent authority. The separation of these areas began in 1916, and only the most optimistic persons anticipate that the process of removing 'interlopers' will be completed before 2016! The system is not 'segregation,' because no additional impediments are put in the way of social, industrial, or commercial contact between the races. This land policy has caused the most intense bitterness, and no little hardship among the Negro races, and has estranged them from the Government more than anything else within the

last fifty years; but this bitter feeling is directed *against the Government*, while the bitterness engendered by the second main source of trouble is directed against the *white trade-unions*.

III

The actual cause of the recent 'Rebellion' in South Africa was the industrial color bar, and it came very near to landing South Africa in civil war. It is no use burying our heads in the sand and assuming that the struggle is ended; far from it; for it has only just begun, and it must go on until South Africa has become wholly slave or wholly free — and the love of gold is the root of all the evil.

Gold, the 'scarlet woman' of the modern financial world, has ruined more men, while at the same time it has made more fortunes for a few individuals, than any other African commodity. The love of gold has been the root of almost every evil thing in Africa; seeking the lands wherein gold was secreted has caused the shedding of rivers of blood; while the gaunt spectres of white men in the phthisis hospitals of 'Jo'burg' tell to-day their own horrible story of the price those must pay who pit, blast, and mine, a mile below the earth's surface, for the precious yellow ore.

To-day the three principal gold-mining areas of Africa are (a) the Gold Coast, with an annual output of about £1,500,000; (b) Southern Rhodesia, with an output of, approximately, £2,500,000 per annum; and (c) the main source of supply, namely, that twenty-eight miles of reef known as the Rand. The Witwatersrand, or 'head of the white waters,' is *banket*, or a conglomerate of pebbles and quartz matrix, and a small percentage of pyrites. The ancient gold-miners of the Zambesi seldom went deeper than 80

to 150 feet for the gold for Solomon's Temple; but present-day miners on the Rand are winning gold at a vertical depth of nearly 5000 feet. The rock-temperature increases appreciably according to depth, and thereby produces an increase of humidity. The amount of air-moisture in these deep-level mines is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the ventilating fan in the 'Village Deep' mine actually removes, in the process of ventilation, 40,000 gallons of water per day!

The mines cannot go much deeper than 5000 feet; and many of them are so nearly worked out that they must soon cease to be a paying proposition. Competent observers declare, and in many cases actually hope, that ten years will see the Rand completely worked out, and that, within twenty years, Johannesburg will fulfill prophecy and be in ruins, buried beneath sand-dumps and prairie grass. But this doleful prophecy should not be taken too literally; for other industries may quite conceivably spring up in this magnificent, if wicked, city at the head of the white waters.

Johannesburg has been a generous giver of gold; for since she started in 1884, with a gold output of only £10,000, civilization has received from beneath her surface over £600,000,000 sterling. In the first decade, 1884-94, the output rose from £10,000 to £7,667,000; from 1894 to 1904, £7,667,000 to £16,028,000; from 1904 to 1914, £16,028,000 to £35,656,000 per annum. For the last five years, the figures have shown only a slight increase, the total output varying from thirty-six million to thirty-nine millions sterling per annum.

It is said that the total output of gold from the South African mines has never yet reached the amount of capital sunk in winning it; this seems quite possible, when it is remembered that,

following the gold-boom flotation, only some twenty out of five hundred registered companies were able to pay their way. Gold-winning is the backbone of the economic situation in South Africa. If the whole of the gold-bearing regions are included, the total number of laborers employed is about 15,000 white men, and 250,000 Negroes; but it is officially estimated that those who depend directly and indirectly upon gold-winning exceed 250,000 whites, and 1,000,000 Negroes.

The Negro worker is paid about £30 per annum, with board and lodging; the white worker receives from £400 per annum up; but the white labor-unions will not allow the Negro workers to engage in any skilled or semi-skilled tasks, of which there are, all told, some fifteen to twenty from which the native is barred by color (the same 'bar' is applied to half-castes). The Negro worker, therefore, is restricted to the position of a hewer of wood and drawer of water. For nearly thirty years the Negro workers have acquiesced in this situation; but with the rapid advance of education has come a sense of power, and a knowledge that, given adequate organization, the Negro can break the fetters fastened upon him by white labor. The attempt of the Negro to rise in the industrial scale has recently received powerful stimulus from a quite unexpected quarter, namely, the effect of the war on the gold market, which means that, unless the color bar is abolished, a large number of the gold mines will be ruined.

The normal price of gold is about 85 shillings per ounce; and at that price, most of the South African mines were able to produce gold at a profit *prior to 1914*. During the war Messrs. Rothschild entered into an agreement, whereby they were able to operate a kind of monopoly, and thereby to obtain a substantial premium on the sale of gold

ore—at one time as much as twenty shillings per ounce. But during the years 1914–19, the cost of production rose rapidly, and was only met by the gold premium. The rise in cost is shown in the following figures of milled rock:—

	1914	1919
	s. d.	s. d.
European salaries per ton milled	5 1	7 1
Negro wages “ “	3 9	4 2
Stores “ “	5 5	7 10
Machine Stopping “ “	80 6	92 5

But this was not all; for, as costs rose, production per man rapidly declined. In 1920 the price of gold began to drop; but costs remained, and still remain, at a level which threatens the gold industry all along the reef. It must be borne in mind that geological formations frequently compel profit-making mines to ‘carry on their backs’ neighboring mines which would otherwise be closed down; to stop the working of one mine might lead to the flooding of others.

What then is the bearing of the color bar on this economic situation? The white labor unions rigidly reserve to themselves all the skilled tasks; but, in addition to this, they are also adamant on an eight-hour day. The skilled miners must descend the mines first, to see that everything is in order; this operation takes one hour. At the close of the day, the skilled workers must remain below to see that everything (machinery, explosives, and so forth) is left in order; this takes another hour. This six-hour working day means, in practice, that the great mass of unskilled laborers (250,000 men) can work only within a circumference which, statistics show, averages twenty-five and one half hours a week for the Negro workers.

These are the admitted facts; government, mine-owners, and Negro laborers are demanding that the color bar shall go, and that the Negro workers shall be allowed to rise in the industrial

scale according to proved capacity. The white unions admit the fact that, owing to the cost of production, gold cannot be sold at a profit; but they demand a government subsidy to assist the industry; upon no consideration whatever will they consent to the abolition of the color bar; better the ruin of the mines, they say, than that the Negro should be allowed to rise to the industrial level of the white man.

It was the foregoing situation which produced the revolution of March last. The mines were confronted with the refusal of General Smuts to consider a subsidy, and with the refusal of the white unions to consider any change in their hours of labor, or the modification of the color bar. The progressive fall in the price of gold forced the mine-owners to demand a modification of the bar, in order that, what they called unskilled work (but what the unions called skilled tasks) should be done by natives. The response was electric! The white unions raised the cry of blackleg labor, and took as their slogan ‘A White South Africa’; the Dutch white population was stirred throughout South Africa, and there is evidence that the ‘Nationalist’ Dutch of the Orange Free State had entered into some kind of agreement with the white revolutionaries. The extent to which passion against the Negro was roused is evidenced by the speeches of two Dutch clergymen.

The Reverend Mr. Oosthuizen, addressing an audience of two thousand at Brakpan said that their forefathers had fought for a white South Africa, but on the 15th of December, the Chamber of Mines had declared there should be a Black South Africa.

The Reverend Mr. Hattingh, speaking in the Town Hall, Johannesburg, said:—

The Government is prepared to do only what the Chamber of Mines told them. In

order to fill their pockets, the Chamber of Mines are murdering the workers; if the color bar is abolished, the souls as well as the bodies of the workers will be murdered, and the authority of the white race in South Africa come to an end.

The revolutionary strike began on March 1. The white mine-workers organized themselves into military commandoes, and at once attacked the City Deep Mines. On March 3 they blew up houses, and shot police; three days later, they began shooting in-offensive natives, blowing up railways and bridges, and cutting off water and light; and by March 10 had done an enormous amount of damage. The total casualties of the police and government forces was 291, and of the revolutionaries 396; but this figure included many perfectly innocent civilians, shot either by accident, or in cold blood.

The leaders of the rising made no secret of their position; they gloried in the name of revolutionaries; they advocated the color bar for the Negro, and liberty for the white labor; they preached violence and bloodshed; they invited their followers to assassinate Smuts and shoot government officials and police; they boldly proclaimed their adhesion to the Third International, and acknowledged Lenin and Karl Marx as their teachers. There can be no question that, had the revolution, as it was called, succeeded, a racial conflict would have developed involving the whole of South Africa in civil war!

It is too early yet to say what the results will be of this first conflict arising from the color bar. One thing only is clear, namely, that the root cause of the trouble remains; nothing has been settled, and South Africa, in the industrial sphere, is still 'half-slave and half-free.' This is the greatest and, potentially, the most dangerous of Britain's Negro problems!

IV

To the problems of land, and the color bar in industry, South Africa adds a third, namely, Franchise. The natives of the Transvaal and Natal are not one whit behind those of Cape Colony in education, while they are far in advance of the Matabele and Mashona natives of Rhodesia; yet the 2,000,000 colored people of the Cape, and the 1,000,000 natives of South Rhodesia possess the franchise upon a simple qualification of elementary writing and spelling, and the possession of property to the value of \$500, or an income of \$200 to \$500 per annum!

This situation leads to grotesque complications. All along the boundary lines where villages are bisected, half the population is enfranchised and the other half is denied the vote; and many stories are told of politicians wooing the wrong half of native villages. In South Rhodesia only some fifty Negroes have yet qualified for the vote; whereas it is estimated that the colored vote in Cape Colony could control no less than ten seats; the fact that only one member is believed to be returned to the South African Parliament by the colored votes demonstrates that, for the present at any rate, the South African Negro is far more interested in the struggle for his land rights and the abolition of the color bar in industry than he is in the franchise.

V

It is almost correct to say that Great Britain has no serious Negro problem in the East African territories; but this is only because the natives of these territories are far less advanced than those either in South Africa or West Africa. The natives in East Africa are where those of South Africa were something like a century ago; that is to say, the whites are 'getting a grip' on the

land whenever they can, although the governments are alert and are protecting the Negroes by earmarking huge reserves for their exclusive occupation. The total areas and population in East Africa under British control are as follows:—

	<i>Area in Square miles</i>	<i>White Popu- lation</i>	<i>Colored Popula- tion</i>
East Africa and			
Uganda	318,000	25,000	7,500,000
Nyasaland	43,608	600	1,000,000
Total	361,608	25,600	8,500,000

Britain also holds the mandate for the larger part of the mandated area of the late German Protectorate, now known as the Tanganyika Territory, which covers an area of nearly 300,000 square miles, occupied by a population of 4,000,000. Belgium holds the mandate for the relatively small territories of Ruanda and Urundi; and these are so densely populated (which is the thing that matters most in African territory) that there are almost as many people in these little sultanates as in the huge area allotted under mandate to Great Britain, namely, 3,500,000.

Thus, Great Britain controls, *next to France*, the largest area of African territory; and the nursery rhyme of the 'Old Woman Who lived in a Shoe' is absolutely applicable to her problems: for, not only has she so many Negro children, but their needs are so various, and their clamor so insistent, that Mother Britain would very much like to 'Whip them all soundly and send them to bed'!

The struggle over the color bar in South Africa is unique because it alone is dangerous; for, unless solved, it must lead to civil war. The problem of land settlement, which is the next most urgent of Britain's Negro problems, is being worked out along two main lines. In those areas where white men can live only temporarily, the aim is to

keep as much land as possible under the control of the native, and as little as possible under that of the whites. In those areas where white domestic life is possible,—that is, where the whites can colonize an area,—the policy is that of earmarking large sections of the land for exclusive occupation by the natives, and at the same time placing white colonists on the healthier highlands.

But newer problems are beginning to clamor for solution, and of these, alcohol-franchise and self-government are two which demand attention with ever-increasing insistence. It is easy for European and American statesmen to forgather at Brussels and St.-Germain, and pass treaties and conventions for limiting the consumption of strong drink by the Negro; but how to do it in practice defies the wit of man. France and Portugal will on no account refrain from sending in their light wines and brandies; the British trader and official, even if willing to shut out the cheap brands of whisky, gin, and rum which the native drinks, will not deny himself the daily nips of 'Johnnie Walker'—and the native can then 'teef 'em.' Again, the laws of the colonies may deny the sale of alcohol to 'natives,' which at once presents the conundrum, 'What is a native.' One colony has no less than fourteen legal definitions of a native, and still these fourteen fail to include the whole Negro population.

Finally, when all schemes of statesmen in Europe are perfected; when all the 'barbed-wire entanglements and fences' have been erected by local governments; when the merchant and trader has been chastened by huge fines, there still remains that wily Negro 'in the bush,' with his ingenious little pot still pouring out the liquid with which to petrify the liver of his fellow Negro; and always growing, always spreading, are those millions of

palm trees which pour forth their foaming liquid, which, by a suitable process and the aid of a tropical sun, will turn palm-wine into a kind of hell-fire drink! Those who want to keep the African from drinking something other than his disease-infected waters have a task that would break the heart of the most optimistic pussyfoot in the universe!

VI

The major Negro problem, after all, is that of franchise and self-government. Great Britain prides herself, and not without reason, over the Basutoland experiment. Basutoland is a tiny little state, — the Switzerland of South Africa, — measuring only 10,000 square miles, and occupied by 400,000 of quite the most virile and advanced natives south of the Equator. This little state rests under the shadow of the Drakensburg range of mountains, and its borders rest on Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. The Basutos owe their unique position to their great ruler, the late King Moshesh, easily the greatest Negro statesman that South Africa has produced. Basutoland was annexed by Britain at the request of Moshesh, and stands alone in the fact that it was later disannexed, and is now governed by a native Parliament, or Pitso, guided by English advisers.

The Basutoland government levies its own taxes, and, in fact, performs all the functions of a modern administration. White men are permitted to visit Basutoland, and, in some cases, to reside within the territory; but none may own land. The measure of success attending this experiment may be adduced from three facts, each of a totally different order from the others:—(a) the population has increased within one hundred years from 40,000 to 400,000, and at least 50,000 Basutos go out every year to fill various posi-

tions in different parts of South Africa (of course, there is also an inward movement); (b) the Basutos show their interest in education by taxing their people for educational purposes more heavily than any other province in South Africa, as the following figures demonstrate: Cape Colony spends \$3.50 *per capita*, Natal nearly \$4, the Transvaal \$4.50, Orange Free State \$2, Basutoland \$5; (c) Basutoland, alone among African governments, not only has no national debt, but has lent her budget surpluses to every other government in South Africa. The political future of Basutoland has yet to be decided; her people are resolutely set against entering the Union of South Africa, and Great Britain is as resolutely determined not to annex the country. Is this little self-governing country destined to fill a niche in some future league of nations?

The mandated areas present an entirely new set of problems. These territories are vested in no one power, but in a group of powers, including, of course, the United States. For three years the problem of the status of the natives has been under discussion, and it seems, at last, to be decided that they are citizens of no country at all, but the 'protected wards' of the mandatory powers.

A curious little dilemma has now been disclosed in the late German Southwest Protectorate, where a well-established little republic is claiming the right to 'contract out' of the mandatory system. The existence of this republic and its romantic history were unknown to South Africa until quite recently, and were brought to light only by a chance visit made by Senator Schreiner and some twenty members of the South African Parliament. This Republic of Rehoboth, as it is called, was, apparently, founded about fifty years ago by a company of bas-

tard, or half-caste, people, who determined to trek away from South Africa, and put some hundreds of miles of desert land between themselves and their white oppressors. The Bastards appear to have been Christians, and began their trek in small companies, in order to avoid difficulty over the water-holes in the desert. At one part of the journey they settled down for a whole year, in order to grow sufficient mealies to maintain supplies for the second half of the journey.

In due course, the entire community reached, and settled down in, a fertile district, which they called Rehoboth, presumably because they had reached a land of 'wide spaces.' Here they multiplied, grew prosperous, and founded a modern city and state, with its own Parliament and statute-book. In 1885, the white races again got into touch with them; and this time it was Germany, and the redoubtable William Hohenzollern. The Kaiser was quite fair to the Bastards; he recognized by treaty their national existence; he recognized their Parliament and the laws passed by the Republic; and, finally, he accepted their claim to continue the British nationality they had adopted; and all went well until the outbreak of the Great War.

In 1914, the total adult population was about 5000 souls; the president of the Republic was also the commander-in-chief. In August, 1914, the President, Van Wyk, informed Germany that he and his burghers would remain neutral — a position accepted by both sides; but in April, 1915, Colonel Francke demanded that the Rehoboth Parliament should assume the care of British prisoners. This demand was stoutly resisted by Rehoboth, and in the end, an ultimatum, which led to war, was sent to President Van Wyk.

The first German attack was made on April 18, 1915, and Captain Van

Wyk retreated with his force to a position six miles from Rehoboth, where he received a formal declaration of war. This was followed by an action, in which Van Wyk suffered some loss; and he withdrew his burgher force farther into the mountain region, pending the calling-up of every available man. In this retreat, the Rehoboth burghers suffered considerable loss, their villages were burned, their cattle raided, and many of their women, children, and sick were carried away. They also lost nearly £4,000 worth of span oxen, and over 4,000 head of stock; while at Tubiras, a supply column was ambushed, and lost over forty wagons, and a number of women and children. By this time Van Wyk had mobilized his 2000 fighting men. They struggled on for a time against a better-armed force, and, in fact, inflicted a heavy defeat upon the Germans at a place called Koenorp, capturing a large part of their supplies and equipment.

Now occurred two of the most dramatic incidents in the whole story, showing how sheer brutality involved the Germans in complete defeat. After the reverse at Koenorp, the German troops were reinforced by 500 men with maxims and field guns, which apparently involved the weakening of the defense of Gibeon, a strategic town in German Southwest. Captain Van Wyk at once withdrew his entire force to a strong mountain position, and at the same time hid the women and children of his men in caves. The German command now made a fatal error: instead of at once wiping their opponents out of existence, they delayed attack for one day, in order to vent their anger upon the valiant Rehoboth captain by despatching a large part of their force to destroy his farm. This they did, killing his three children, — two boys and a girl, — his aunt of seventy, and an insane brother. Two boys, of six-

teen and four years, the latter in his mother's arms, were also killed, and then such property as could not be carried off they burned.

Having spent a day in this orgy, they returned and made the final attack. The battle began at seven o'clock in the morning, and Van Wyk's little band was soon reduced by thirty-three. Ammunition was running short, and every man was ordered to fire only when absolutely necessary. Toward nightfall, almost the last cartridge had been spent, and the German troops were raining shot and shell upon the defenders and their stronghold.

Darkness stopped the battle, and when morning dawned, President Van Wyk, surrounded by the members of his Volksraad, saw nothing before them but annihilation. These courageous men saw that the end was not far off, and that the German commander, in a few hours, could easily overwhelm them. But those precious hours, wasted the day before in an orgy of arson and murder, were gone beyond recall; while, unknown to the German commander at the time, and unknown, of course, to the beleaguered Van Wyk and his faithful followers, unknown, indeed, to either of the human agents, Nemesis, like a whirlwind, was coming from the East. With sunrise, a fatal message reached the German command: General Mackenzie, with mounted

troops and horse artillery, was galloping hard across the veldt for Gibeon. Too late now to destroy the people of Rehoboth, too late even to return and defend Gibeon; having barely time to escape with their lives, the German force, baulked of the prey that they had in the hollow of their hands, now lost no time in retreat, lest they should be cut off and surrounded by General Mackenzie. The beleaguered burghers of Rehoboth, saved in the nick of time from annihilation, returned to bury their dead, and rebuild their farms.

This Republic of Rehoboth is now claiming the right to come into direct contact with the League of Nations, either as a self-governing state, or under Great Britain; like Basutoland, the burghers of Rehoboth prefer any solution other than that of coming again under the control of what is now the Union of South Africa.

The problems of the Negro and Negroid races of British Africa awaiting solution will tax British statecraft to the uttermost. The United States of America has a pretty big task, with 15,000,000 Negroes; but Great Britain has responsibility for almost as many as she has white subjects in the British Isles. A generation ago, Negro problems could wait years for a solution; to-day, time presses if danger in half a dozen directions is to be averted.

EUROPE VERSUS ASIA

A CHAPTER IN MANDATES

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

EAST is East and West — I need not complete the quotation. Indeed, I quote it only to be able to refer to Professor Hurgonje's remark which it elicited: 'To me, with regard to the Moslem world, these words seem almost a blasphemy.' Blasphemy or not, they remain a complete expression of the political philosophy which has guided the powers of Europe in their dealings with Islam. And if the battle-cries of history change, the struggle endures. The clash of the forces which can be conveniently summed up in the formula *Asia vs. Europe* is not only of yesterday or to-day. Many rounds have been fought; many more may be to come.

Let me not, however, be thought to indulge in vague and facile generalization. Asia, on analysis, becomes a congeries of uncoördinated elements. What common ground is there between an Armenian trader and a Brahman priest? Or a Turkish officer and a Chinese gentleman? But far be it from me to deal in continents. The narrower field of Islam is too wide for my purpose, which is to investigate the attitude of the Arabs of Asia toward the mandatory system.

I do not wish to exaggerate the antithesis between Islam and Christianity. At the basis of Mohammedan canon law lies the identification of

right and might on which the political practice of modern Christian states has been built. On the other hand, it would be idle to deny a cleavage stretching back through the Crusades, Byzantium, Rome, and Alexander the Great, to the dawn of history. Neither Europe nor Asia has been able to leave the other alone. As one or another has enjoyed the ascendancy, so the chapters have been written. It is a long tale of blood and tears, of slaughter, rapine, and destruction. Clio has wallowed in sensationalism in the telling of it.

If, unfortunately, there is nothing sensational in the small portion of the chapter I am touching on, we are aware all the time of an under-swell which tells us that we are on no land-locked sea. Or, to change the metaphor, the *basso ostinato* that persists throughout reminds us that Islam has come into the ring for the next round, determined that England, France, and other countries governing Mohammedan subjects must renounce their imperialist ambitions. Hence the experiment of the mandatory system as applied to the Arabs, who inhabit what we may call the motherlands of Islam, stands out as a vivid episode in the greatest of human stories. It has been an attempt to reconcile the identification of might and right with a demo-

cratic phraseology, which abhors, just as does Professor Hurgronje in the narrower field of Semitic religions, any profound differentiation in the aptitudes of Western and Eastern peoples.

The subject is brimful of interest, especially to Americans. Apart from the glamour surrounding the race that produced Harun-al-Rashid and the soldans and knights of Arab chivalry, Americans must remember that their college at Beirut has helped to educate and train the intelligentsia of the Arab peoples. From its halls many of the contemporary Arab leaders have been graduated. Until the Great War, it was the most influential of the Western educational institutions in the Levant, and its sons, not a few of whom found a prosperous exile in Egypt, spread those notions of freedom and independence which have inspired the Arab nationalist movement. They did more than any others to re-create the ideal of the solidarity of the populations of the Arab provinces.

We shall miss the essentials of the problem if we do not bear in mind that this ideal of Arab unity governs all its aspects. Europeans who know the Arabian Middle-East are often found to scoff at Pan-Arab pretensions, and to regard it as preposterous that the Syrians, Mesopotamians, and Palestinians can ever be brought within the confines of one all-embracing Arab state. Talk to an Arab statesman, and you will find that he considers this as the only guaranty of national existence. Divided, the Arabs can never emerge from their state of tribal weakness; they must fall a prey to the enemies who surround them. It is a truism to assert that Syria, Palestine, and Iraq — which is the Arab name for Mesopotamia — are economically and racially one, and as homogeneous as the United States, or Great Britain. Everywhere, from the Mediterranean to the

Persian Gulf, Arabic is the mother-tongue and Islam the predominant religion. Christians, Druses, and Jews form influential minorities in certain parts, but the younger force of nationality has tended to soften mutual sectarian animosities. To-day Moslems and Christians are grouped together. 'We are all Arabs,' is the catchword.

Consider how the exigencies of trade alone make for unity. Damascus has been the age-long port of the caravan routes to the Euphrates and Arabia. Did not the Prophet himself consider it the 'earthly paradise,' and dared not trust himself to tarry in its shade? Now, as then, it is the emporium for Syria, Palestine, and the desert countries. Aleppo is another Basra, through which the produce of Mesopotamia must pass on its journey westward. To cement these economic and social ties there are the traditions of a common Arab history, in which Baghdad and Damascus have been brilliant and rival sister cities. And above all other considerations there has been the common religious allegiance to Mecca and Medina, the birth-place and burial-place of the Prophet.

When we hear to-day of the pro-Turkish sympathies of the Arabs, we must remember that under the Turkish régime the sentiment and, indeed, the fact of unity was maintained. Then at least the Arabs, if not free, were all under the same master. Very different is the situation now, when Damascus is cut off from the south, and Haifa, its Mediterranean outlet, is in a foreign country; when an Arab in Jerusalem can go on a visit to a kinsman in Beirut only after the preparation of passports and the other ritual which our enlightened age finds necessary to itineration; when the proud city of Aleppo, cut off from the district of which it is the mart, is dying like a deracinated

fig-tree; when Iraq, Syria, and Palestine has each its customs-barrier and each its own currency. The Syrians, who inherit the talent for business of their Phœnician forefathers, must be impressed with a system which finds economic expression in imposing the Indian rupee on Mesopotamia, the Egyptian piastre on Palestine, and the franc on Syria.

But the grievances are not only those of industry or mere convenience. Besides the grand and root complaint that the living body of the Arab nation has been carved into three or more portions, there are more specific reasons for disappointment and unrest. The high-handed conduct of the French in Syria, the British backing of the Zionist claims in Palestine, and the application of Anglo-Indian methods of administration in Iraq, have formed, in their various spheres, an opposition which has for its common denominator an antipathy to everything Western. Resentment and discontent smoulder from Aleppo to Baghdad, and from Alexandretta to Mecca. 'Down with the mandate!' shouted the Baghdad mob last August, when the British High Commissioner went to pay his respects to King Faisal on the anniversary of his accession to the throne. Later in the year, the Fifth Palestine Congress, at Nablus, protested against the Palestinian mandate, and demanded complete independence. In Syria the French have no love for such reunions. But when Mr. C. R. Crane last year revisited that country, he was greeted with demonstrations which ended in bloodshed and caused the French to visit leading Syrian Nationalists with imprisonment and deportation. Dr. Shabander, ex-Foreign Minister under King Faisal at Damascus, a graduate of the American College, was sentenced to twenty years' incarceration for his share in the movement.

II

The mandatory system, then, is unpopular; that is evident. But what are the reasons for its unpopularity? After all, it may be said, the Arabs are not so badly off. French and British officials are surely better than Turkish; and the Arabs can always appeal to the League of Nations. Here we come to the root of the question. The Arabs are ready now, as ever, to recognize the hard logic of might. Had the Allies installed themselves in the Arab provinces by right of conquest, there would have been nothing more to say. *Allah akhbar*, God is great. He had made the foreigner stronger than the Arab; it was a wise man's part to submit. But everyone knew that Allah had not so willed it. On the contrary, he had distracted Christendom — how easily one's pen slips into these well-worn grooves! — and weakened it by war.

When the Caliph declared the *jehad* (holy war) against Great Britain and her allies, it looked as if the 'ranged arch' of the wide British Empire might fall. In those dark days of the winter of 1914–1915, there were British statesmen who knew their East. Casting about for means to counter this new Turkish menace, they naturally turned to the Arabs. The Arabs were awake. They saw that their opportunity had come. The cruel repression by Djemal Pasha of their aspirations made them the more ready to listen to Great Britain. Thus it came about that once more a descendant of the Prophet appears on the stage of universal history. Sherif Hussein, of the Hashimite branch of the Koreish (Mohammed's tribe), with the Prophet's blood in his veins, and of the noblest family in the Arabs' *Debrett*, was Governor of the Holy Places. With him, in 1915, Sir Henry MacMahon, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, began

negotiations. The Arabs had already shown that they regarded Hussein as their leader, and the fact that two of his sons, Faisal and Abdulla, to-day occupy great positions in the Middle East, the one as King of Iraq and the other as Emir of Transjordan, is a proof of the traditional ability of the Sherifian family.

If the British, the French, and the Arabs had dealt more frankly with each other at this time, the Middle East to-day might already have been on the road to prosperity. Professor Hurgonje might have witnessed the beginning of a new collaboration between Islam and Christianity. But there was a lamentable lack of frankness on all sides. Sherif Hussein, in his own phrase, 'averted his eyes' from Lebanon and the Syrian littoral, which Great Britain earmarked for France. The British Government wrapped up its own reservation regarding Palestine with a tortuosity of phrase that left room for more than one interpretation. France said nothing. But she watched what was going on, and intervened later with demands totally incompatible with the promises already made to the Arabs.

Thanks to the press, these are known in their main outlines. It must be clear that Sherif Hussein, the acknowledged leader of the Arab party, which had a perfectly definite programme including all the Arab provinces, would not have agreed to put the movement, and his own neck, to the hazard of rebellion without being convinced that success would bring with it the realization of the party's aspirations.

Suppose, in the light of after events, that we were to frame the following offer as coming from Sir Henry McMahon: 'You and your people wish to shake off Turkish domination. We will in return recognize you as King of the Hedjaz and give you a generous sub-

sidy. If you are chosen Caliph, so much the better. You ask about the future of Syria and Mesopotamia? Well, we are afraid that the French will never be happy unless they establish themselves in Syria — they will take it all. And in Mesopotamia we have interests. To make it easier for you and the other allies who may be jealous of us, it will all be arranged under the form of mandates.'

What is a mandate? 'A mandate is essentially a restriction which the conquerors impose on themselves in the general interest of humanity.¹ And, by the way, Palestine is to be a national home for the Jews. We are not sure exactly what that means, but the Jews want it and you know what powerful people they are. In any case, don't worry. We promise that Arab interests shan't suffer. And to make things pleasanter, we will help to put one of your sons on the throne of Iraq, and another shall be Emir of Transjordan.'

That is what a good many people appear to think was said. The truth is that, in 1915, Arab and British views coincided about the establishment of an Arab state, or confederation of states. There may have been a divergence as to the rôle Great Britain was to play therein; the Arabs doubtless rated it low, and the British high. But there was more than the germ of an understanding. It was the tale of cross-purposes and intrigue that followed which prevented it from taking more solid shape. The British Government might make promises; the Paris press might talk about the rebirth of the Arab nation and the revival of the glories of the Abbasides and Ommiades; but the French Government had its own ideas about Syria and the Middle East — ideas that underrated the cohesiveness of Arab nationality and

¹ Lord Balfour at Geneva, May 17, 1922.

overrated the centrifugal force of religion. The British Government, in its correspondence with Hussein, had reserved the Lebanon for France. But what was the good of Lebanon without the Four Towns: Damascus, Homs, Hamath, and Aleppo? And there was Mosul, on the far-away Tigris. Besides, it was galling to French amour-propre that Great Britain should conceive of the establishment of an Arab Kingdom under British influence. The French had led the Crusades. Louis XIV had asserted French rights in the Levant. The two Napoleons had followed the traditional policy of France. At home, she might be officially agnostic, but everyone in the East knew that France was the great Catholic power, and that her mission schools were centres of French culture and influence. Why, every boulevardier was aware that France had a claim to Syria. The song, 'Partons pour la Syrie,' proved it.

Thus France, determined that England should not alone hold this new portion of the gorgeous East in fee, grew sullen or, at least, discouraged. Had the times been less critical, the British Government might have been more cautious. But in 1916 there were more important things for the Western Powers than the Arabs. So, to reassure France that she would not be cheated of her dreams in the East, Sir Mark Sykes was appointed to negotiate an understanding with France, and the Sykes-Picot Agreement was the result. Sir Mark Sykes loved the Arab East with a sincere and disinterested passion; and that he put his name to a document which has proved, and is likely to prove, an insuperable obstacle to Arab aspirations, is one of those ironies in which the careless Providence that orders our human story takes a cynical pleasure.

If there is a good deal to be said for

secret diplomacy, there is very little to be said for secret treaties. The fact that this agreement was kept from King Hussein's knowledge carries its own condemnation. England and France, in the very agony of the Great War, still sought a means, in Professor Hurgronje's words, to incorporate their [future] Mohammedan subjects in their own civilization. But secret treaties, like murder, will out. The Sykes-Picot Agreement² was no exception to the rule. In 1917, those *enfants terribles*, the Bolsheviki, unearthed a copy in the Petrograd Foreign Office. They sent it to the Turks, to pass on to the Arabs.

The effect was as they had calculated. The Arabs were very angry, and King Hussein threatened to withdraw from the war. He and his fellow countrymen were not going to fight, if the Allies, at the end, meant to parcel out their country into spheres and zones of influence. The British High Commissioner in Cairo thereupon cabled to him the following explanation:—

Bolsheviki found in Petrograd Foreign Office record of all conversations and provisional understanding (not formal treaty) between Britain, France, and Russia, made early in the war to prevent difficulties between the Powers in prosecuting the war with Turkey. Djemal, either from ignorance or malice, has distorted its original purpose, has omitted its stipulations regarding consent of native populations and safeguarding their interests, and has ignored fact that subsequent outbreak and success of Arab revolt and withdrawal of Russia had for a long time past created a wholly different situation.

The British reply is lame enough. It is sincere, in that there is other evidence that Great Britain really believed that Russia's withdrawal had changed the situation. It may have, for Constantinople. But for the Arab provinces, it changed nothing. The French

² See note on page 561.

had their bond, and they meant to see it fulfilled. At the time, however, King Hussein was pacified. He had gone too far to withdraw easily and, besides, in his own Hedjaz he was in imminent danger from the local Turkish forces. By the Sykes-Picot Agreement Palestine was to be internationalized. That undesirable consummation was prevented by Lord (then Mr.) Balfour's famous declaration of November 2, 1917.

But if it eluded one difficulty, it only created another. A national home for the Jews, interpreted in the light of Zionist claims, appeared to the Arabs incompatible with their ideals. The hope of independence and union with their fellow Arabs, which General Maude had held out to the people of Mesopotamia in his famous proclamation of March, 1917, was receding as the war neared its end. So unsatisfactory was the state of opinion in Palestine and Syria that in November, 1918, the French and British Governments issued a joint declaration couched in soothing language.³

It was not the last promise the Arabs

³ In the first two articles, it is stated that the two countries are 'prepared to accord recognition to an independent Arab state,' but zones are mentioned where certain administrative and advisory rights are retained.

The third clause provides for the establishment in Palestine of an international administration.

The document is too long to give in its entirety, but this sentence is sufficient to show its general tendency: '*Le but qu'envisagent la France, et la Grande-Bretagne en poursuivant en Orient la guerre déchainée par l'ambition allemande, c'est l'affranchissement complet et définitif des peuples si longtemps opprimés par les Turcs, et l'établissement de gouvernements et administrations nationaux puisant leur autorité dans l'initiative et le libre choix des populations indigènes.*' Iraq is the only part of the Arab provinces where, so far, any attempt has been made to do this; and even there it has hitherto been largely nullified by the policy of the local British officials.

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received. In October, 1919, Lord Curzon in a letter to the Emir Faisal repeated the British Government's previous undertaking that the four towns should form an independent Arab state.

III

Thus ends the first phase of the question. The war was over. The Turkish Empire had been shattered. But, though the brunt of the campaigns had been borne by the devoted English soldier, he found himself in November, 1918, occupying the historic Arab lands of Asia as a liberator rather than as a conqueror. We need not exaggerate the work of the Arab armies, which Great Britain paid and equipped. Nor must we slight them. When Lord Allenby and Emir Faisal found themselves together at a Guildhall luncheon in 1919, the British Commander-in-Chief paid a fine tribute to the work Faisal had done with his northern Arab army, which had acted as the British right wing in the final campaign. Mr. Lloyd George, too, said that the Arabs had performed their part of the bargain, and Great Britain meant to do hers.

Happy is the statesman who makes no promises, for then can he never be accused of giving contradictory ones. But happier still, perhaps, must be the statesman who can blandly forget inconvenient obligations. Thus, M. Viviani, at the League of Nations meeting in London last July, extolled the generosity of his country apropos of Syria in these words: 'On the morrow of victory, we could quite well have annexed all the territories which were within our reach. We could have annexed them without asking the populations or considering their interests. But the Treaty of Peace laid down the new principle of mandates.'

We can dismiss M. Viviani's clap-

trap for what it is worth. But was it a new principle? Was it only a new name for an old thing, for the Western domination of Asia? The Arabs, judging mandates by their fruits, have thus decided. But not at once. After the Armistice, there were Arabs who believed they might be an embodiment of new ideas. King Hussein, more obstinate or more wary than others of his race, has all along refused to admit or recognize any mandate over the Arab provinces. For this reason, he has followed the American example in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles. The word was not in the pledges, — that is, the correspondence he had exchanged with the British representative in Cairo, — and he would have none of it. At a meeting of the Supreme Council held in London in March, 1921, General Haddad Pasha, at that time his representative and another of the Arab leaders who have graduated from the American College at Beirut, explained his objections thus: —

King Hussein objects to the mention of the word mandate, which is not in the pledges. The spirit of the Covenant of the League of Nations, as expressed in Art. 22, para. 4, does not appear to be incompatible with the aspirations of the Arabs. But the word is indeterminate in meaning. The text of the mandates, as published in the papers, has shown how an interpretation contrary to this spirit has been adopted. To this interpretation King Hussein and the Arabs will undoubtedly refuse to agree. King Hussein asks therefore that the definition of this assistance shall be corrected, to make it clear that the intentions of the Allies are simply to provide the assistance mentioned in the pledges without in any way impairing the national independence which the Arabs have been made to understand it was the policy of the Allies to secure.

How indeed can the Arabs believe that the mandate is only a restriction

placed upon the conqueror, when they see what has been done in Syria? Palestine, an integral portion of the country, is taken from it. Instead of an attempt being made to develop a national government from the nucleus provided by the Arab administration over which King Faisal presided, that leader is forcibly turned out by General Gouraud, the Arabs previously having been forced to disband their troops while the French had concentrated 70,000 men in the country. When all opposition has been borne down, the French High Commissioner divides Syria into six 'confederate' governments, whose only link lies in his own person. With as much show of reason England might have carved Egypt into three autonomous governments, one with a strong Greek element in Alexandria, another preponderantly Islamic in Cairo, and a third in Upper Egypt, where the Copts would have been predominant.

But the French have done more than this to estrange the Arabs. By the Franklin-Bouillon Treaty with the Kemalists, they have actually handed back to the Turks a strip of Arab territory, from the Mediterranean to the Tigris, containing several Arab towns. This territory was specifically included in the pledges given to Hussein. One of the provisions of a mandate is that the mandatory shall not cede any portion of the territories of the mandated state. A proviso of similar character was included in the Sykes-Picot Agreement. But M. Franklin-Bouillon had to come to terms with the Kemalists; they insisted on regaining control of the Arab towns of Aintab, Urfa, Berejik, and Nisibin, all of which have a strategical importance in controlling the railway from Aleppo eastward. The Arabs therefore were sacrificed. King Hussein protested, as usual, to the Supreme Council and the League

of Nations. And the Arabs gave one more bad mark to the mandatory system.

We know what the Syrians wanted, through the American Commission under Mr. C. R. Crane, which visited Syria and Palestine with that object in 1919. Their report has never been published, it has been repeatedly pressed for in the House of Lords, where there are many expert critics of Near-Eastern and Middle-Eastern policy. The British Government knows nothing about it, officially. It lies in some pigeon-hole at Washington, and may still be lying there when the world ends, and Asia and Europe return together to their original gases in the next radical rearrangement of our universe.

Luckily there is a press, to which even pigeon-holes are not sacred. The *New York Times*, of August 20 last, published the gist of the Commission's report. From this we learn that the Commission pronounced in favor of a mandate, on condition that the well-being and development of the Syrian people was recognized as a 'sacred trust,' but recommended that the 'unity of Syria be preserved in accordance with the earnest petition of the great majority of the Syrian people.' In this recommendation Syria includes Palestine. Other recommendations were that Syria should be placed under one mandatory power, as the natural way to secure real and efficient unity, and that Emir Faisal should be made the head of the new, united Syrian state. I have said enough to show how closely the Commission's advice has been followed.

Syria is the unhappiest example of the working of the mandatory system, for the Syrians are the most advanced of the populations of the Arab provinces and the régime under which they live is the most illiberal. The French

have shown as much eagerness to placate their former enemies, the Turks, as to alienate their former allies, the Arabs. Courts-martial, the censorship of the press, and the exile of political opponents have been the accompaniments of Western rule in other places than Syria. But perhaps nowhere else has the ruling race behaved with such arrogance as the French have shown there.

In Palestine, however, where the Administration has dealt comparatively mildly with opposition, the people have no inclination to accept the mandate. Hitherto the Palestinians have been mainly hostile to the Zionists. They have affirmed their willingness to be mandated to Great Britain so long as the Jews were kept out. Now they have gone further. At the last Palestinian Congress, held at Nablus, it was resolved that the British mandate should not be recognized, and that any foreign loans contracted by the Government should be repudiated by the people. Previously, the Palestine Committee, at a full meeting held in Egypt on June 25 last, declared that Palestine and Syria should be united under an independent national government, and that the Palestinians would never accept the ideal of Palestine as a national home for the Jews.

To enter into a discussion of the Zionist question is, happily, foreign to my purpose. But I believe that the Zionists will never find the guaranty of tranquillity they need by relying on Western force, in whatever way it may be wrapped up. On the other hand, history, if it teaches us any lesson in this matter, shows that the Jews have played a distinguished rôle in past periods of Arab greatness. The best hope for Zionism is, in my opinion, to get away from the unreal atmosphere of the mandate, and to approach the Arab as a fellow Semite. Zionism, if it

wants to achieve anything lasting, must go hand in hand with Arabism.

That may happen. Its best augury lies now in Iraq. There Great Britain has at length shown something of the political flair for which her statesmanship is deservedly famous. The British Government, realizing once again that Arab Nationalism is a force and not a farce, has agreed to abrogate the mandate. Not bluntly or directly. Such is not the manner in which British high policy works. It will be done, if at all, through the very mechanism on which the system rests. By the Anglo-Iraq treaty, signed last October, the British Government promises to assist Iraq in securing admission to the League of Nations, which would, *ipso facto*, terminate the mandate.

It is an ingenious solution. Of course, the treaty will remain, and this will give England a privileged position in the country. But if the Colonial or Foreign Office can restrain the not always discreet zeal of the British officials on the spot, the Arabs of Iraq may settle down to the orderly development of their great resources. The Iraqis want advice and assistance. They do not want the system of imperial bureaucracy which has darkened the face of the British Crown Colonies in the past twenty years. It is sig-

nificant of the trend of affairs that already the British Government is looking toward a solution on the same lines in Palestine. The Palestinian delegation, which failed to come to an agreement with the last British Ministry, is now back in London, and negotiations in this direction are now in progress. If the mandates over Iraq and Palestine are withdrawn, it will be only a matter of time before the same thing happens in Syria.

Such is in outline the story of one more attempt by the great European powers to incorporate a part of Islam, and that the most characteristic part, in their civilization. In admitting its failure, I do not want to draw any moral judgment. No sensible man can believe in the doctrine of the self-determination of peoples, of which the whole course of history is a refutation. Nor is it good to lay too much stress on the sanctity of treaties, or of international pledges. Races will continue to rule where they have the power and the aptitude. It is well that they should do so. But political shams only cumber the earth. Happily they carry their own Nemesis. We can only rejoice in this case that the Goddess has been so prompt to assert herself in this instance of the mandatory system as applied to the Arabs.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PLUMBER IN RESIDENCE

THE plumber is with us always — but there his resemblance to the poor ceases. His sleek little Buick stands often at my door, taking precedence of my modest Ford; and there you have our relative financial status in a nutshell — and a real car.

But although he is with us always, yet he is never really a permanent inmate of our house. A chronic transient, he might be called, and I have often wished that he were actually living under my leaky roof, and could be paid a salary instead of drawing the same amount in monthly installments as income.

When I think of the Rich and Great keeping private chaplains as household pets, or domesticating resident physicians, my soul is untouched by envy. The thought of a clerical ear or a medical eye forever cocked in my direction leaves me cold; but if the wealth of all terrestrial leak-menders were mine to squander on luxuries, my first extravagance would be a Resident Plumber, in whose calling are combined the ecclesiastical and the surgical functions.

My experience of plumbers as a class being limited to one specimen of his race, it may be that I am guilty of exaggeration, or at least of generalization, when I speak of plumbers generically as alarmists; but the impression produced by Mr. Piper (who happens to be my own minister of grace and healer of leaks), when I open the door of his shop to give him an emergency call, always brings to mind Hamlet's disordered aspect as seen through Ophelia's terrified eyes: —

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors — he comes before me.

'What is it?' he asks hoarsely.

When I report the murmurings and gaspings of my laundry tub, he looks far more apprehensive than Dr. Mendum would look if I had summoned him to investigate my own bronchial wheezing.

'That sounds very serious,' Mr. Piper says, frowning and shaking his head; 'I can't tell at all what may happen. I must come over at once.'

Thereupon he nervously clutches his bag of tools, and in trembling tones calls to some fellow in the cellarage to come and join him at once in this probably vain effort to save the life of my waste-pipe. By this time I am as nervous as he, and we hurl ourselves into our respective cars and dash down the street in agitated procession, dreading to see the patient, for fear that we merely shall be viewing the remains.

It is at my back door that the ecclesiastical aspect of plumbing comes to the front. The attendant boy produces a candle from some hidden recess of his vestments, and, like a faithful acolyte, reverently follows the high priest of plumbing through the kitchen and into the laundry, where both kneel at the washerwoman's high altar and inspect the foundations of her faith — the laundry tub.

At this point the officiating priest is transformed into the surgeon, and the clumsy tools turn into delicate instruments. In his hands the wrench becomes a lancet, and the acolyte seems suddenly transformed into the physi-

cian's assistant, whose task is apparently to give ether, for a sponge is produced from some inner shrine and Mr. Piper's hoarse whisper utters the command, 'Turn off the water instantly! Quick! I think we are just in time!'

Of course, if this were an isolated experience, it could be borne; but the trouble with my household pipes seems to be organic rather than functional, chronic rather than occasional; and if a resident plumber were always in the attic or the cellar, he could be occupied with the preventive work which we are now told is going to save the human race. Under present conditions, Paying the Piper has come to be something more than a phrase in the family: it has come to be an impossibility — and if he were a member of our immediate circle, our relations would be less strained the first of every month.

The climax to my mortifying dependence on Mr. Piper occurred a few weeks ago, during the middle of a starlit night, when I was awakened by the sound of a steady downpour of rain which seemed to be descending just outside my chamber door. This it was, and nothing more. Investigation proved that the bottom had inadvertently dropped out of a tank on the upper floor, and that the city's water-supply was inundating the house in an unexpected deluge.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale — and all the usual symptoms of acute Plumber necessity. I rushed to the telephone. A sleepy operator finally located Mr. Piper in his suburban bed; and presently the well-known accents of alarm rang over the wire. 'Turn off the main!' he commanded (if he had said, 'Remember the Maine!' the slogan would have been no more fruitless, for to remember the location of the main was just what I could not do).

My family were, meanwhile, slopping about in rubbers and wrappers, holding umbrellas over their heads and offering futile directions to one another. But Mr. Piper ruled the storm that had burst from my cloudless ceiling, and gave at long distance the latitude and longitude and deep-sea soundings that finally disclosed the crucial point of my own connection with the city's water-supply.

This was done in so masterly a way that I was able, as by a nautical chart, to wade through the hall, swim down the stairs, and finally dive to the cellar, where I found the key to the situation, turned it, and the waters were stilled. Like Noah, I stood and viewed the desolation caused by the flood; and as I looked at the disheartening pile of saturated rugs and pictures, dripping draperies, and miscellaneous household articles, all jumbled together into a sort of gigantic soggy pudding, I would have given a great deal to be able to retire to a corner, and, like little Jack Horner, to put in my thumb and pull out — a Plumber!

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

IF Dante had asked me to suggest a circle of Hell deeper, blacker, and more completely outside the pole of possible redemption than any he has pictured, and one that reproduced a scene with which most women of to-day are familiar, I should unhesitatingly have selected an Intelligence Office — that terrible centre of human traffic, where the secrets of all hearts are exposed, and where dignity and truth find no admittance.

When lovely woman stoops to the folly of visiting this modern equivalent of the slave-mart, there is no art that can wash her guilt away. She leaves the Intelligence Department degraded and debased; after investigating the char-

acters of others, she feels that she has lost her own. (By the way, what a bit of retributive justice it would be if every lady had to be given a recommendation by her departing maid, and to have a written certificate stating her to be honest, neat, and good-tempered, and to possess the other excellent qualities that are as important in mistress as in maid. Social reformers should turn their attention to this domestic inequality.)

Nothing but devotion to an elderly cook-less aunt would have induced me to become an Intelligence-Office seeker; but family feeling turned my steps to the door of degradation, bearing the laconic label 'Domestic Agency.'

My first glimpse of cosy little tête-à-têtes dotting the bleak apartment here and there led me to think that I was at a feminine tea-party, so eager was the buzz of voices, raised for the most part in cheerful monologues, occasionally punctuated by unenthusiastic replies. To be sure, in glancing at some of the groups, it was a little difficult to separate the sheep from the goats; but in a few minutes my eye grew accustomed to subtle differences of dress, the interviewers being for the most part less modishly attired than the interviewed. I was glad to see that the lady in charge of the establishment was busy with a successful deal in cook-broking, so that I was permitted to sit on the side lines and enjoy what seemed like an incarnation of those questionable shapes of housemaids and domestic helpers invoked by the art of Miss Beatrice Herford. Some broken bits of conversation that fell on my ears were such priceless treasures of human and inhuman relations, that I jotted them down in my shopping-list while trying to assume the detached expression of one whose absent mind is in a department store.

'No, I have no children at all,' I heard an evident spinster proclaim; 'in

fact, I have n't even a husband to mess up the house with cigar-ashes; just a canary — and the Catholic Church is only five minutes from the house. . . . Oh, you're fond of children, are you? Well, that's very fortunate, because my three little nieces spend the summer with me, and they're always running into the kitchen to look for cookies. . . . Oh, you're a Baptist? Well, the Baptist Church is even nearer than the Catholic.'

Here a harsh Irish voice on the other side of the room grated into my consciousness. 'Sure the good cooks do be getting eighteen dollars a week, and how would you be supposin' as I'd go to a family like yours for fifteen? If it was at the beach you was livin', and you offered me sixteen, may be I'd take it an' maybe I would n't; but it'll take more than fifteen dollars a week to get me to the mountains, so I'll be lookin' farther and farin' better, I'll be thinkin'.'

An old-fashioned housekeeper, of a type I had supposed obsolete, then attracted my attention. 'I always lock up the remains every night,' she was announcing rather in the manner of an undertaker, to an open-mouthed Finn, 'and I lay out the fresh linen myself every Saturday night.'

At this lugubrious information, the frightened Finn shook her head violently, and rushed clumsily behind the screen that separated the would-be employers from the would-not-be employed.

Becoming fascinated by the resemblance in type between a sheep and a goat who were confronting each other from the edges of inhospitable chairs, I watched two stout red females glaring at each other, and wondered if they themselves knew which was about to engage the other. Presumably war-profits had drawn the invisible line between them, and a few years ago they

would have stood side by side and replied, 'Yes marm,' when both were asked the questions which one of them now had the privilege — granted by suddenly attained wealth — of putting to the other.

'Of course, you will be expected to provide meals for my shofer,' the stoutest and reddest of these crimson rambles was explaining in quite the grand manner; 'and I insist upon all my servants wearing caps.'

'Ah, wise woman! That will be a distinguishing mark,' I found myself murmuring, when a down-East voice broke in saying: 'I ain't no cook! I'm a general! And after my chores are done, I like to take the air in my car, — it's one my brother gave me; he's in the auto business, — so unless you can give space in your garage for Mr. Dodge, I shan't be able to accomodate you.'

A 'general' indeed, I thought — used to issuing orders and to being obeyed.

My reporting work was interrupted at this point by the lady in charge saying to me, 'Can I do anything for you?' in the non-committal tone of one who was not sure whether I were myself a bird or a wildflower. I told a brief but moving tale of my invalid aunt, and her resort to a fireless cooker which had proved only a little less difficult than the cookless fire. The impassive brokeress glanced coldly at the intimate details of my aunt's ménage, revealed by my reluctant lifting of the domestic curtain, and then said reprovingly, 'Of course, if you have n't a gas-stove as well as a range, you will find it very difficult to get a maid to stay with you; and the price you mention is absolutely unheard of nowadays. You can't get anyone for less than sixteen dollars a week to take such a difficult place.'

'Difficult!' I exclaimed. 'Surely I told you there was only one person in the family, and two maids to do what in the

old days a general housework girl would have done for five dollars a week.'

A superior smile flickered over the features of the lady in charge of this Infernal Circle. 'I will see if any of my women care to speak to you, but I hardly think they will be interested in less than sixteen dollars a week,' she said; and, retiring behind the screen, presently emerged, followed by a very dressy person who swept me with a glance which 'took me in' completely, from the hole in my veil to my square heels and squarer toes. I had innocently imagined that I was to do the interviewing, but not at all — the inquisitor with the nodding ostrich-plumes put me through the third degree, and her hostile glare told me that I should be saved the embarrassment of telling her that she would not do.

Did my aunt keep a kitchen maid?

'No.' (*Sniffs*)

Did the help have a private sitting-room?

'No.' (*Grunts of contempt*)

Did the cook go to church every Sunday, and have Sunday and Thursday afternoons and every evening free for her own engagements?

'No.'

Suppressed scorn of me broke into articulate anger, which was contagious, and we both rose, scarlet with mutual dislike. The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady were sisters under the skin, and the consciousness of this subcutaneous resemblance completed my sense of humiliation.

'I don't think you will suit me at all,' I was beginning; but her harsh laughter interrupted me. 'No, nor I don't think you'll suit me either, nor you won't suit nobody else,' she said; and flounced off behind the screen.

My head swam, and disconnected snatches of dialogues going on around me continued to beat on my brain with incoherent insistence.

'How many in the family?'

'Yes, I have four or five children, but they often pay visits away.'

'No, I can't possibly give you twenty dollars a week. My husband's a professor.'

'Do you have separate meals?'

'I can't work more than eight hours a day — just the same as them in other kinds of work does n't.'

'Yes, I'll give you fifteen dollars a week, if you don't mind turning down the beds the night the chambermaid is out.'

'No, we have only one motor, but we often send the maids out for a drive.'

Then the key to the whole degrading business was uttered by an honest Irish voice, — a voice of the old school of oratory, — saying in a stage whisper, 'Sure, if you don't be tellin' the boss, I'll come to yez for tin dollars a week, and I'm a regular six-dollar-a-week cook! She tells me I ought to get sixteen, but I ain't worth it, an' I know it now, an' you'll know it soon.'

I rose and stood before the desk, and with wasted dignity took my leave instead of my cook, as I had once hoped.

'I shall advise my aunt to continue to use the fireless cooker, or else to get a maid through some less intelligent but more helpful office.' I said it in a tone that was meant to wither.

'You'll have to give sixteen a week,' the old poll-parrot repeated, with the irritating iteration of Wordsworth's little cottage-girl.

'By the way,' I asked, all guilelessly, 'is your fee fixed, or do you receive a percentage of the wages?'

She looked daggers, but spoke none; and as I staggered down the stairs, the spirit of a crusader rose in my humiliated breast. My cook's tour was over, but from the vicious circle of the Inferno I had visited I brought back the conviction that, until someone shall devise a scheme which brings women,

whether employers or employed, more hope of freedom from Domestic Dictatorship, their husbands and brothers will rightly regard them as neither free nor equal (to them). Enfranchised women are in reality slaves — until this tyranny be overpast.

WANTED: MORE TALK

AMERICAN professors do not talk enough. I know that this may sound incredible to undergraduates, and even to some who are not undergraduates. There are people who feel that professors are, by their very nature, incapable of rational talk, because they know nothing about life. I do not hope to convince either of these groups. I would fain speak to others. There are in our country a vast number of professors. There are even more who hope to be professors. Their departments range from Cereal Husbandry to Tagalog and Bisaya. For these professors, and especially for the males of the species, for their wives, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, even for their mothers, I have a word. I repeat it. Professors do not talk enough.

I have just come from teaching in an English university. During all the time I spent there, my English colleagues constantly amazed me by their apparent leisureliness. Always there seemed time to talk. At eleven in the morning, there was invariably a large group gathered for coffee and talk. At four o'clock, or somewhere between then and six, the spirit moved all and sundry to seek the college café again. This time we had tea with our cigarettes, and again we had plenty of talk. Once in a while we ate dinner together, and had more talk. More often we dined with our families, and came back for after-dinner coffee. This was known as 'coffee,' but, unlike the morning

coffee, it included a little more. As I remember those 'coffees,' I want to gloat like the boys in *Stalky and Co.*, not only because the coffee included wine, whiskey and soda, and all the 'makings,' but because it also included talk.

For this talk was talk that amounted to something. I have had some wonderful talks in America; but into one winter in England there was crowded a long series of never-to-be-forgotten evenings. One night a distinguished American scholar, who had lectured before the college in the afternoon, was entertained. In our company there was a man who had been an English administrator in India and in Africa; a young American who had served with the marines in San Domingo; a Scotsman with an uncanny knowledge of unexpected things, who enlightened us on the Icelandic sagas; another Scotsman, who once lived in China and who is an authority on modern psychology; and others, each knowing his own subject well enough to see its bearing on the subjects we talked of. We spent most of our time talking of the treatment by Europeans of the primitive races; and then, somehow, we slipped over to the psychology of the primitive races themselves. Of course information was exchanged, but not a man was dull or pedantic. There was anecdote, repartee, wit, and sociability. We went our several ways with new life in us. I know that I lectured on Catullus much better next day because of this mental stimulant. My time was far more profitably spent in a whole evening of talk, than it would have been in reading Robinson Ellis or even Elmer Truesdale Merrill.

I was in one of the 'Provincial' universities. At Oxford and Cambridge, the staff of each college usually dines together in Hall, and after dinner goes to the Combination Room for coffee

and talk. The power to take part in the talk that goes on is almost an essential qualification for a fellow of a college. I heard of one man, a brilliant scholar, who was seriously thinking of resigning his fellowship because he felt that he had no gift for conversation. His colleagues won't let him resign, but it is significant that he should consider it on grounds like these. As a result of this constant clashing of wits, these men can talk and write entertainingly. They have learned in the Combination Room to be simple, free from pedantry, and never polysyllabic. A surprising number, even of their technical books, are readable. I have often been told that, in the narrow fields they choose, our American scholars are more accurate. But, let me whisper it here in the intimacy of our own family, that we Americans are not always accurate. We make many slips. I think, on the whole, we make full as many as our English colleagues, and there are comparatively few among us who can convey misinformation so delightfully. It would help us here on this side of the water to have our brains mutually picked and our polysyllabisms hooted. We need more talk.

I am aware that the way to get things done in America is to form an organization, with committees, an office, and a paid secretary. Too often, it is true, we think that the work is done when we have organized to do it; and it has happened that, concentrating on our organization, we have forgotten our original aim altogether. But, in spite of the danger, I am tempted to start an organization to make professors talk. The meetings might have to be held in Montreal, or in Cuba, for reasons that should be obvious; but, if we could only keep our aim in sight and remember that we were organized to talk, it would pay. We really are polysyllabic. Some of us are afraid

that, if we write intelligibly, we may be regarded as popular, and popularity is damnation.

We have another fault, worse, if possible, then polysyllabism. We are narrow. We fear the man who can write, or even talk, intelligently on more than one theme. We are like the German scholar my English friends told me of. He came one winter to an English university which has grown up about an ancient cathedral. In the chapter library there is a collection of priceless old manuscripts, and he came to collate one of them, I think a manuscript of *Piers Plowman*. The members of the Faculty thought they should in some way recognize his presence, so they gave a dinner in his honor. After dinner in one of the college halls, they adjourned to the Combination Room for the usual talk. The German visitor would not be drawn. They tried him on all sorts of questions without result. Finally, he explained that *Piers Plowman* was his special field and he did not wish to talk except on his own subject. The saddest part of the story is that, so far as they could judge, he gloried in his shame. We are not quite as bad as he, but too often we have little interest outside our own field, and no knowledge whatever. We should know more of our own field if we knew something of others. We might learn much by occasionally picking a colleague's brains.

But perhaps we should not have an organization. If we had, then our female colleagues would come in. I believe in women's rights. I believe that before the sex there still lie heights which they shall some day reach. Some of them, while mere males still do sleep, are toiling upward in the night. Some of them are experts at picking brains, and would be useful at a picking bee. Many of them are good fellows, and would not object to their male associates

'solemnizing Nicotina's rites' while in deep discussions they spend ambrosial nights. But somehow the women are few who can fit into a group where men are in the majority and not bring with them some slight restraint. I urge, therefore, that in the case of professors, coeducation be abandoned, and that parallel courses be given to small groups of each sex.

And here I turn to the wives of professors, to their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Women, spare your man. Let him loose for a time, more often than you do, from his smug domestic comfort, even from the training of his children, momentous as this is, and make him a boy again, just for a night. Let him go and talk and smoke and drink non-alcoholic beverages. Your country calls you to this high duty; for American scholarship will never achieve its high destiny until American professors talk more.

THE WORM TURNS

YESTERDAY I sat on the front gallery, enjoying the Sabbatical fragrance of gumbo and fried chicken which floated from Mammy's kitchen, and gazing appreciatively upon Phyllis-Anne in a rocking-chair much too big for her: a little girl in white frock, pink sash, and patent leather shoes — the conventional picture of a good child reading a Sunday School paper. Suddenly an expression of outraged justice crossed the small countenance, and an indignant forefinger pointed to an innocent-looking photograph of an arbutus plant in blossom. Underneath was the inscription, 'A Flower that Every Good American Knows.'

Now Phyllis-Anne's eight years have all been passed in the land of magnolia and jasmine. I, her mother, was born, as it were, in the shade of a Middle Western sunflower. Therefore I quite

understood the italics of her pronunciation: '*I am a perfectly good American, and I do not know that flower.*'

I hesitate before making my confession, realizing that it will put me outside the cultural pale, but — I have never seen an arbutus.

I know it academically, of course. My principal association with it is as one of a list of 'words commonly mispronounced.' I have met it frequently in literature, and have heard its virtues extolled. I believe it to be a worthy flower. The dictionary tells me that 'it has oblong, hairy leaves and fragrant pink-and-white blossoms.' I realize that the *soupçon* of prejudice that I feel against it, on account of its hairy leaves, is unreasonable and inconsistent with the fact that I don't like Mexican dogs, who have no hair at all. And in any event the fragrant pink-and-white flowers no doubt more than compensate for the hirsute foliage. Indeed, I have nothing against the arbutus *per se*. The dictionary further informs me that 'it is especially abundant in New England.' (Did I say that Phyllis-Anne's Sunday School paper is published in New England?)

Now poppies are especially abundant in the Far West, dandelions gild the pastures in the corn-belt, and the trumpet-honeysuckle drapes itself on every fence-post in the Blue Grass country; but would it occur to any of these sections to specify acquaintance with its particular flora as a condition of good Americanism?

The arbutus, I am told, is a modest plant. Can it be — this is mere speculation — that its pink blossoms are

white ones, which are blushing at having been made the emblem of sectional complacency?

California is conceited, and it is necessary to treat all Californians with firmness, or they will tell you *ad nauseam* that the geraniums reach the second-story windows. The Northwest is blatant, but not provincial. Dixie is rather vain, but, like most vain people, has a wholesome underlying sense of her own shortcomings. But New England is complacent with the complacency of ignorance. It simply has not penetrated to her consciousness that there is any nation to speak of west of the Alleghanies. Corn, certainly — and beef. But culture!

'Oh, yes,' said a New England lady to the man from Montana; 'I have a friend in the West. She lives in Buffalo.'

'June,' says a Boston magazine intended for national circulation, 'is the best-loved month.' Of course, the editor means best loved in New England. Here in the South we regard Lowell's 'What is so rare as a day in June?' as mere poetic license.

But the worm has turned. For many years we have swallowed New England morals and New England culture, and have felt apologetic because we did not care for baked beans and could not learn to say 'kimoner.' Sundrenched California and Louisiana have patiently taught their children to read 'I have a new red sled' out of New England primers.

But what is the use? In imagination I feel the New England lorgnette turned upon me, and I am shaking in my shoes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM time to time inquiries reach this office concerning the 'sale' of the *Atlantic*. In any and every case we should like to state that such rumors are utterly without foundation. We ask our readers to deny upon our authority that there is a vestige of truth in any such report.

* * *

THE casualties among the artistic conventions of the stage in the last few years have been enormous. Soliloquies have been replaced by the choppy speech of the subway; real rain, real horses, real Chinamen have invaded the stage. For some time a tide of reaction has been causing critics to cry out that in 'Realism' there is no real life. No one can dissect the realistic movement and the present streams and eddies in the stage world better than **George Arliss** who began his professional career in the days of the soliloquy and has witnessed the rise and fall, perhaps the culmination, of realism on the American stage. He remarks, 'The art of the actor is to learn how *not* to be real on the stage, without being found out by the audience.' The Very Reverend **W. R. Inge**, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one of the most incisive thinkers on social as well as Church problems in England to-day, takes up from a different point of view the subject of Catholicism and the Anglo-Saxon, treated in the March *Atlantic* by **Hilaire Belloc**. **George Moore**, author of the *Confessions of a Young Man*, *Esther Waters*, *The Brook Kerith*, and many other books that lovers of good writing know, talks to Mr. Gosse in this number of the *Atlantic*.

* * *

Formerly professor of economics and sociology in Smith College, and later at Leland Stanford Junior University and at Cornell, **H. H. Powers** is best known as a lecturer and publicist. His last *Atlantic* paper, 'The Drug Habit in Finance,' appeared in January of this year. **Alice Hegan Rice** is the much loved author of *Mrs. Wiggs*

of the *Cabbage Patch*. She proves she has not forgotten the art of telling a story in this number of the *Atlantic*. **George Villiers**, a new English poet, now appears in America for the first time. ¶ To Americans, the life of the man who built that ubiquitous institution, the *Saturday Evening Post*, must be of keen interest. **Edward W. Bok**, for many years editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, continues his intimate biography of **Cyrus H. K. Curtis** in this number. **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie** has become so familiar to *Atlantic* readers as a poet, that some have perhaps forgotten that she began as a missionary in the African Cameroon, and wrote perhaps the most penetrating and alluring letters ever penned by a missionary. Later readers will remember her as a biographer of her own father who came as a boy to America from Scotland with but a shilling or two in his pocket. (*The Fortunate Youth*.) In this number of the *Atlantic* she is an essayist.

* * *

A missionary and the daughter and granddaughter of missionaries, **Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff** was born in South India and has spent all her life there except for nine years in school in this country. **George A. Gordon**, pastor of the New South Church of Boston, is the author of *Humanism in New England Theology*, and other books dealing in a very human way with religion and theology. ¶ A well-known British scholar, **E. Barrington**, is known to *Atlantic* readers as the author of romances with authentic and entertaining eighteenth-century backgrounds. A late volume, *The Ladies!* has recently been published by the Atlantic Monthly Press. **Joseph Auslander**, the young American poet, is now teaching English in Harvard University. **John Sterling**, New England born and bred, desires to avoid biographical attention. **Elizabeth A. Drew** was graduated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, with First Class Honors in English Language and

Literature. From 1919 to 1921 she was head of the Women's Staff of the Department of Education of the British Army of the Rhine.

* * *

Langdon Mitchell, son of the novelist, S. Weir Mitchell, is a member of the New York bar, but the profession he has practised for many years is that of author and playwright. Theatre-goers will remember especially 'Becky Sharp' and 'The New York Idea.' He has just returned from extensive travel in Europe. He writes the editor: 'I am interested in the new Europe — the younger Europe — Europe in the bud. Not so much touching politics, as culture, ideas, and art.' ¶ It is of especial interest to Americans to learn how other nations are dealing with their color problem. We have already published a paper by Pierre Khorat on French relations with the Negro in North Africa, and a companion article appears in this number on Britain's Negro problem. John H. Harris is a well-known English student of 'Colonial Mandates' and of Britain's Negro affairs in Africa. For many years in English public life, he recently contested a seat in the House of Commons with a Cabinet minister. H. E. Wortham, a British student of the Mohammedan situation, formerly on the staff of the *Times* is now a correspondent of the *London Outlook*.

* * *

America is not the only country that has her problem of seditious literature. News reaches us from a subscriber that both the *Atlantic* and the *Living Age* are 'disallowed' in Soviet Russia.

* * *

There was no false emotionalism in Joseph Fishman's attack on 'The American Jail' in the December *Atlantic*, and there is none in this refreshing comment of a man who has been in jail himself.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I've been in jail and prison too — not that I'm proud of it — and am one of the few outstanding men who have 'come back,' and I know that Mr. Fishman 'hits the nail on the head' when he calls attention to the marked improvement in the prisons of the land, and states that the jails have not kept pace with them. Our reformers of all breeds and brands should take hold of this jail

business and pour a beautiful flood of sensible publicity into every nook and corner of it.

I bid the *Atlantic* 'Godspeed' in the fine work it is doing in publishing such articles as Fishman's. Frankly, that's the best and most genuine thing you've published. Tannenbaum was too one-sided; his prejudices were *all* with the prisoner, and between you and me they do not all deserve such consideration. Fishman says truly that some of them would literally murder their own mothers for a few coppers, and there are a greater number of such 'cattle' in jails and prisons than the public is allowed to believe by some lopsided writers. It's only the minority in any jail or prison that's worth saving, and of whom any sane man can entertain any hope whatever. But, even the guilty man is entitled to a square deal; and, no matter what *he* has done, *we* (the Public) should have too much self-respect to allow *our* servants — the police, the jailer, and the sheriff — to abuse, cuff, mistreat, or beat him up.

Sincerely,

A READER.

* * *

It is always interesting to us to know 'Who reads the *Atlantic*?' — and where. The following might be entitled 'Literature vs. Rubbish.'

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last fall, while traveling through the South, our train was detained in a small city of Kentucky, either to wait for another train, or to change engines. Our coaches were switched on to a track which overlooked a piece of low land that was being filled in with all the rubbish that the town could collect. There was already a hard gray tableland on which the wagons moved to throw over their contents.

It was late afternoon and the day's work seemed finished.

Suddenly my attention was drawn to a young boy coming across the flat surface, pushing a wheelbarrow. He was, prematurely, in long trousers. Something around the waist held them in, and something across the shoulders held them on. They were rolled around the feet. He came to the edge of the débris and looked down. He found a stick and fished up the clothing. There was only one piece that he considered — this he shook and held up to the light. It was a shirt. He turned it slowly over several times, and looked at it carefully. Then he threw it behind him.

The removal of the clothing had uncovered a pile of magazines. Their gayly colored covers caught his eye. He cautiously took a few steps down and pulled them up to him.

He gave these a little more consideration than

he had the clothing but, in the end, there was only one he shook (as he had the shirt) and held to the light.

It was the *Atlantic Monthly*! There was hard climbing back, but he had done it before and knew how. He settled himself in his wheelbarrow and on his raised knees he rested the magazine. When we left, his one overhanging foot was wagging contentment, just as we have seen Mary Pickford's do in her happiest moments.

Because I fear you may think the dump yard a likely place for a mirage, I am taking this occasion to ask the gentleman who sat behind me to verify my story—the gentleman who said, 'Well I'll be d — d!'

N. FISHER.

* * *

Here is an added chapter to Lucy Furman's stories of the Kentucky mountaineers. It tells of a twentieth century belief in witches!

HAZARD, KENTUCKY
February 10, 1923

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

An experience I had, just last spring, shows that the belief in witches did not die in Salem, but continues to have life in the minds of these simple folk, living at the 'head o' the holler.'

In such a community, I found only one book, aside from the Bible—a paper-backed volume entitled *Hell's Commerce or The Drunkard's Reward*. To take the place of this I carried in, for the children, beautifully illustrated stories of Red-Riding Hood, Snow-White, etc. In a few weeks' time the attitude of the community changed, decidedly, toward me, becoming noticeably hostile. Finally I discovered that these stories had been read aloud to the older folk, who 'lowed they was witchcraft' and, 'seein' as how' I had brought them into their midst, I must have the power of a witch.

Finding that old Uncle Hiram, a Hard-Shell-Baptist Preacher, was leader in this movement against me, I decided to visit him. Calling at his cabin gate, I was told by his wife, a frail little old blind woman, that 'him an' Delphie is up yander drappin' corn.' Upon my arrival he carefully placed the felt hat in front of his face, lest I catch his eye to practise my witch-power.

Coming direct to the point, I said, 'Howdy Uncle Hiram. I came to talk over my work with you.'

'Delphie, keep right on a-drappin' an' a-kiverin' while I hear this Stranger bust out.'

'I won't take but a minute of your time, just to tell you what I hope to do.'

'I kin tell yo now, I'm agin hit.'

'But do you know what it is?'

'No, but I'm agin hit.'

'Do you realize it is work backed by Uncle Sam?'

'Let me tell yo, Stranger, there is some all-powerful wicked folk mixed up in this here government o' ours.'

'But, Uncle Hiram, do I look wicked?'

At that he risked one eye over the edge of the felt hat with, 'I ain't a-judgin' nothin' by looks, Stranger.'

Knowing that he could neither read nor write, I had with me some illustrated bulletins showing different phases of our work. When these were offered he said, 'Yo need n't leave me nary a one o' that air printed stuff, cause I can't read without specks, an I ain't got no specks. Come on Delphie, let's drap an' kiver.' With that he turned to his slow, primitive method of corn planting, and I was left to slide out of his field, still a witch in his eyes.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS.

* * *

One of the most intelligent comments we have seen on Arthur Pound's 'The Farmer and the Factory Hand' (February *Atlantic*) comes from a Virginia farmer who, twelve years ago, resigned an officer's commission in the U. S. Marine Corps, and has operated a stock farm ever since in Oaklands, Virginia. Referring to Mr. Pound's belief that farmers' hours average less than eight hours a day, he says:—

While the hours that his genial friend 'Hank' put in on his farm may be usual for that locality, they are certainly not those of the average farmer here. With all unnecessary work stopped during the 'holidays' (from Christmas to New Year's), and with a few days off, during the year, to attend Camp Meeting and some of the nearer local horse shows and county fairs, it is safe to say that the farmer works throughout the year from 'sun to sun' and in the winter does many of the chores by lantern light both morning and evening. And these chores—they are just as much work as anything else he does. Feeding, watering, grooming live stock, milking the family cows (if it is not done by his sadly overworked wife), chopping wood, cleaning stables, and the thousand and one repair jobs that are always pressing to be done. Because of this the farmer has practically no time to pick up any dollars from outside jobs. He is not an artisan or day laborer with a farm home.

After all it seems that Mr. Pound has missed the vital point in this discussion of the farmer and his dissatisfaction with present conditions. If it were to be desired that the farmer should

never rise above a modest income — by this I mean just sufficient to pay for food, clothing, a certain education for his children, with never a hope for the most limited travel, for the pleasure of books and some leisure in his older age, for a domestic servant to give his wife at last the doubly earned rest — then perhaps the farming conditions of to-day should not be changed. But such a condition of affairs would really be tending toward the formation of a peasant class so antagonistic to American ideals.

The American farm boy wants a better chance than that. He is brave, thoughtful, and ambitious, and he wants an equal chance with his city cousin, to make farming — his chosen business — a successful business. A chance, for instance, if he starts in as a tenant farmer, eventually to become a small proprietor himself; but not to stop there, but to go on to larger farms, greater undertakings, to less and less manual labor, and more and more nearly to a position of solely managerial and executive responsibility, such as the city offers in industry and trade. Of course, not nearly all will arrive at that eminence, as neither do all in the city; but an equal chance must be on the farm, or the farm boy will not stay there. Only the inefficient and unambitious will remain.

Mr. Pound says: 'The ideal farming community from the social standpoint, consists of active owners and their families.' True enough in one way. But if he means that he advocates small farms *only*, where father, mother, and children all work, — farms so small that they do not produce enough to pay for the employment of additional labor either on the farm or in the home, — then farmers as a class will certainly, positively differ from him.

WILLIAM HENRY CLIFFORD.

* * *

It seems there is not only a 'technique' of being deaf, but a technique of being 'semi-deaf.' Being misunderstood we are told is the worst hardship of the semi-deaf.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Some of us mothers, whose chief duties for a dozen years consist of the 'indispensable non-essentials' (see Calkins) in which hearing helps most, are seriously handicapped, to be sure. We must be calm when we are not; we must understand when we cannot; we must discourage the children's loud voices and yet hear their confidences. So many paradoxes! We must invent new ways for maternal love to reach the children around the seeming self-centredness of the necessary rules of our handicap. Perhaps we should not have the children, or should not have

children and the work at the same time; but here we are, and necessity itself must invent new methods daily.

We semi-deaf vary according to health and weather. What is noise one day may be sorted out into intelligible sounds the next. Sounds are a heavenly gift, but noise hurts.

My rules differ a bit from Mr. Calkins's. They supply a home woman's need, but the same spirit would pervade a similar set if I were in business.

1. Tell folks you are deaf and need to watch faces. Then usually they will take care to face you squarely.
2. Do not let them shout. It annoys both you and them.
3. Study the peculiarities of your own case, and explain to your family and intimates. You are each other's problem.
4. Eliminate other nerve strains. For instance, we had a red tablecloth which I hated insanely, but kept using because the boys liked it. When I changed to the buff or the white one I felt better. Next wash day the puppy will tear it to shreds.
5. Take care not to seem too finicky or they will ridicule; but prove your point by actual tests.
6. Contrive short rest-periods, even by setting the children in corners, or sending them out.
7. Choose to avoid crowds — of people, or sounds, or sights.
8. Meet new people whenever you can — but singly.
9. 'Keep thy heart with diligence' seems the best rule of all. When you are calm and untroubled you hear better and life flows along smoothly.

Like Mr. Calkins, I see advantages in my handicap. The seclusion is conducive to a wide variety of thinking, to a closer self-understanding, to a wiser choice of effort, to a keener concentration.

Such a type of person is really enjoyable to the most likable people in the world; so our friends are truly select and dear and worthy. Better to be very near to this few than to be merely mixed helter-skelter with many. Being semi-deaf in an efficient and artistic manner is quite a high-class performance. Like exploration or pioneering; like wearing a Phi Beta Kappa key which you have earned — the few who recognize it have probably earned it too, and they are well worth being deaf to find.

A READER.